# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## MEXICO UNDER MAXIMILIAN.

The persevering efforts made by the Emperor Maximilian to regenerate Mexico, and the persistent struggle requisite to put down insurrection, to organise a government, and to ameliorate the general condition of the country, are much more deserving of sympathy than they generally meet with. Interest was at its acme whilst the French were planting their victorious eagles on some of the almost inaccessible points of the empire. The sad and melancholy result of the young Belgian empress's mission to Europe also kept up a tender feeling of compassion towards herself, which extended itself to the fortunes of her husband. Paragraphs detailing the atrocities of the insurgent banditti and guerillas, and the steps gradually but firmly being taken to pacify the land by the Imperialists, also appeared ever and anon, as the West Indian mail came home; or news, generally to be mistrusted, flashed across the Atlantic by the telegraphic wires to uphold a faint sympathy. But abandoned by the French, and, worst than all, bereft of the consoling presence of a young and once intellectual wife, unbefriended, and alone, and attacked by the rebels on all sides, the emperor not the less persevered in what appeared to many the hopeless task of bringing into order the most demoralised and disorganised elements that are perhaps to be found on the face of the earth.

"They have placed me between dishonour and death: my selection is made." Thus said a prince to whom dishonour was impossible. Thus spoke the brave Maximilian when, deserted by those most committed in honour to sustain him, and by those upon whose gratitude he had most reason to count, he gathered together the faithful few who adhered to his fortunes, and set out upon the fatal march to Queretaro. Of the emperor's struggles on that last field, of the gallantry with which he headed the onslaught of his half-starved troops upon the rapidly gathering armies of guerillas and banditti, of the heroic patience with which he submitted to the privations of the beleaguered Mexican city and camp, it is too early to speak as yet. One thing is certain, and that is that Queretaro, one of the strongest natural fortresses in Mexico, has fallen before a horde of half-famished and wholly undisciplined banditti. By a treachery, almost, if not quite, without a parallel in history, the gallant prince and his devoted supporters were given into the hands of their enemies. The traitor is known, as also even the price of the treason. For 48,000 dollars Miguel Lopez betrayed to Escobedo the key of the imperialist position—the fort commanding all the imperial works. The

emperor's chivalric spirit was proof even against this last unexpected disaster. When he gave his sword to Escobedo, he said: "I surrender to you my sword, owing to an infamous treason, without which to-morrow's sun would have seen yours in my hands." The gravest apprehensions were entertained at first for his fate—once in the hands of sanguinary and treacherous rebels; but the latest advices are to the effect that he had been exiled, that he had left for Europe, and would, probably, land in England. It is most sincerely to be hoped that the announcement will prove correct.

Chapultepec, besieged and devastated by the rebels, in which we find, as is common in Mexico, the Oriental word teppeh, "a hill," is a château built on the summit of an isolated hill by the Viceroy don Matteo de Galvez, and it was the Emperor Maximilian's habitual residence. Tradition says that the Aztec kings had a palace at the same place, and some discoveries have been made which countenance the tradition. In the park, there is also an aged cedar, of phenomenal dimensions, which bears the name of Montezuma. The building, half palace, half fortress, had been converted into a military school, and when Maximilian first fancied the place, both it and the park were in a sad condition—most of the wood in the latter having been cut down on the approach of the Yankees in 1847; but Maximilian set to work with characteristic energy, and, in two years' time, he made of it a residence worthy of an emperor. The place could now be approached by good roads; the park was adorned with pavilions, statues, and flower-beds. Chapultepec was, indeed, admittedly a little marvel.

The city of Mexico, solidly constructed, intersected by long wide streets, and encumbered with convents and churches, is, as is also well known, built on a lake, and is very much exposed to inundations. This lake—Texcoco—is the only one of five which is below the level of the city; but as it receives the waters of all the other lakes, it is liable to floods, at which times the capital is laid under water. Many works have been carried out to do away with this inconvenience; among the most remarkable of which is the canal of Huehetoca, constructed by Iturrigarray in 1807, but which, like everything else, has been allowed to fall into decay and ruin. Of all the works undertaken—canals of desiccation and embankments to preserve the city—none have been kept in good condition. One of the first public acts of the Emperor Maximilian was, to adopt proceedings by which this inconvenience would be for ever abated, and the lake so far drained, that it was anticipated twenty square leagues of rich alluvial soil would be gained to agriculture, which would more than repay the expenses of desiccation.

The houses in Mexico are very pleasant to dwell in, and are well suited to the climate. They have always a yard or garden, with a gallery running round it, decorated with flowers and enlivened with birds. The rooms are large, clean, and well furnished, and the whole is pretty, comfortable, cool, and well aired. But the streets were in an execrable condition: when dry, stony and dusty to excess; when wet, the leperos earned a livelihood by carrying the passengers across on their backs, sealing their bargain sometimes half way. The municipality voted a sum equal to 8000*l.* a year for the repair of the streets, which money, as usual,

went, with the exception of a few piastres, to the strong-boxes of the officials. Since Trigueros was placed at the head of the administration of the town, this was no longer the case. Under the immediate superintendence of the emperor, not only were the streets being repaired, but the whole city was undergoing embellishment with surprising rapidity. Since the beginning of 1866, Mexico, according to an eye-witness—Monsieur Domenech, chaplain to the French expeditionary corps*—has undergone a surprising transformation. The emperor, indeed, it is stated, had done more in six months for the welfare and convenience of the inhabitants than the republic did in half a century. The difficult thing here, as in all other matters, was to find men of integrity to carry out the emperor's designs. This difficulty was all the greater, as there were customs to uproot and privileges to break down. In Mexico the officials, being inadequately remunerated, had been long in the habit of turning their position to profitable advantage. Thus the municipal council adjudicated the paving, lighting, and all other public works, either to the councillors themselves or their friends, or to those who bribed them most largely. The contractor, on his side, took care to repay himself for what he had to disburse, without at all prejudicing the benefits realised by the contract. The lamps were not lit when the moon shone; they were, consequently, often not lit when the moon did not shine.

The Plaza Mayor, one of the finest squares in the world, was also being embellished by the emperor. The national palace, which constitutes, after the cathedral, one of its most striking edifices, has also been repaired, and Maximilian dwelt there when not at the Alcazar of Chapultepec. So, also, of the Alameda. (The Spaniards took over these Arabic names—Al Kasr, "the palace," and Al Meidan, "the square"—with them.) The empress took the latter under her personal charge, and converted it, at her private expense, into a delightful promenade. It was, indeed, high time that an energetic and intelligent hand should come to Mexico to assume the reins of government. The country was indebted to the Spaniards for all that it possessed in the shape of monuments and public edifices, and since they have been in the hands of the Mexicans they have been allowed to fall into decay and go to ruin. Ancient customs and ancient monuments alike have gradually disappeared before modern civilisation, as it is called; but in Mexico nothing takes the place of what is destroyed, for in that unfortunate country there is no time to rebuild. Men have done nothing but bleed and ruin the country under the name of civilisation and liberty.

The accounts given by Monsieur Domenech of the population would be amusing, were they not often painful to read. The lower classes—leperos or peones—are, he says, brutalised, ignorant, superstitious, and idle, indifferent to everything save luxury and gambling. Of the citizens he says little, except that they live in a certain degree of comfort by industry, or by other means "more or less honest." As to colonels, generals, officials, prefects, governors, and ministers, "they profit by

* Le Mexique: tel qu'il est. La Vérité sur son Climat, ses Habitants et son Gouvernement. Par Emmanuel Domenech, Ancien Directeur de la Presse du Cabinet de S.M. l'Empéreur Maximilian, ex-Aumonier du Corps Expéditionaire. Paris: E. Dentu.

revolutions, and speculate upon their positions to acquire wealth." The aristocracy is solely composed of Creoles, that is to say, of half-caste European and Indian blood. The few men who are marked by talent, patriotism, or high social qualifications, belong to this class. The métis, or descendants of Mexicans and Indians, have all the vices of both races, without having any of their good qualities. The same thing is, indeed, said of them throughout South America. In Mexico they are, according to M. Domenech, "envious, greedy, proud, vulgar, and cowardly." The Indians have many faults, but whatever energy or good is to be found in the lower classes, it is met with among them. They are mild, polite, laborious, and less vicious than the Mexicans. When they have arms, they defend their villages against the bandits called liberals in Mexico, but, for the most part, they are enrolled and forced to fight under the flag of some successful insurgent. Hence they were naturally, to a man, in favour of the imperial government, which held out promises of stability and protection. The emperor, on his side, interested himself very much in ameliorating the social condition of this ill-treated class. According to M. Domenech, they are, however, sometimes ill-treated by Europeans as well as by Mexicans. An instance is given of a "savant"—an enthusiast in anthropology—who went to Yucatan to collect skulls. Having met with an Indian who had a very remarkable head, he shot him, in order to add his head to his collection. Too great a demand is made upon our credulity in expecting us to give credence to so strange a story. As a proof of the kindly disposition of the Indians, it is related that they found a Zouave lying dead-drunk in the streets. The leperos would have robbed him, if they had not murdered him. The Indians lifted him up, placed him in a situation of safety, where he would not be run over, and then put some tortillas (native cakes) in his pockets, in case he should be hungry when he came to himself.

Monsieur Domenech dwells much upon the fact that Mexico is a country of contrasts, and that there are in it, as well as the bad, many able and honest people, and many learned men of the greatest refinement. But then, again, he says the Mexicans, generally speaking, do not like Europeans because they feel a certain amount of moral inferiority in their presence. The ladies, on the other hand, prefer Europeans, because, they say, "they are better informed, less demoralised, more courageous, and less envious than the Mexicans." The passion for gambling still exists, but has, we are told, been a good deal curbed. Persons who make a fortune, or pass the night playing at cards, are far less numerous than formerly. Idleness, in a climate where the necessities of life are so easily obtained, is the greatest vice, and next to it want of cleanliness. The lower classes live in rags, and are covered with vermin. Their cowardice is excessive. Thirty or forty bandits have been known to capture and ransom a city of twenty thousand souls. Rosas used to commit the most frightful atrocities, murdering women and children after a fashion too horrible to relate, and yet people would bribe him to quit a town with his twenty or thirty villanous followers, and not a man would have the courage to avenge his dishonoured wife or slaughtered offspring! The wretch was shot at last by a captain of the 81st Regiment of the Line.

M. Domenech says, arguing upon his system of contrasts, that there are rogues and villains, robbers and murderers, in all countries, and espe-

cially in large cities, and that with the exception of its guerilla banditti —an institution which has sprung up from years of anarchy and misrule —Mexico is not, perhaps, much worse than other countries; but with all due deference to the worthy ex-chaplain, his own narrative shows robbery and murder to be not so much the exception as the rule in Mexico. Santa Anna had, for example, his inkstand purloined at a council of ministers. The doors were closed, and the room darkened, so that the culprit might return it undetected. Generals and colonels of the regular army used to set up pawnbroking establishments in garrison towns, and when they changed quarters to carry off the goods deposited with them. The emperor, ministers, marshals, and archbishops are robbed just like the rest of the community. Maximilian had a German servant to take charge of the plate. The chapels and altars in the cathedral are all protected by iron railings. A French marshal was robbed of the decorations on his breast at a military mass. As most of the liberal generals are mere banditti, so also many of the courtiers were no better, we are told, than "chevaliers d'industrie." At court balls there was a general scrimmage for gloves, shoes, fans, bracelets, brooches, and other trifles—and anything that is laid by, or that falls, is at once pounced upon. At a ball given by the French officers, the guests cut the gold embroidery from off the curtains of the room. If a Mexican has no pockets, he finds it natural to put his hands in his neighbours'; if he has pockets, he likes to fill them with other people's property, simply from a horror of a vacuum. The viaticum, or last sacrament, is conveyed to the dying with all solemnity in a carriage, the very lamps of which have been taken from the vehicle. A priest mounting the scaffold with a malefactor left his hat in the hands of a spectator. The latter at once went away with it to a pawnbroker's, and the priest had to return bare-headed. The soldiers of Ortega, the last legal president of the republic, used to steal herds of sheep and droves of cattle, and sell them to the French at market price. The French courts-martial had more murderers shot in one month than the courts of justice had previously put to death in ten years! An old Algerian officer had robbers summarily disposed of with a bastinado. The process had a wonderful effect in abating the nuisance. Justice, M. Domenech tells us, does not exist in Mexico. There are laws, and judges to administer them; but they are declared to be all venal. This statement must be accepted with reserve. The French were not liked in Mexico. Their intervention was as unpopular as they were themselves, except with some of the fair sex; coming as liberators, they also entertained, as did the Austrians and Belgians, great expectations. They were disappointed, and their appeals to courts of justice did not always meet with the anticipated results. Hinc illæ lachrymæ! If, however, the magistrates were venal in a time of anarchy, this would, had time been given to him, have been unquestionably remedied by the emperor. M. Domenech admits that there are plenty of upright, honest, intelligent men in Mexico; Maximilian had then some material to work upon, but he did not create Monsieur Domenech a minister of state, and therefore his downfal, according to that acute but disappointed man, was certain—it was a mere question of time! Certain it is, that a man who goes to law in Mexico is justly looked upon as a fool, while a man who helps himself without regard to the rights of others, is *hombre es muy*

*vivo*—a man who understands the world, and who deserves to live—at other people's expense!

M. Domenech, as an ex-chaplain, is naturally opposed to the emperor's policy with regard to the swarms of priestly drones who revelled upon the industry of the other portion of the community. The property of the Church in Mexico was estimated at 179,163,000 piastres; of which 149,132,000 piastres were productive capital, that is to say, invested in land and houses, farmed or rented, and 30,031,000 piastres were unproductive, comprising churches, convents, plate, &c. Whilst the people were impoverished by rapacious rulers, and the country ravaged by a mercenary banditti, the non-combatants kept accumulating property and becoming wealthier and wealthier, until, with the progress of time, all the capital of the country would have passed into their hands, and nothing would have remained for the laity but the produce of their labour. It was high time, then, that they should have been made to disgorge a little of their profits which were so burthensome to the country. Nor have they much to complain of. The productive capital was only permitted to change hands at a value represented by the annual rent; and if certain churches and convents were declared to be national property, all that was really wanted—the cathedrals and parish churches—were left to the priesthood. The "liberals" took good care not to leave much in the churches for the imperialists to profit by. During the late revolutions, the former carried off far more than two millions value in gold, silver, and precious stones, which the Spaniards had gathered together in their churches since the conquest. Yet now they turn round and anathematise the Imperialists for following their example, but in an orderly and legal manner.

M. Domenech, himself in holy orders, is ashamed of his brethren in Mexico. The clergy are, he says, ignorant and corrupt, and the people are not Catholics. They are simply Christians, because they have been baptised. The Indians are still half idolatrous. There are good priests, but they are excessively rare. In all Spanish America, and, it might be said, in all Roman Catholic America, the ex-chaplain tells us, "there are priests who are positive wretches, cheats worthy of the gibbet, men who make a profligate traffic of religion." This would be declared to be very harsh, if it came from a Protestant. Some of the points for which the ex-chaplain blames the Mexican clergy would, in the eyes of the latter, hold out promises of a future reformation. Not only, for example, do the priests give balls and soirées, but, when they have not concubines, they are mostly actually married. "Although the celibacy of the priesthood is a purely ecclesiastical institution, I do not know," says the ex-chaplain, "how these gentlemen manage to contract so-called legitimate marriages." A priest and his wife are not, we are further told, dishonoured; on the contrary, if they lead a regular life, they are much respected. A clergyman's wife, just as in this country, looks upon herself as something out of the common way. The bishops on their pastoral rounds bless the wife and a whole room-full of children. To remedy this "deplorable" state of things, M. Domenech proposes that the Pope should send a French nuncio and French seminarists. The Italians, he says, would be too much occupied with politics and material interests. So the French and Italian Catholics do not agree, and, worse than all,

the Mexican clergy look upon both as heretics. Our ex-chaplain, however, gives it them back again. "Religion in Mexico," he says, "is a singular admixture of powerless devotions, shameful ignorance, unwholesome superstitions, and hideous vices." "The abuse of external practices, the facility of conciliating the devil with God, the absence of internal exercises of piety which develop the Christian spirit, have killed faith in Mexico." Certainly there were no charitable foundations of any description, no houses of refuge for the old, the sick, the helpless, the poor, or the repentant sinner, until the empress set the example of founding such. The worship of saints and madonnas, the ex-chaplain adds, so absorbs the devotion of the people, that they have little time to think of God! Religious ceremonies are also performed without a proper regard to decorum. The Indians go to mass with their dogs and poultry. M. Domenech says he was obliged to give up the practice of attending mass at the cathedral, for "the glu-glu of turkeys, the ki-ki of cocks, the barking of dogs, the mewing of cats, the shrieks of birds, which nestle in the roof, and the biting of fleas, put all attempts to pray out of the question." In Southern Mexico, to receive the last sacrament is equivalent to a condemnation to death; for, if the patient shows signs of recovery, he or she is put out of the way, so that they can no longer offend the Creator.

Religious processions are, as is well known, absurd and grotesque ceremonies throughout Roman Catholic America. In the procession representing the Passion, the porters of the groups rest every now and then at a public-house to obtain refreshment. The Zouaves used to make the representatives of Jews and Romans drunk, and get up a fight between the two parties. An Indian is paid to take the part of Judas, and to allow himself to be spat upon the whole day. The "accouchement de la Vièrge" is gone through in public. Grown-up people are buried in Mexico like dogs, but children are dressed up with wings of geese to represent "angelitos," and their bodies are let out to dealers in pulque —the intoxicating drink of the country—in order to attract customers. Such is the rapacity of the clergy, that everything they have to do is so heavily taxed, especially marriages, as to lead to the perpetuation of immorality. The monks of Buffa ventured to start a competition, and married cheaply. The consequence was, naturally, persecution. The prayer called that of Montserrat assures those who repeat it from being discovered in the commission of crime. As to church decorations, the less said of them the better. The Saviour is in Mexico mostly adorned with a crinoline. Saint Gabriel and Saint Michel are dressed in white satin bodies and short petticoats, and the priests generally, M. Domenech assures us, treat "le bon Dieu" with as much familiarity as do their brethren of Paris. What is here called "le bon Dieu" is the "holy sacrament enclosed in the tabernacle." It is curious that whilst we in this country are retrograding in endeavours to resuscitate a belief in the corporeal or spiritual presence, faith in such a mystery is fast disappearing from all Roman Catholic countries throughout the world.

As to the generals and colonels of the revolutionary party, "they are," we are told, "for the most part, lawyers," who, having lost their fortune by gambling, get together eight or ten bandits with which to rob a farm (hacienda). With the money and horses thus stolen they form a band

composed of Indians, who are compelled to follow the fortunes of the adventurer who takes them from their family and their labour, under penalty of being forthwith shot. When sufficiently powerful, they negotiate for an appointment as governor of a province, in return for quitting the highway. Even under the empire we are told that they obtained, at all events at first, high positions under the government. The evils of such an attempt at conciliating the bad soon, however, showed itself. When Colonel Lagarde was at the head of the police of Mexico, he learnt that some forty generals and colonels met near the Alameda to conspire. Accompanied by only four men, armed with revolvers, he seized the conspirators, and, after keeping them some days in prison, sent them to sweep the streets before they were restored to their families.

Ortega, the last legal president of the republic, before he became general and governor of Zucetas, was an obscure "chevalier d'industrie." He made his début by exhibiting learned monkeys on the highway. But even at that time he also gave himself up to such flagrant highway robberies that it was found necessary to put him into prison. The future general made the acquaintance when in gaol of a number of bad characters, who afterwards helped him to make his fortune. Thanks to forced loans, contributions, exactions, and robberies of churches, Ortega has the reputation of still being very wealthy. Audacity is everything in Mexico. Doblado, who had not a farthing when Juarez came into power, is said to have retired with a fortune of four or five millions of piastres.

Juarez, whom the Yankees persist for their own purposes in upholding as the president, is an Indian; before becoming governor of Oaxaca he had been servant at a lawyer's, who gave him some education. Hence it was that he afterwards became a judge, then vice-president of the republic, after the flight of Commonfort, in 1858, and finally president. He is said to be a man of talent, intelligent and firm, or rather obstinate, but having neither political nor administrative abilities. His courage is said to be as little to be depended upon as his capacities as a statesman. When fighting was going on at the gates of Mexico, a friend went to him and exclaimed:

"President, do get on horseback and appear on the Alameda, to encourage the troops by your presence."

"I do not know how to ride," Juarez contented himself with replying, and continued to smoke his cigar.

"Well, then, get upon a donkey."

"It is not worth while," added the phlegmatic president.

In the present day Juarez is, we are told, a myth, a flag of opposition; his name is made use of merely to keep up disorder in the empire, to rob and oppress the people, or to serve the purposes of the Yankees; but individually he has no influence. He is scarcely even consulted, nor has he any partisans. He is a mere tool in the hands of Escobedo, Diaz, Corona, Alvarez, and others, who find their profit in anarchy and disorder.

The emperor had been some time engaged in organising a national army, and notwithstanding the cowardice of the métis and the numerous titled rogues, there were not wanting elements wherewith to create such an army. The Creoles and the Indians—both imperialists—make ex-

cellent soldiers. Generals Mendez, Marquez, Miramon, and Mejia were said to have good troops under them, but neither they nor their generals have turned out as expected. The organisation of regular troops would have given the existing government an opportunity of getting rid of or reforming the urban guards, rural guards, and irregular troops, as also of many other so-called guardians of the peace in the towns and villages, who were very costly, and yet whose arms were as often used for insurrectionary and criminal purposes as otherwise.

The Belgians came to Mexico with the expectation of constituting a body-guard to the empress. The emperor and empress, however, adopted the policy of relying as much as possible on the Mexicans, and as little as possible on foreigners, whether Austrians, Belgians, or French. The Belgians were, consequently, as disappointed as the latter have been. They refused to obey Mendez, and were sent to Monterey, whence a portion are said to have deserted to Escobedo; and such as had not returned home were, it was said, to be incorporated in the national army. The Belgians, it is but justice to say, fought gallantly; but they have been decimated by combats, sickness, and desertion. M. Domenech speaks of the Austrians in terms which show the extent of rivalry which existed among the troops of different countries. He says they were detested in Mexico, as they were in Italy, on account of their arrogance and brutality. When the Austrians entered Mexico the emperor and empress went out to meet them, as they did the Belgians; but when Marshal Bazaine re-entered the capital, after the subjugation of Oaxaca, no one went out to meet the French troops.

Again, when the Austrians arrived, the French treated them to "a monster punch," which cost four thousand francs. Yet, when the Austrians were invited to a soirée at the palace, very few French officers were asked to meet them. Such are the petty rivalries which it is thought worth while to chronicle! It was supposed that the Austrians would have been incorporated into the national army to assist in introducing military instruction and discipline. The interdiction issued by Mr. Seward to the emperor to enrol any more Austrians in the national army came strangely from a government which itself employed volunteers of all nations in its war against the South. It is, however, part of the same policy which dictated to Napoleon the withdrawal of his troops within a certain time. When an opportunity presents itself for the interference of the United States, the intervention under the plea of pacification will, in like manner, very probably be to the effect that Maximilian must depart in peace, and Juarez be installed in his place as president of a republic, at the cost of Chihuahua, Sonora, and Lower California. This assumption of supremacy and of dictatorial power by the Yankees without their own territory will one day—when tide and time serve those whom they are so ready to insult without provocation on their part—get them into serious trouble. The "United States," like the Osmanlis, prosper upon the rivalries of European powers: what if their unbounded assurance should one day arouse a crusade of "United Europe"? A Yankee orator justly defined the policy of his native land, when he said, "Our liberty consists in doing everything that can be most disagreeable to our neighbours."

M. Domenech thinks that the organisation of a Mexican army will

not suffice for the exigencies of the complications suggested by the attitude of the United States and the departure of the French troops, because the initiative was not entrusted to the French. According to the ex-chaplain, the regeneration of the country and the permanence of imperialism could only be secured by French generals, French nuncios, and French ministers—above all, by the appointment of Monsieur Domenech, formerly director of the press attached to the cabinet of the Emperor Maximilian, to a high position in the administration. But, as he also proclaims with a deep sigh, "French influence has always been null at the court."

Yet, in as far as the brigandage which always succeeds to civil war is concerned in Mexico, our author himself argued that in his time the cause of Juarez had perished at Puebla and at Oaxaca. From the Rio Grande to the Chiapas, he states, there no longer existed any political insurgents—nothing but bandits, who pursued their avocations uncontrolled. The republican banners raised by the valiant Regules, the "irreproachable" Cortina, and the "humane" Corona, have no existence but in the columns of the liberal press of the United States, of England, and of France, or in the fertile fancies of orators of the stamp of Jules Favre and Ernest Picard. To the republican opposition every vulgar bandit who plunders a public conveyance, or robs on the highway, is a Regulus or a Varro, an austere republican who does not despair of the republic.

The Juarist bands especially distinguished themselves by almost incredible atrocities. They plundered, devastated, and burnt, but took care not to fight. Unfortunately, almost all our news from Mexico comes from the United States, or from so-called "liberal" sources. Nothing is said of these exploits of bandits except when they affect the interests of the Yankees. The inhabitants are compelled to join the bands of brigands, or they are put to death. Often, neither women nor children are spared. "I should not be believed," M. Domenech says, "were I to relate the acts of savage barbarity of which I can guarantee the authenticity." The liberal party in Europe cannot indeed, we are told, make a greater mistake than in taking the Mexican bandits for political guerillas.

It is not, however, Monsieur Domenech alone who testifies to this state of things. The *Courier* of San Francisco, and other papers of the United States, have attested to the atrocities committed by the Juarists, and which are too horrible to detail. Unfortunately, brigandage reinforced by prisoners, deserters, and malcontents, has not only assumed colossal and disastrous proportions, but has even triumphed over the cause of order and peace, when, had Mr. Seward only given the emperor time, and left him quiet, there can be no doubt that he would have put an end to this disgraceful state of things. There are, we are told, upon the system of contrasts, no people who are more deserving of support in their attempt to eradicate brigandage from their country. They are themselves, with all their faults and vices, good, submissive, and respectful. The great do not molest the little; on the contrary, in the haciendas the labourers and domestics take their meals with the family. Mendoza and Trigueros, the late energetic and honest prefects of Mexico city, effected,

we are also assured, more ameliorations in a few months than previous prefects accomplished in half a century. What need we have feared, then, if the emperor had only been left in peace, that he would have done that for the country which he has been able to do for the city?

But, according to M. Domenech, who is, as before said, a disappointed man, the emperor has not in all cases taken trustworthy persons to his councils. A further reason for hostility is to be found in the circumstance that many of the Mexicans called to power were not so well affected towards the French as they ought to have been. This was undoubtedly a mistake, for, but for the French, Maximilian would never have been where he was. M. Domenech assures us that there were many persons at court who ought to be in gaol. The emperor was also constantly deceived even by his own ministers. A metrical system of weights and measures was adopted. The emperor adjudicated the contract to Heit and Co. Robles, minister of public works, is said to have cast the emperor's signature into the waste-basket, and to have given the contract to Davalos and Co., who asked twice as much, and a much longer privilege. The emperor decreed a railway to Jalapa. The lowest tenders were, it is said, put aside, and not brought forward until the concession had been granted to a favourite at a much higher figure. Ramirez is said to have been appointed to the ministry because the emperor knew him to be a friend of Juarez, and wished to win him over. It is curious that if Ramirez is such an extreme liberal, that he should be so hostile to foreigners as he is said to be. Ramirez is a learned man, and has particularly distinguished himself by his labours in Mexican antiquities. It is more probable that Maximilian took him into favour for his well-known abilities than for his love of Juarez. But he offended the French by not permitting them to carry away national antiquities; and as Mexico is essentially a land of calumny and scandal, it is said of him that Juarez reigned in Mexico in his person, and that he proffered to bring in the submission of Juarez and of Ortega to the empire in exchange for the dismissal of the French troops.

The minister Elvin was a Belgian, and therefore it was said of him that he was imposed on Maximilian by King Leopold to counterbalance French influence. His dislike of the French led him, we are further informed, to reject many projects presented by Frenchmen of incalculable importance to the country and to his government. Nothing is easier than to make charges of this description. Who is to determine the "incalculable value" of these projects? A charge more worthy of animadversion is that of carrying out undertakings by the state which ought to be done by private enterprise. If this is the case, M. Domenech's apostrophe, "Why not model his acts upon England and the United States, whose practical ideas make the fortune of these two great nations?" may have been merited. In the two countries alluded to, the state favours the development of undertakings of public utility; it gives them guarantees, and even subsidises them, but it leaves the execution of them to private industry, whilst it reserves to itself a modest surveillance. It is, however, easy to show that Maximilian was anxious to do the same thing. It was so with regard to the contracts for weights and measures, and for the railroad to Jalapa, even if the emperor was deceived, which

is very doubtful, for the whole story looks very like the scandal of rival contractors, and it was so with regard to other undertakings of public utility. M. Elvin, it appears, did not care that the direction of the press of the emperor's cabinet should be in the hands of a Frenchman; and that will quite suffice to explain how M. Domenech saw in the minister a person who had done incalculable injury to the future of Mexico.

General Almonte is described as a loyal, honest man, devoted to the interests of his country. Yet is he deemed a traitor by the liberals for having brought foreigners into the country, and he is looked upon on the other side by the French as the author of all the evils to which the expedition was exposed at the onset. He was equally mistrusted by the Church party, because he was not retrograde. But, by dint of wisdom, prudence, and devotion, M. Almonte had, we are assured, succeeded in reconquering the esteem of all parties.

Commandant Loysel, chief of the military cabinet of the emperor, was said to have been a distinguished person, devoted to the interests of the emperor, and to those of the intervention, which were declared to be identical—a point upon which there may be differences of opinion. As to Monsieur Pierron, captain of Zouaves, chief of his majesty's secretaries, he was "the incarnation of loyalty." Frank as a real Zouave, devoted, hard-working, discreet as a confessor, and of rare intelligence, he rendered incalculable service to the imperial government. "If the empire had had no ministers, but only three or four under-secretaries of state, like M. Pierron, the empire would by this time be consolidated—an accomplished fact." Unfortunately, the Mexicans were jealous of him, and have long been doing all in their power to overthrow him. M. Hidalgo was one of those who laboured to obtain the crown for Maximilian, believing, as he did, that the Mexican question would be more easily solved by such a proceeding than by electing a French marshal. Monsieur Gutierrez de Estrada was the original source of intervention in Europe, whither he was sent by General Santa Anna, who, as president of the republic, became convinced that the monarchical was the only form of government suited to the Mexicans—a point admitted by most Mexicans themselves. M. Gutierrez is also said to have been the original suggestor of Maximilian as emperor.

The emperor is described as being lofty in stature, well made, and with features expressive of mildness. His manners are exceedingly winning and conciliatory. He is said to have wanted energy at first, but this has not extended to late events. It was not, for example, until 1865 that the concession for the railway from Vera Cruz to Mexico was adjudicated, but the fault lay with his ministers. When M. Domenech first arrived in the country, it is amusing to read of his going by rail from Vera Cruz to Camarone, the distance to which the road was at that time open, with a company of Egyptian troops and a small field-piece, in the first carriages of the train, to protect it against the onslaught of bandits! Although the railroad may now be looked upon as a thing "in nubibus" till the Yankees take it up, it is admitted that the Mexicans had made strides in the arts of industry and in general civilisation under the imperial rule, and that much might have been fairly looked to for the future with hope and confidence. In fact, the only blame that M. Domenech could find with the emperor was, that he was too lenient with the banditti

who ravage the empire, and that he had not always acted in concert with France. If he had not done so, it has been, it is said, out of condescendance to the Mexicans. But was Maximilian called to the throne to be a mere puppet of the French or to rule over the Mexicans? If the latter, he was surely wise to avail himself of whatever material the country presented towards ensuring a good and permanent government. The Empress Charlotte was formerly the soul of the court and the prop of the throne. Dignified, yet kind and generous, she used to spend upon an average ten thousands francs a week in charities. She founded no end of public institutions—things which were before her time unknown in Mexico. Her whole library is said to have consisted of the "Bulletin des Lois." It is evident that the difficulties she had to contend with in Mexico overtaxed her brain. Her journey to Paris and her interview with the Pope completed the ruin of what was admittedly a most noble and gifted intellect. M. Domenech declares that the malady of the empress inflicted a mortal blow to the empire. But if the emperor was mild and somewhat inert at first, it would appear that instead of succumbing before difficulties, disasters, and afflictions, these only served to brace him to further exertions; and he was by the creation of a national army, the institution of a large body of light cavalry to scour the country, and, above all, by the introduction of important public works, more especially railways, and his general administrative measures, doing everything that lay in his power to ensure permanency to the empire, and the triumph of peace, order, and prosperity over anarchy, rapine, and a general demoralisation.

Mexico—a country of contrasts—presents the remarkable peculiarity that it is very rich, and yet that the people are very poor. For half a century it has been torn by revolutions, and the antagonist bands have each alike ravaged the country, incorporating the people in their ranks. Had it not been a rich country, there would scarcely by this time have been an inhabitant or a piastre left. But while the mineral wealth is unbounded, and the soil of inexhaustible fertility, there is little or no commerce, and hence the people are excessively poor. A country is rich or poor not in relation to its natural resources, but to its consumption and its external commerce. Hence also had the emperor especially devoted his attention to ameliorating and cheapening the means of transport. Great efforts had been made to restore the old Spanish roads and to keep them in repair. But in a tropical country, where it pours six months in the year, this is often found to be beyond the actual means of government. Railways offer therefore the best guarantees of ultimate success, but even these for a time will not be remunerative; for even on the chief line in the country—that from Vera Cruz to Mexico—the transport does not exceed twenty thousand tons in the year. For some time the American system of railways, with light trains drawn by horses, would have been best adapted to the difficulties of the country and its limited financial resources. The emperor had, it is said, organised an imperial Mexican company to carry out railways in the provinces of Queretaro, Guanaxuato, Aguas Calientes, San Luis Potosi, Zacateras, Nayarit, Jalisco, Michoacan, and Matehuala. The capital was fixed at twenty millions of piastres, divided into two hundred thousand shares of one hundred piastres each. But the capital was, in reality, sought for from other sources—namely, one-

hundredth of the value of gold and silver produced by the department (the most magnificent churches in the empire were constructed out of such a tax), two-thousandths of the value of urban and rural properties, and one-hundredth of the value of merchandise transported. These taxes would have entitled the contributors to shares in the company. The roads might be railways with locomotives or animal traction, and be aided by navigation. The system was an admirable one; and it has been justly remarked that if the emperor had succeeded in carrying it out, he would have done as much towards consolidating the empire as by subjugating all the dissidents scattered over the country.

What Mexico most wanted were colonists—Germans, Americans, and Britons—who would cultivate the land, work the mines, and build themselves convenient residences, not French or Italians, who are admittedly mere "industriels." But while Brazil was encouraging emigration, Mexico was, unfortunately, setting its face against it. This seems to have been an error in policy. But the government was, probably, afraid that by encouraging settlers by grants of land the northern provinces would be overrun, from the repressive measures adopted by the Yankees against the Southerners, by the emigration of the latter by Matamoras and Monterey. But this is an error. Under the Spaniards, California was as unproductive as the northern provinces of Mexico remain in the present day. Under the Americans, it has become in ten years one of the most prosperous and commercial countries in the world. So would it be with the northern provinces of Mexico colonised by Americans. A territory which produces nothing is of no use to its proprietor, to the commonwealth, or the state. The liberals, who are most opposed to the consolidation of the empire, are, strange to say, said to be also most opposed to the colonisation of the country. As the Hudson's Bay Company wants a region as extensive as France as a preserve for hunting wild animals, so the liberals want Mexico as a land to hunt men in.

It is not our object here to give a history of French intervention, although it would make a readable and interesting chapter; but it is admitted that the monarchical idea did not originate with that intervention. It is of purely Mexican origin. Gutierrez made reports to the British and French governments in the time of Louis Philippe in favour of intervention and of a monarchy. Parédés and Herrera entertained the same views. The Mexicans most respected for their morality and social position, the clergy and all enlightened citizens, have long been in favour of a monarchy as the only cure to that social disorganisation which ever places the country without the pale of civilised nations. The Indians, we have before said, were all in favour of a national monarchy. The liberals have alone sought for American intervention, in order that they may place some nominal leader, be it Juarez, Corona, Ortega, Escobeda, or any other—they are not choice in the use of their instruments—at the head of the republic. But, as the *Mexican Times* has remarked, "Never did people commit a greater error than in supposing that the 'republican' army of Grant is to be judged by the 'American' army of Scott. The one no more resembles the other than Samson in possession of his hair resembled Samson lying on the bosom of the voluptuous Dalila. America, as represented by the radical party, has drunk so much blood that its thirst has become insatiable. She has given herself up to such uncon-

trolled passions, that she knows no other feeling but that of despotism. She has Butlers for Vera Cruz, Sheridans for the vale of Mexico, Milroys for the towns of the interior. Her soldiers know now how to subjugate refractory people. Without any community of feeling, separated, on the contrary, by all possible differences of manners, social habits, traditions, and interests, if ever the United States come to Mexico it will be to remodel it, to re-people it, to re-baptise it, to absorb it, until the soil shall produce nuts of Connecticut, and the birds shall sing Yankee Doodle."

M. Domenech estimates the clerical-conservative element in Mexico at nineteen-twentieths of the whole population. Mexico is essentially a clerico-monastic country. The clergy held, under the Spanish government, about three-fourths of the territory. The population, poor and idle, sought admission into the convents or the priesthood. The Indians were at once their scholars and their children, and they, as well as all the women, belong to the same party. The majority of the conservative party ought, hence, to have been overwhelming in Mexico.

The liberal party is, on the contrary, composed of men who possess little or nothing. Having everything to gain and nothing to lose by revolutions, they get up as many as they can. Two hundred and forty were enumerated since 1821. The present, therefore, is the two hundred and forty-first. There is also what is called a moderate-liberal party, as there is also one of liberal-conservatives—that is to say, of men who are monarchical, and yet enlightened and progressive. But, unfortunately, the moderate-liberal party does not fight; but it waits events, and is always ready to profit by whoever gains the ascendancy. There is little real patriotism in any one of the parties in Mexico. The men who take to the field at the head of armed bands are the scum of the so-called liberal party. The Neapolitan brigands, so despised by the liberals of Europe, are honest men compared with them. If it were not for the underhand support—moral and otherwise—contributed by a party in the United States, they would not have been able to keep the field for a year. Politics have nothing to do with the proceedings of these gentry: to-day they rise against the empire, as yesterday they fought against the republic. All they seek is place and profit, no matter by what means these are obtained. M. de Barrès, editor of the *Estafette* of Mexico, says that there are in that country 40,000 to 50,000 citizens who look upon the State as their patrimony. As the budget cannot afford to support such a number of people, there are always some 15,000 to 20,000 discontented persons, just as in Greece, ready to conspire against those who are in power. Unfortunately, these malcontents are never in want of leaders. Madame Naphegyi, a lady who has resided a long time in Mexico, and whose writings are much appreciated by the thinking party in the United States, has depicted with great eloquence all the atrocities and crimes that are committed in Mexico in the name of liberty. Not an iota of the despoliations, robberies, murders, and assassinations that are committed in the name of liberty in Mexico are, that lady declares, known or even dreamt of in the United States or in Europe. Forty presidents have succeeded to one another between 1821 and 1863—that is to say, in forty-two years. Santa Anna was always liberal in exile, but he found it more convenient to be absolute when in power. Alvarez, king of the mountains of Guerrero, called himself the liberal president of the most liberal

of governments. He only reigned twenty-four days, and has carried his absolutism to his mountaineer serfs. He is now said to be disgusted at the barbarities of Diaz.(?) Commonfort is credited with a good heart but a weak head, but he was soon upset by the ruffianly Zuloaga, who, again, had to give way to the bold and unscrupulous Miramon, who was, again, succeeded by "the last of the Mohicans, the Wandering Jew, the shadow which itself represents the shadow of the expiring liberal party, and who has established his residence, his glory, and his power, under the ægis of a party in the United States, in Chihuahua—Don Benito Juarez"—and who will probably cede, or will be compelled to cede by force of arms or by diplomatic interference, that and other northern provinces to the United States for their assistance in once more assuming the presidential chair.

The Emperor Maximilian attached to himself at first the most trustworthy men he could find of the liberal and moderate-liberal party, but he had also been gradually extending his relations with that considerable section which stood aloof in order to mark its distate of anything like coquetting with the liberals. The consequence was, that a really conservative party had been constituted, and displayed a united front. It was courageous and devoted, and was free from the drawback of disunion and rivalry which severed the liberal ranks. In the latter, Juarez is, as we have before remarked, the nominal chief, but there are, at least, four rivals in the field who would dispute the presidency with him if the empire were annihilated to-morrow. There is Ortega, the legal president of the extinct republic; Escobedo, the liberal generalissimo, as he is termed; Diaz, the savage guerilla chief; and Corona, who enjoys the credit of being a soldier of some ability. And, in addition to these, there are dozens of other ambitious adventurers who would start up and make a claim for the prize for which Juarez is pushed forward by the Monroeists of America. All will contribute, upon the downfal of the monarchy, to make their beautiful and richly stored country the prey once more of rival soldiers and unprincipled adventurers, who will plunge the land into bloodshed and anarchy, not more in their endeavours to secure the chief power than to gather up what they can in the universal scrimmage.

The emperor, on the other hand, had no rival among his followers, and their action was vigorously supported by their conviction that it was necessary for the salvation of the country, and animated by a sense of the danger which menaced them should the creature of the Monroeists or any other leader of banditti carry the day. All these conditions were in favour of Maximilian, and he can only have fallen through the secret but effective intervention of America. The advent of Maximilian alone gave promise of great things. He was a stranger to the bitter enmities of rival politicians and adventurers. He could have no interest save in consolidating his throne by giving to the country peace, prosperity, and happiness. He brought to the duties of his position, if not the highest attributes of kingcraft, at least a reputation for generous and enlightened views, no little administrative ability, and the amiable and humane disposition which attracted to him the respect which the Milanese would otherwise never have accorded to an Austrian ruler.

There could be no real danger to a ruler so placed except in what came from abroad, and there can be no question but that a power which could

insist upon the departure of the French troops, and forbid the exportation of Austrian or other volunteers, could do much, either covertly or openly, when the time suited them, to push the interests of their nominee. The policy of the United States is said to have fluctuated a good deal in the presence of so complicated a question. President Johnson is said to have meditated, when insisting upon the withdrawal of the French, upon the immediate and total annexation of Mexico. But it was felt that Great Britain and France could not tolerate such an annexation without abdicating the sceptre of the Atlantic and Pacific in favour of the United States, and compromising their commercial and industrial future. One of Mr. Seward's projects was to take Santa Anna in hand, and to send him, with funds, volunteers, and ammunition, on the Rio Grande, declaring him to be the liberator and saviour of the country, under the protection of the United States. Another project emanating from the same fertile brain was to recognise Ortega as the legal president, to advance him twenty millions of dollars on a mortgage of Sonora, Chihuahua, and Lower California, and to lend him moral and physical assistance in regaining the presidential chair. But even this project was no sooner hatched than Juarez was found to be a more ready and unscrupulous instrument, and the support at first tendered to Santa Anna, and then to Ortega, has since been concentrated on this leader of banditti.

There can be no question as to the ulterior views entertained by the partisans of the Monroe doctrine in the United States in thus giving their support to the party of anarchy in Mexico, as opposed to that of peace and order. It is that the country may fall to pieces, and that they may gather it up within their grasp, fragment by fragment. There ought not to be either ignorance of, nor indifference to, the fact that the Mexican question constitutes, with that of British America, the basis of a new order of things which is about to arise in the New World. It is the "Question of the West" which is of infinitely more serious import than the "Question of the East." The United States constitute the American colossus, just as Russia constitutes the Asiatic colossus. Mexico, as a sick man, has nothing to envy Turkey. Maximilian, left alone, would unquestionably have given a good account of his rebellious satraps and plundering pashas of the West, but, backed by the United States, they have become successful partisans. The aim and objects of the Monroeists are as openly avowed at Washington as are the Oriental projects of the Muscovites at St. Petersburg and Moscow. The Americans not only foresee the absorption of all North and Central America by the annexation of Mexico, but also of the empire of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The acquisition of Russian America, of the Aleutian Islands, and of the North Pacific Ocean, is thus shown to be a step in a given direction towards a long foregone result.

Viewed in this light, it will be understood how any support given by Europe to Maximilian's empire would have become the means of averting a future Crimean war upon a vast scale, and of postponing that war in the New World, and that formidable struggle for supremacy at sea, which must inevitably one day arise between the Old and the New Worlds, and which at present the timidity and irresolution of European governments rather serve to hurry on than to postpone for an indefinite period.

# THE DEEPDALE MYSTERY.

A NOVEL.

By M. Sullivan.

PART THE SIXTH.

## I.

ALL THE TRUTH.

The curtain rises on Tyne Hall, Basnet, a large, gloomy, dilapidated house, in a straggling and lonely Yorkshire village. It is the morning of the day on which William received the note from Mrs. Ashton, that sent him first to London, and afterwards to Naples, upon a fruitless quest. The old Hall looks even more desolate than usual, for the blinds are drawn down, to give it the appearance of an untenanted house. The old man who attends to the cows, generally called the gardener, has been told by Mrs. Marsh, the housekeeper, that the two ladies left home at an early hour in the morning, and Mrs. Marsh herself is quite prepared to see Mr. Brooks, if he should call, and to explain to him that Mrs. Ashton and Mrs. Robert were sent for at a very short notice by Mr. Robert, and that she is to remain at the Hall until she receives further orders. But William did not trouble her; he believed that Mrs. Ashton had really taken Grace Meadows to London, whether sent for or not, and the deserted old Hall ceased to have any interest in his eyes. He unwarily accepted the one assertion contained in Mrs. Ashton's note, even while he distrusted the old woman herself, and all this time Mrs. Ashton and her charge had not moved one step from Tyne Hall, Basnet!

In one of the upper rooms, furnished with tolerable care as a sitting-room, Mrs. Marsh was busily engaged, dusting and "tidying," for only one in-door servant, a rough Yorkshire girl, was admitted into this singular *ménage*. Mrs. Marsh wore a cotton wrapper, not too clean, over a light silk dress, as she set the room in order, and presently she called out, "Now then, Grace, we're all ready," and threw the door open for Grace Ashton to come in. Not Grace Meadows! Those were the delicate features of the twin, a little sharpened by anxiety and want of exercise, but pretty still. She appeared not to be in good health; she crossed the room languidly, and sat down in the arm-chair that Mrs. Marsh had drawn near the window for her; it was one of the back rooms, looking out upon the neglected lawn, and the blind was drawn up.

"There now, Grace, you make yourself comfortable, and come out in the garden presently, and try if you can't get a little colour into those white cheeks of yours. Dear, dear, it makes me angry sometimes to think how comfortable we might all be, if you only had the sense to open your mouth and shut your eyes, and take what Providence is pleased to send us!"

"I shall never have what you call 'sense,'" Grace languidly replied. "I can never for a moment forget that I am helping you all to commit a great fraud—helping you against my will, it is true—but I was weak

enough to take the first step of all with my eyes open—weak, and wicked too."

"Fraud! Well, I never!" ejaculated the housekeeper. "Of course the law would call it something of that kind, but law is one thing, and common sense is another. How I do wish I could hammer a little common sense into your head, Grace. The money was your cousin's as long as she was alive, and if she could have known that she was going to die, and could have made a will, she would have left it to her nearest relations, there's no doubt in the world about that. She did not know that she was going to die, and she made no will, but her nearest relations made it all right by taking the money. I suppose you don't pretend to say that she wants it in the next world?"

"You know as well as I do," Grace firmly asserted, "that the money belongs to the next heir, Mr. Josiah Meadows. What Grace Meadows would have done, or might have done, if she had been old enough to make a will, has nothing at all to do with the matter. As soon as she was dead, her property belonged absolutely to the next heir."

"And yet you consented to keep him out of it," Mrs. Marsh observed. "I am sure I thought it quite right and natural for you to help your brother; the wonder is that you should turn against him in this way afterwards."

"Susan"—and Grace Ashton suddenly stood up and faced her—"don't you *know* that I never meant to do this thing? I wonder whether you would be sorry for me if I told you all the truth—whether you would help me to get free from this network of fraud, that will sooner or later be discovered. You are not so hard-hearted as *she* is. I will try.

"It is very painful to me to look back to those days, otherwise I might have told you before now that Grace Meadows and I were brought up together. Perhaps you knew that?"

"Yes, and that you were a good deal alike."

"We were of the same type, fair-skinned and light-haired, and there was some similarity of feature, but not very much. We might well have passed for sisters, but there was no extraordinary resemblance; no one who knew us both could possibly have mistaken one for the other. Grandmamma always preferred Grace Meadows, because she was the heiress, and I was urged to do what I could to bring about a marriage between Robert and Grace Meadows, to prevent her money from going out of the family, as grandmamma used to say. I was fond of my twin-brother, and fond of Grace Meadows, and I tried more than once to get her to think of him favourably, but without success. Then came hints that Robert would be utterly ruined if he did not marry her, and that I must help him by some means, fair or foul. I was frightened, not knowing what they meant, but I believe now that at that time they had no fixed plans.

"An invitation now came for Grace Meadows, Robert, and myself to spend a portion of the summer, last summer, at the house of her senior trustee, Mr. Renshaw, at Deepdale, in Derbyshire. It was accepted, and I was told that I must use every endeavour while at Deepdale to induce Grace Meadows to withdraw her refusal to the marriage, but I knew very well that she had made up her mind on that point. My engagement to William Brooks took place at this time. He thinks me dead now. He

only loves me as we love the dead; his living love is given to another." Her voice gave way, and the narrative ceased.

"Don't take on about him, dear," Mrs. Marsh advised, comfortingly. "Men are not worth it—none that I've ever met. My first was very fond of me, and I had nothing to complain of when he was sober, only that was never, latterly. Robert likes me in his way, and that's about as much as one can say of men in general. They find us useful, you see, and they don't like to see us cry, and they spend money on us, and when we die they put on a hatband and look out for another wife. You were very fond of Mr. Brooks, I can see, but you ought to feel comforted by knowing that you are giving up your own wish for the good of your family."

"No good can come out of such a dishonest scheme," Grace replied. "It was arranged, I was going to tell you, that one of the servants should accompany us to Deepdale, but at the last Robert declared that he would not have the trouble of another woman and her boxes. I felt strangely anxious to take her with us, but, to please Robert, it was decided that she should not go. If she had accompanied us, and had lived through the fire, this deception could never have been practised.

"We were delayed on our way to Derby, and it was late at night when we arrived at Deepdale—so late that Mr. and Mrs. Renshaw had ceased to expect us, and they and the servants had gone to bed. Mr. John Renshaw had also understood that it was too late for us to be expected, and he had gone to an evening party at Derby. The servants were roused, and two of them came down-stairs, a man and a woman; Mrs. Renshaw also got up, and came down to welcome us. She is a good, kind-hearted woman, but she talked incessantly, so as to give us very little opportunity for conversing, and as we were quite distressed at having disturbed her and brought her down-stairs, we urged her to return to her bed, whenever we did manage to get in a word. We were weary with our journey, and anxious to get supper quickly over, and especially anxious to induce Mrs. Renshaw to go up-stairs again, and not to spoil her night's rest on our account; and as she saw that we were uneasy about her, she soon consented to say good night, and to return to her room. Robert, who was silent and out of humour, had perceived one thing that we, in our haste, did not remark at all; you know what that was: Mrs. Renshaw had taken me for Grace Meadows, and Grace Meadows for me. The similarity of name deceived her in that short and hurried interview, and she also fancied that in my face she saw a grown-up resemblance to Grace Meadows, whom she had known as a little child in Australia. Robert was not sufficiently communicative to take the trouble to set her right; that would do in the morning, he thought—a morning that, to one of us, never came.

"The maid-servant who waited on us was the under-housemaid, and she, with the curiosity that seems natural to her class, evidently took note of Mrs. Renshaw's words and glances, to find out which lady was Miss Meadows Ashton, the heiress of whom she had heard, and therefore she came to exactly the wrong conclusion. She afterwards showed us to our rooms, which opened into each other; I slept in the outer, and Grace Meadows in the inner room; Robert was shown, by the man-servant, to a room in another part of the house.

"It has always been supposed that the fire was caused by the carelessness of some of the sleepy servants, who had been roused by the sound of our arrival, and had hastily lighted candles and left them in dangerous places, and then had gone to sleep again, while they were waiting to know whether they would be wanted. It broke out almost immediately under our rooms, and I must have passed from sleep to a state of stupor, caused by the suffocating smoke. John Renshaw returned from his friend's house in time to have roused and saved us, but he, perceiving our rooms to be in the greatest danger, congratulated himself that we had not arrived, and that those rooms were empty. He gave the alarm as quickly as possible to the household, and then hastened back to Derby for the fire engines.

"Of course all was terror and confusion; the under-housemaid was the first to attempt to save us; she bravely made her way up the west staircase, down which the smoke was pouring, entered the outer room—mine—and dragged me out into the passage. She could do no more, and this nearly cost her her life; she sank down beside me on the floor of the passage, overpowered by the smoke. Here we were found by Mr. Renshaw and the gardener, who also made their way up the west staircase to save Grace Meadows and myself; the girl who made the first attempt had not had time to exchange her night-dress for her ordinary clothes, and when Mr. Renshaw and the gardener saw two white bundles on the floor of the passage, outside my door, they naturally concluded that the two helpless and unconscious human beings lying there were Grace Meadows and myself. And so the servant and I were both saved, and the fire made rapid progress, and all the time in that inner room—— ah! the smoke must mercifully have done its work before the fire could reach her; the long, long time of hopeless suffering was for me, not for her.

"I can remember feeling that I was being carried along, and that the wind was blowing in my face. There was a strange oppression on my chest, and the effort to breathe gave me great pain, but still I was obliged to repeat it. I remembered the events of the preceding day, and it seemed to me that I was in my bed at Deepdale, and suffering from some kind of nightmare. I made an effort to rise, but fell back, faint and breathless. A man's voice spoke to me: it said that I was better, and should be all right directly. Then the wind ceased to blow in my face, and I felt that I was carried into a room, and laid upon a bed. I opened my eyes, and saw that I was in an unfamiliar little room; the walls seemed to me to be turning round and round. I closed my eyes again, and tried to fill my lungs with air; it was so strange to have lost the power of breathing freely. There was a murmur of voices somewhere near me, and then some one said, 'My poor dear Grace, I do thank God that you at least are safe!' It was Mrs. Renshaw's voice; she called me Grace, but all the time she believed me to be Grace Meadows; it was we who, to prevent confusion, always called Grace Meadows by both her baptismal names; in Australia she had been called simply Grace. I perceived now that I was quite awake, and was feeling very ill; I saw, too, that something must have happened, but I could not imagine what it was. I asked Mrs. Renshaw to tell me what was the matter, but with great difficulty, for the effort to speak increased the

dreadful sense of suffocation that I felt every moment. I remember she said, 'The house is being burnt down; the west wing is tottering now, and they told me you were both safe!' I began now to understand the danger from which I had been saved, and I gathered breath enough to ask after my cousin. Mrs. Renshaw's next words let me know that she was beyond the reach of all help, that somebody else had been saved in mistake for her. I remember making a resolute effort to rise, with some idea of going out and saving her, but a great wall of darkness seemed to fall upon me, and this world and all belonging to it seemed to fade out of my mind. A strange gentleman was in the room when I recovered from that kind of stupor; he was the doctor; he spoke to me very gently and soothingly, and gave some directions about keeping me as still and quiet as possible, and about some medicine that he said he would send for me. It was growing quite light, and I remember feeling as if the light ought not to come and look at such a miserable world; they understood that the daylight gave me additional distress, and they put up some kind of screen before the little window, for it had no blind. I was in the lodge, near the gate of the shrubbery, where Mr. Renshaw's gardener lived.

"Then Robert came in, and I heard him requesting Mrs. Renshaw to leave the room, and to let him speak to me alone. She did so, and he pulled down the temporary blind that had been put up, and let the daylight fall upon my face. 'How do you feel now?' was the first thing he said to me.

"I could scarcely articulate; I tried to ask whether that dreadful thing were true about Grace Meadows. He answered that it was only too true that she had been taken, very quickly and painlessly, as they believed, but that there was not the slightest ground for doubting the fact of her death. He spoke with unusual gentleness and kindness about the necessity for us to be more to each other, now that we were left alone, and my sore and desolate heart went out towards him, my only brother, whose life had been one with mine, before we came into this sorrowful world.

"He startled me as much as I could then be startled at anything, by telling me that I was supposed to be Grace Meadows, and that she whom we had lost was said to be his sister. Mrs. Renshaw had made this mistake on the preceding evening, during our short and hurried interview with her. I asked him why he had not explained the truth; he answered that all his hopes, in this world and in the next, depended upon my willingness to keep up the mistake. Nothing seemed as if it could surprise me much more, and I asked him languidly why he said so. He told me then what I already knew, that debt and difficulty beset him on every side, and that the most importunate of his creditors could no longer be put off; he told me also what I did not know, that in a very short time—perhaps three weeks or a month—he saw a way out of every difficulty, if only his creditors could be pacified in the mean time. I was much too ill to question him as to the particular means by which he expected to be so soon free from the consequences of his extravagance, and he told me now that if I would only consent to keep silence, and not to tell the Renshaws of the mistake they had made, the desired delay would be secured. The Australian heiress would be supposed to be still

living, and to be betrothed to him; his creditors would then readily consent to the short delay, which was all that he required.

"We are generally told that people who consent to do some wicked thing shrink from it at first with horror, and gradually become familiarised with the idea that once appeared so revolting. There is some one in the Bible who said to one of the prophets, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?' and who yet committed the very sins from which he seemed to shrink with utter aversion. To this rule, if it be one, I was an exception. I was suffering from a great mental shock, and it stunned me and blunted my perceptions; it seemed as if nothing mattered very much now, except that I should cling to those who were still left to me to love and comfort. I did not even say to myself, 'This is wrong, but I will do it for Robert's sake.' I only said, 'This will help Robert, and save him from ruin.' The question of right or wrong did not trouble me; my mind seemed to be deadened, and incapable of reasoning. At the same time, it is only just to myself to tell you that Robert assured me over and over again that no one should suffer from my consent to keep silence for a short time; the heir to Grace Meadows' property should not be defrauded of one farthing that was legally his own; everything should be explained to the Renshaws before long, and Robert would take all the blame on himself, so that I should not suffer in their estimation—a consideration that did not even occur to me, for my mind seemed to be in some way numbed and only half alive, like my body.

"And so I promised to keep silence for a while on the subject of the mistake that Mrs. Renshaw had made; Robert would tell them all the truth as soon as his circumstances permitted him to do so, and till then I would say nothing. They would call me Grace, that was my own name, and if all the while they supposed me to be rich, instead of poor, the mistake would not matter to me, and would free Robert (or at least he said so) from the pressure of debt and difficulty. I understood as much as that, though I had not been able to follow his train of reasoning, for my head was weak and confused at the time. It was not till I found myself growing a little better and stronger that I began dimly to perceive the network of deception in which I had consented to entangle myself. Mrs. Renshaw addressed me as Grace Meadows, spoke of my prospects, of the engagement which existed, she was told, between myself and my cousin, meaning Robert; then she spoke of her whom we had lost, of Mr. Brooks, and of what he would suffer when the dreadful news should reach him, and a thousand times I was on the point of betraying myself, or of begging her to talk of something else, but my promise to Robert began to take the form of a chain that should compel me to connive at deceit and fraud, and to pierce the heart that loved me best; and before that day was over I was very ill and feverish, and the doctor feared that some injury might have been done to my head, and that an attack of delirium might be about to come on.

"Only a part of the house had been destroyed by the fire, and I was moved the same day to one of the uninjured rooms, larger and better in every way than the stifling little bedroom in the gardener's cottage. The next day I was not so well; my mind was every moment on the rack; the deception that I was tacitly permitting already seemed to me even more dreadful than the loss which I had just sustained, for *that* had come

to me from God himself, stamped with the *must be* of His sovereign will. On that afternoon my fevered senses caught, for a moment, the sound of a voice that I knew—the voice of William Brooks. I felt sure that he was in the house, and I put some question to Mrs. Renshaw, who was watching me almost with a mother's solicitude; her answer led me to suppose that I was mistaken, and the idea faded out of my mind.

"But I woke up about twelve hours afterwards with a strange consciousness that he was near me, that only the walls divided me from him. Mrs. Renshaw was sleeping upon a sofa in my room; I spoke to her, but she did not answer, for it was just the time, between night and morning, when the watcher by the sick becomes wearied and tired out. I tried to lie still, but every pulse was throbbing with feverish energy, and just as it was growing light I rose, and softly left the room. I was not delirious, I think, for I knew where I was, and everything that had happened. Some instinct guided me to a little room in the uninjured part of the house; the window of it was partly open, the ivy-leaves tapped against the pane, the daylight was struggling in. Some one was sleeping there—sleeping as profoundly as Mrs. Renshaw, from whose vigilance I had stolen away. I knew who it was; I tried to rouse myself as from a waking dream; I tried to say that I was living—that I had been persuaded to keep up this wicked deception, and to aim a blow at my own best hopes. But the recollection of my promise rose up before me, and with it the thought that I should be condemning my brother to ruin—he had said to suicide—and to eternal death. That nameless something that unites two lives which have once been one, made me keep silence. But I *could* not go away without leaving some token of my presence. A Bible was lying on the little dressing-table unopened; I opened it; I found the chapter that speaks of the Hebrews who were uninjured by the fire which it was believed had destroyed them; I plucked off an ivy-leaf, and pressed it against the most significant verse until the mark of its green juices was left upon the words, and then I glided away as softly as I could. It was the only idea that came into my mind at the moment. Did he find the token when he woke, and did he connect it with my fate? I cannot tell.

"Robert never failed to see me every day, and to rivet still faster the chain that bound me. I was silent, but I suffered, and as time went on I suffered more. I was supposed to be ill with some nervous complaint, occasioned by the shock of my cousin's dreadful death; and at last Robert consented to allow grandmamma to be sent for, that she might help to nurse me. At first he had declared that she was much too fussy and talkative to be permitted to come near me, as perfect quiet had been ordered for me by the doctor. I looked forward anxiously to her arrival—I almost grew well again in the immediate expectation of seeing her, for surely, surely, she would help me to break that dismal bond. She was my father's mother; she would not forsake me in this my sore need and trouble; she would set me free by the first words that she spoke. But she had evidently been tutored by Robert, and she acted her part well. She asked about all my bad symptoms, looking at me in a kind and sympathising way, and from the first moment she called me Grace Meadows; she spoke of the dreadful event that had deprived her of a grandchild, and advised me to pray for resignation, and not to repine at

the death (my own death!), though I might mourn for it; she took God's name in vain in the very worst way, for she used it to give force and colour to the lie that she was acting.

"And that I was acting too; but I promised myself that it should come to an end. The time during which I had so rashly promised to keep silence had now expired; the good that my silence was to do had, I supposed, been done. I knew too well that very much harm had been done also. Day after day, and night after night, one thought repeated itself in my mind: how sad a blow had fallen on the one I loved most of all, who must now be mourning for me as dead by fire! If only he would come to Deepdale again, nothing should keep me away from him —nothing should keep me silent. He did not come again, and the sad strains of Tennyson's Mariana sounded perpetually in my dazed and wearied brain."

"Whose Mary Anna, dear?" inquired Mrs. Marsh, whose knowledge of modern poetry had been chiefly derived from popular song-books.

"It is a poem with a sort of burden to it, that seemed made to express what I was feeling. I determined, once for all, to end the deception, and I told Robert so, plainly. I suppose he saw how useless it would be for him to urge me to further silence, and he did not do so. He only said that we should be looked on very coldly by the Renshaws after the disclosure had been made, and that the least embarrassing way of making it would be for me to write a full explanation of the circumstances, and of the motives that had induced me to act as I did. He was willing, he said, to take all the blame upon himself; but I told him that a very large share of it must necessarily attach itself to me. He said that it would be much pleasanter for us all to go home, so that the explanation might be written from thence. I must manage to keep silence, he said, while I was making my preparations and getting away; for he did not choose to encounter what he called 'black looks' from the Renshaws.

"I reluctantly agreed to this. Every moment seemed like an hour, till the deception should be at an end. I hurried on our preparations for going home, feeling strangely well, and able to exert myself, now that the prospect of deliverance grew so near. I reproached myself many times for the hope and joy that I was feeling. Surely it was a sad, sad thing to be returning home with only Robert and grandmamma, when she who had been to me as a sister had been taken from me so suddenly, and in such a dreadful manner. But the torments of daily and hourly remorse had been wearing my very life away; the thought of what he who mourned for me as dead must be suffering, never ceased to weigh upon me, and these things were harder to bear than the trouble that God had been pleased to send.

"I must have seemed ungrateful to the Renshaws, for I could not help showing my extreme desire to leave them, and to return to my home, where every one would know me to be myself, and where this miserable deception would be over. I remember the last morning very well. Mr. Renshaw's son gave me——but that is no matter."

"Gave you what?" Mrs. Marsh eagerly inquired. "A ring?"

"No, no. We took tickets for London, at Derby——"

"Then it was a brooch!" This from Mrs. Marsh.

"And I fully believed that I should sleep that night at home. I began

to feel how very, very dreadful it was to be returning without Grace Meadows, and to dread the thought of seeing her room, and all her little personal belongings. Now that this was coming so very near, I thought more of it than of the great trouble that had been weighing me almost into the grave. I thought of nothing else when we got out of the train at Euston-square. Grandmamma said something to me, but I could not trust my voice to answer her steadily. We got into a cab without my having heard the directions given to the driver. I soon saw, however, that we were not turning towards Clifton-street; but when I pointed this out to Robert he only laughed. We drove over London Bridge, and got out, and then Robert and grandmamma hurried me into another train, and when we got out again we were in Folkstone.

"They told me now that we were going on to the Continent, to spend some little time in Paris, and perhaps in Italy; they wanted the change, and they thought that I wanted it too. We should stay for the night at a hotel at Folkstone, and cross over to Boulogne the next morning; and on the Continent I should find plenty of things to interest and amuse me. The deception of which I had complained so much was at an end. I should be called by my own name. Yes, certainly, I was Miss Ashton; who had ever said that I was not? Might I write my letter to Mrs. Renshaw? Yes, I had better do that at once. And one to Mr. Brooks? To be sure, why not?

"I wrote the two letters; in both I explained my reason for tacitly carrying on the deception, in both I said that I had suffered much, in the one to Mr. Brooks I begged him to forgive me, and to believe that my knowledge of what he must endure had made my sufferings equal to his. I decided to post my letters myself, and Robert said that I could easily do so as there was a post-office, or letter-box, in the hotel. I put both letters in, but afterwards I thought that it would have been better to have posted them in the town."

"Better! Why you were that green it's a wonder the cows didn't eat you!" was Mrs. Marsh's rejoinder.

"Neither of my letters ever reached its destination; I know, now, that the hotel people were told I was not in my right mind, and the letters were taken out of the box and given to grandmamma. We crossed over to Boulogne the next morning, and went on by train to Paris, and you met us at the railway station."

"Yes, I was there to look after you, and to see that you had no opportunity of complaining to any one, or of saying that Robert was your brother. It seemed strange to me that you were not willing to help him, for he is your twin-brother, and there are only you two; it was all laid out so easy for you, too; nothing to do but to take your cousin's name, and enjoy yourself. We were not hard on you in any way."

"Not what you call hard, but now I began to see the whole scheme, and to feel that I was helping to commit a dreadful sin against the laws of my country and against my own soul."

"But then, you see, if you couldn't help it, it wasn't a sin."

"Yes it was, Susan, unless I protested against it by every means in my power. I did strongly protest against it, as you know, but I could not yet make up my mind to appeal to strangers to make a charge against my nearest living relatives, that would place them in the criminal's dock,

and place me as a witness against them. I tried to touch their hearts and to appeal to their consciences."

"They were not so far wrong in saying you were out of your mind," Mrs. Marsh observed; "such simpleness as that was never heard of before. Appeal to their consciences! He, he!"

"Sometimes I was made almost desperate by thinking of how they had deceived me about Mr. Brooks, and that he never could have got my letter to tell him that I was alive."

"Well, that *was* hard," Mrs. Marsh admitted; "you've lost him; but, bless your heart, there's as good fish in the sea as ever were got out of it."

"And then, you know, we went on to Naples, and you were married to Robert there, in the name of Grace Meadows Ashton."

"Yes, and when it was over I said to you, 'Good morning, Mrs. Ashton, and long life to you,' and how you stared at me to be sure. He, he!"

## II.

### MRS. MARSH'S STORY.

"Well, Grace, I think I know the rest; you gave us no end of trouble when you saw what our plan was, and you have kept us in hot water ever since, so that we have not been able to enjoy ourselves as we should have done if you had been good and reasonable. Here we are, in this dull hole of a place, only because we are afraid of any stranger speaking to you, and of any chance opportunity that you might get of posting a letter. I'd advise you to put all those notions out of your head, because, you see, we're not doing anything really wrong, the money being your cousin's, and she being dead. You say she didn't make a will, I say she did, only not one that we can get hold of. If any one had asked her what she would like to be done with the money, supposing that anything happened to her, she'd have said that her nearest relations should have it. *That* was her will—will only means what a person wishes."

"She had not even the power to make a will at all," Grace observed.

"Then she ought to have had. There's many things that ought to be different from what they are, and she was as reasonable at nineteen as she would have been in two more years. Quite. Mind that."

"You do not seem to remember, Susan, that the money had been already willed to Mr. Josiah Meadows, in case of her dying under age, so that the moment she was dead her property reverted to him."

"Yes; but then, you see, we thought it much better that it should revert to us. Look here, Grace, you *must* put those school-girl notions out of your head, for your own sake as well as for ours."

"And knowingly participate in a great fraud? Never."

"Would you see Robert, and your grandmamma, and me in prison for carrying out your cousin's wish? It *must* have been her wish."

"Yes, I would," Grace answered, firmly, "there!"

There is a very old metaphor about being tried in the furnace of affliction, and coming out strengthened and purified, like gold from which the dross has been burnt away. While the world lasts there will be characters to which this simile is applicable, and Grace's was one of

them. As long as her lines had fallen in comparatively pleasant places, she had been weak, yielding, and irresolute, but now that she had been tried in the hot furnace of remorse and self-accusation, now that her hope of this world's happiness was fading away from her, the better and stronger part of her character asserted itself, and the timid, irresolute girl became a firm and courageous woman. Firm in her determination to repair, as much as possible, the wrong that she had helped to commit, and courageous in her avowal of her intentions. She would act straightforwardly, she said; she would not oppose the plotters with their own weapons, and pretend to fall in with their views that she might the sooner find an opportunity of escaping from them. Her heart sickened and revolted at the thought of more deception; she would be thoroughly honest in word and deed; her escape would thus be postponed, but it would not be less sure. And there was always the hope, faint though it might be, that some stirrings of conscience might be awakened in the minds of the plotters themselves.

"Grace," said Mrs. Marsh, in answer to her last avowal, "take care; don't press us too hard. Things sometimes have to be done that leave an uneasy pillow for one to lie on all the rest of one's life, but one's own pillow, if it's ever so uneasy, is better than the prisoner's bolster. *Don't run on your own destruction!*"

Her voice sank to a whisper as she spoke, and Grace grew very pale as her meaning became apparent.

Still she did not waver for a moment; her love was lost, and life had not now so much sweetness left for her that she could be tempted, for love of it, to turn aside from right. She felt, too, some degree of confidence in this woman, who, unscrupulous as she was, had befriended her as much as she could without doing any injury to herself.

"I don't believe *you* would harm me, Susan," she said, after a pause.

"Not if I could help it, of course. I wasn't brought up to rough ways and lawless acts, but quite the other way. My father was a gentleman, as you may have heard, perhaps."

It would have been odd if Grace had not heard it, inasmuch as Mrs. Marsh very frequently boasted of the gentility of her family; but she thought it would be well to talk with her about her own history, for the recollections of the past might possibly exercise some softening influence upon her mind. So she only said, "Was he?" and then, interrogatively, "Is he not living now?"

"No, indeed," Mrs. Marsh answered. "He died at thirty-nine, and they said his constitution was quite worn out. He had had a college education, though; his father was a clergyman, and he sent him to Oxford, and he did well there. Took honours, I've often heard him say."

"It's not many that take honours out of all the young men that go to college," Grace put in.

"No. But he was really clever. He got a fellowship, and his father intended him to go into the Church, and there was a living in Somersetshire that he was to have as soon as the clergyman that held it was dead, and he was over eighty years old. Everything was as beautiful as it could be for him," Mrs. Marsh added, with a sigh.

"And what went wrong?" Grace inquired.

"Everything. First, he took some notion in his head about not getting ordained, because there were some things he didn't agree with, or that didn't agree with him, I forget which it was. For one thing, there is a rigmarole about everybody being burnt for ever that doesn't believe exactly what we do, which is everybody's business, of course, not ours."

"That is one of the creeds," Grace remarked, "and not an easy one to understand."

"I never heard that he was wanted to understand it, only to say that he believed it. He had notions, like you, Grace, of what was right and what was wrong, and the end of it was that he left me without a penny to bless myself with, and we might have been, oh, so comfortable! Were you ever at an auction, Grace?"

"No," the twin answered, "never."

"Well, I've been to several, and they're real true pictures of life. You set your mind on something you see there—perhaps a china tea-set, cups that you can see through, with the dearest little gold sprig on them—and says you, 'I'll have that set.' You make three or four bids, and perhaps you get it, and when the man hands it over to you, he hands over a dustpan with no handle, and a broom that won't sweep, because the hairs are all worn off to the stump. 'I don't want those,' says you. 'They're yours, ma'am,' says the auctioneer; 'tea-service, broom, and dustpan, all in one lot.' Now, that was the way with papa; the nice living in Somersetshire and the old worn-out creeds were in one lot, and couldn't be parted. It was all or none, and he was that foolish that he flew in the face of Providence, and disappointed his father, by saying he wouldn't be ordained, only because he couldn't agree with the Church doctrines; not considering that Providence generally mixes the good and the evil together, and expects us to take both, and be thankful."

"I think he did what was right," Grace observed.

"You do, do you? Then I'll tell you what came of it. First of all, his father wouldn't have him at home in London, at least not for a time, but sent him to a farm-house in the country, with a lot of books that he was to study, to clear his views and polish up his principles; but he made love to the farmer's daughter instead, and one fine morning they went off together and got married, though neither of them had anything to live on, for papa had given up the fellowship. That was my mother, Grace, and a nice market she brought her pigs to—very."

"It seemed imprudent, but if he had distinguished himself at the university, various ways of making money must have been open to him."

"Well, perhaps so, but he could only think of one—teaching. I expect the other businesses all wanted a lot of money to start with. He went into lodgings with his wife, and advertised for pupils, and got them; some of them paid very well indeed, and he was able to take a house and furnish it."

"His marriage was not so very imprudent, then," Grace remarked.

"Wait till you hear the end. He got four boarders, all sons of rich men, to prepare for college, and he had a number of boys who did not live in his house, but came to him for lessons, and he was making a nice yearly sum, but he spent it all. I'm like him for that; I never can bear to save up money. And things were going as right as possible, till all at once they began to go wrong."

"How was that?"

"The beginning of it was that he was always rather fond of his glass, and now he began to be a great deal too fond of it. There were two children; I was the eldest, and there was a boy that died, and whether it was the child's death that worried papa, or whether it was something else, he used to get more and more queer and stupid of an evening. For a long time he kept his head clear in lesson hours, so as to be fit for his work, but at last he used to get up with such a shaking hand that he was obliged to take a little drop of spirits, a large drop sometimes, before he was fit to use a pen. It made mamma awfully miserable; she was going to have a third baby, and she fretted her heart and life out. She was pretty, but not strong; she had such a colour that anybody would think she was rouged, and with this trouble there came a wearing cough, and she got thin—oh, so thin! I was not more than six years old, but I remember it all very well, and how hard she tried to keep papa straight. She did manage to do some good while she lived, but that was not long; she died, leaving a baby two days old."

"Poor thing! Don't you think your constitution is a little like hers?" Grace inquired. "You have just such a colour as that, and you have had a cough ever since I knew you; think, Susan, how you would meet your mother in another world, if you were called away with the stain of this deception on your soul."

"Oh, come now, none of that; I never had a chance of being good, and so I may as well get what profit I can by being wicked, if it is wicked to do the best for oneself that one can. And as for another world, if ever I get there it won't be me; whether I turn into an angel with a harp, or into one of the other gentry with a pitchfork, I certainly shan't know myself again. You lost your mother, too, didn't you, Grace?"

"Yes," Grace answered, sadly, "there is some mystery connected with her; I don't know what it is. I can just remember that she was taken away from home when I was very little, and then I was told not to talk about her, because it made papa so sad; and when I grew older I asked some questions, and grandmamma said that she died of brain disease. I remember having a kind of dread of hearing particulars. I felt as if they would be of a painful nature, but grandmamma did not enter into them, and I never had courage to question her further. If mamma had lived she would have shielded me from all this misery."

"Perhaps things are better as they are," Susan suggested.

"No, oh no. Did the baby survive your mother long?"

"No; it was sent away to some woman who took care of children, and it died, for want of its mother I expect. Papa got worse and worse; the pupils were not learning anything, and they were taken away, one by one. They were fond of him, for he was the sort of man that people always are fond of, soft-hearted enough to every one except himself, and one that was always merry, and could always raise a laugh. Poor papa! Well, we went into lodgings, he and I, and he tried to get pupils again; and he did get some, but they were the sons of quite low people, and they didn't pay much; sometimes they paid in kind, a stone of potatoes or a bag of flour, and we got on badly enough. The best of being very short of money was, that papa could not spend much in drinking, and

people began to see a difference in him, though he was miserable and broken by trouble. It's a hard time to look back to."

"Would not his own family do anything for him?"

"No, not one of them; his father was dead, and had not left him anything; it was not so much his refusing to be ordained, as his marriage with mamma, that had aggravated them all. Papa was getting a little bit steadier, as I told you, though any one could see that his health was failing, day by day. Up to this time he had never failed to give me a lesson in grammar, and writing, and the English language, every day almost, unless he was altogether off his head; and even then he would give me two lessons the next day to make up; whether he could teach the boys or not, he would manage to be well enough to teach me, and you can see the good of it yourself. I can write as nice a letter as anybody; why, I wrote two that were thought to be written by you, Grace. I couldn't have done that if it had not been for poor papa's teaching."

Grace thought that, as far as her own affairs were concerned, she could willingly have dispensed with the result of the late Mr. Marsh's instruction, and she said something to that effect.

"Why, as to that," Susan replied, "Mrs. Renshaw had never seen your writing, and it must be a satisfaction to your mind to think that she got a genteel specimen of it, not a vulgar one. However, as I was saying, papa was getting a little tiny bit better, all along of being so awfully poor, when all at once an old farmer died, who was his uncle by marriage, and my great-uncle, and left him some money; how much do you think it was, Grace?"

Grace suggested a few hundred pounds.

"It was forty pounds exactly, neither more nor less; it was too little for papa to think about saving it up, and besides, that was not his way, so he spent it."

"Spent it foolishly, I fear?"

"Well, yes, partly so; but first of all he bought a new frock, and bonnet, and cloak for me, and that same morning he heard me say my grammar lesson, and made me write an exercise; those were the very last lessons I ever did."

"Did something happen to him?"

"Yes, indeed; and the something was, that he was never sober any more as long as the rest of the forty pounds lasted. When it was all gone, his means of getting a living were gone too, and he never had either the means or the power again. He had a long illness, and when he got better he was partly out of his mind, quite harmless, and very fond of me, but always moping, moping, and never knowing exactly what he was moping about. There was a subscription raised for him, and some subscribed very handsomely, for everybody had liked him, he always made friends, drunk or sober; and it was thought that the best thing to be done with the money was to buy an annuity for him. I heard them say that the money went further that way than any other, because his health was so completely destroyed that the annuity people thought he would not live above a year or two, and so they were willing to give more. And now we were left with a small but certain sum to live upon until his death."

"How long did he live?" Grace asked.

"Five years, as near as possible. I was twelve years old when the subscription was made, and just seventeen when he died. I never got any more education after I was twelve, but I had been taken pains with up to then, and learnt to speak properly and write nicely, and to understand grammar. Even when poor papa was not in his right senses, and kept fancying that mamma and my little brother were alive again, he was always sharp enough to tell me when I made a mistake in grammar, until quite the last. When he was dead there was a little money left, but not enough for me to live on for more than about a month; so there I was, all alone in the wide world."

"Poor Susan! And you were only seventeen. But, after all, is it not better to be ever so poor, with a clear conscience, than to be rich through dishonest gains?"

"No, my dear. It's a great deal better to be rich and wicked than to be poor and good. I've tried both, so I ought to know. Even when you are afraid of the law, there's a kind of excitement in it that is rather good fun if you can keep your spirits up. I've tried a good many ways of living, and the life of virtuous poverty is the worst. I mean when you have really to practise it; in books and sermons it is very nice indeed. Well, I had come back from the funeral, and was miserable enough, as you may suppose, for everything that I cared for was gone now, and I had nothing to do. As long as papa was alive I had to look after him, and that kept me from fretting. All at once there came a knock at the door, and the woman of the house came to say that a lady wanted to speak to me. Down I went in my black dress, and there was a lady who had called several times to see papa, and to talk to him on religious matters, but papa never came to *that*; he was brought very low, but not so low that anybody could put him in a tract. She was a Mrs. Leighton Smith, middle-aged, and rich, and pleasant-looking, but dreadfully good; still she was as kind-hearted as a really good woman can be.

"'I just called, my dear,' she said, 'to ask you a little about your plans for the future. Have you any?'

"Well, Grace, the future was so blank to me, that the mention of it made me begin to cry again, and Mrs. Smith said that now my heart was softened by sorrow, she hoped that Divine grace would work upon it, and I said I hoped so too, not that I understood her very well, but it seemed like a good wish, and civilly meant. Then she asked me if I had ever been under conviction, and I said no, never, for my father was a gentleman's son, and though he had his faults, he had done all in his power to bring me up respectably. Then she gave a great sigh, and asked me if I ever read the Bible, and I told her I did, and knew most of the histories in it, and liked some of them; and she said she trusted that the spirit was striving with me, and that she had come to try to comfort me in my trouble, and to show me the means of living a happy and useful life. What she proposed to me was, that I should enter into her service as a kind of humble companion, to do needlework, and visit the poor with her, and sometimes visit them instead of her when I got used to the work, and make myself generally useful. I was to have sixteen pounds a year, and all the comforts of a happy and pious home.

"I did not know much about good people at the time. I saw that she

meant kindly, and I was almost destitute of money and friends, so I accepted her offer, and she gave me a tract, with a picture of two black boys with hardly any clothes on, and a hymn underneath, beginning,

Oh, how I pity those
Who never heard of Hell!

"I could not help thinking that they were more to be pitied for being so very short of clothes, but I did not like to say so, and Mrs. Smith went away, saying that the carriage should be sent for me and my box the next morning.

"Which was done accordingly. Mrs. Smith lived in a very fine house, with beautiful grounds; she spent as little as possible on her own person, but she had a number of serious servants, and two serious children, a boy and a girl."

"Was her husband living?" Grace asked.

"Yes, but he seldom came home. I don't think he had any disagreement with her, except that she always made him miserable through being so good. The poor never liked her, though they got all they could out of her, and the clergyman of the place was perfectly distracted with her meddling in parish affairs, all through her strong sense of duty and Christianity. The doctor was just as much bothered with her, for she was anxious about the bodies as well as the souls of the poor people, and she was perpetually writing little notes to him, or making me write them, to ask him what views he took of different cases among the poor, to see whether she could conscientiously approve of his treatment, and if so, she would help his patients to get the diet that he recommended. But I am sure he must have hated her with all his heart, or else he would not have been human. The poor disliked her because she was so very interfering in all their concerns; she interfered with the best intentions, but they did not like her any better for that.

"It was a dull and dreary life that I led there; it did not suit me, somehow; it seemed to stifle me, and to make me into a hypocrite, though I really think I was as little hypocritical as any one in that house could possibly be. We had family prayers before breakfast, and I had needlework to do all the morning; and we had bread-and-milk for lunch, for Mrs. Smith used to calculate that we saved fifteen-pence a day by not having meat for that meal. Half of the fifteen-pence—that is, sevenpence-halfpenny—she distributed every afternoon in tracts, and the other half in money. I used to go round with her to the different cottages, and I saw exactly how hypocrites are made. I believe I could write a book on that manufacture, but at all events I come to the conclusion that hypocrisy in a general way does not pay. After dinner I used either to read to her, or to take turns with the serious children in repeating hymns. The serious children used to relate their spiritual experiences, and how the devil had tried to tempt them during the day, only they used to call him the Enemy, which is a more polite way of speaking of him, I suppose. I never had any experiences to relate, and so I was put down as an outsider, whose conversion was not impossible, and was to be prayed for as a kind of miracle. We had tea with no sugar in it; the price of the sugar was exactly calculated, and was sent every quarter to the Society for the Conversion of the Jews. Judging by the yearly gains of the society,

and the number of Jews that they converted, I used to reckon that one hundred and thirty-eight Christians must go without sugar for four years to convert three-fifths of a Jew, and even then he would have to be a small one, to allow for the fraction. After tea we had prayers and exposition, and then we went to bed.

"But the Sundays were the worst of all. I had to go to church three times, and the service was conducted by Mrs. Smith's own pet parson, who made it as dull and dreary as possible, that our minds might not be distracted or our senses ensnared. Then we had four different services at home, and they were much worse than the ones at church, because we had to answer questions, and to lose the solitary comfort of fancying oneself somewhere else, which helped one to get over the sermon-hour in church. On Sunday evenings we always had three or four very Low Church clergymen, and sometimes a Dissenter or two, who talked about the Bible as if it had been a book of conundrums, to which they had all the answers. There was always a very nice tea for them, and they all took sugar, so I suppose they had not thought of our way of converting the Jews.

"There was a nephew of Mrs. Smith's husband, who sometimes came to see us for a day or two, a Mr. William Smith, only everybody called him Will; and I rather liked him, especially as he hated our way of life, and the parsons, and the Jews. He was in business in London, but he told me once that he made his best speculations on the turf. I did not know the meaning of that expression, but it sounded like something free and airy, not shut in as we were by walls of bigotry and prejudice. At first I thought I liked him a little, and then I was sure I liked him very much. There was a fat man who used to come very often, especially on Sundays, and Mrs. Smith used to say he was a Plymouth brother, and had given her a wonderful view of the prophecies. The most wonderful view he ever gave me was to see him eat his supper. You have heard about the miracle of multiplying the loaves and fishes, Grace? Of course you have. Well, I really used to think he was trying to work the opposite wonder, to make an impossible quantity of food go into a small space—into his own stomach."

"Oh, Susan!" Grace exclaimed, shocked at the parallel.

"I only tell you how it appeared to me. One Sunday evening, after we had gone through our last service, and our last conversation on the prophecies, Mrs. Smith said she was sure he must be fatigued with his labours, and she told me to take him some cake and wine before he went away. I took the tray into the drawing-room, where he was waiting for the carriage to take him home. Mrs. Smith used her carriage on Sundays for the benefit of her spiritual guides, though she never ordered it for her own convenience. I put down the tray and was going to leave the room, when he called me back to ask me whether I was happy in Mrs. Smith's service. I did not answer him; I felt the tears come into my eyes, for I was stupid and soft-hearted then. Before I had time to notice what he was doing he came close up to me, and he said something about being a father himself, and attempted to put his great fat arm round me.

"I got away in a moment, and called him some angry name, for I did not like him, and then the door opened, and Mrs. Smith came in. She seemed surprised at seeing me so red and angry, and I told her what the

Plymouth brother had done, and that I did not like it. He instantly rolled up his eyes to the ceiling, and said he hoped I should be forgiven for telling such a wicked falsehood, and declared that he had only spoken to me about the sinfulness of the human heart, and the necessity for a miracle of grace to be wrought upon it. Of course Mrs. Smith believed him and disbelieved me, although she had never known me to tell her a lie. She ordered me to stay in my room for the present, and to learn a tract by heart, about the final doom of the impenitent, with special reference to liars and slanderers.

"I went to my room with a sore and angry heart, and stayed there the next morning, for I was not to come down-stairs till I had leave. Presently the door-bell rang, and I heard a voice I knew and liked, the voice of William Smith. I suppose his aunt must have been inviting him to go out with her, for I heard him say, 'No, thank you, I should only be in the way; I'll just take a turn in the stables while you're gone.' I have no doubt that all the serious servants were talking about me, for as gossip is the only amusement that serious people allow themselves, they naturally require a great deal of it, and Will soon heard of my accusation and my punishment. Presently there came a knock at my door, and when I opened it, there stood Will himself. He asked if he might come in, and he said a great deal to me; he liked me, and I liked him. I was thoroughly miserable, feeling that I should never be loved or trusted again in that dull and dreary place, where I had tried to do my best, and had failed. He had been fond of me for months, he said, and now he had made a lucky speculation on the turf, and was quite rich. Would I go away with him, and escape from the miseries of my present position?

"I was very wretched, and I liked him; my mind was quickly made up, I would go. I made a parcel of the things that were really my own, leaving all the tracts that Mrs. Smith had given me, and we got away before she came back. Of course she thinks I was a shocking reprobate, whom she had vainly tried to reclaim, and all the time I was anxious to do my best and to fulfil all my duties. However, I had rather a pleasant life of it with Will; sometimes we were short of money, and I soon learnt not to be too particular about the means of getting it—in fact, I learnt to use my own common sense, and I wish I could teach you to do the same, Grace. Will lost his situation in London, and took altogether to the turf; we made the acquaintance of Robert at that time, but I cannot say that we took to him particularly.

"It was never my way to make money go very far, and when we were short of it Will would drink a good deal, which was a pity. Once, when we were rather badly off, Will undertook to break in a horse; I don't know whether it was the fault of the unbroken horse, or of the brandy that Will had had, but at all events he was thrown, and was brought home to me nearer death than life. He died, poor fellow, and I rubbed on as well as I could, and saw a good deal of Robert from time to time, but never had much notion of him, till all at once he wrote to me to meet him at Boulogne, as he had a very good thing on hand. I did meet him, sure enough, and he told me about his cousin losing her life in a strange house, and about you being mistaken for her, and stepping into her shoes, and getting all her money. He proposed to marry me abroad,

under the name of his cousin, that a proper certificate might be sent to the trustees. I liked the plan well enough, and I expected a very merry life in some nice town on the Continent, with plenty of money to spend, and nothing to be afraid of. But I soon found that nothing could persuade you to behave like a sensible girl, and to consider your brother's interest and your own. We were obliged to give up all society, because we were in constant dread of you if you got a chance of speaking to any one; I had to be a regular gaoler, night and day, to keep you from betraying us, and at last Robert thought it better to put me and your grandmamma in this dismal old den away from all the world, all on your account. And here we are, getting very little good of the money, that I can see, whatever good Robert gets of it. That's my story, Grace."

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## THE YOUNG TOILER.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

FASHION was lolling in the brilliant street,
Gay carriages were dashing to and fro,
Bright laughing faces did bright faces meet;
What cared their hearts for others' woe?
Roses in summer, tulips in the spring,
Insects that glitter gaudiest on the wing—
Such the gay dresses, rich and rare,
Of light-soul'd Beauty flaunting there.

The hum went up, and reached a window high,
Pierced in the roof; 'twas sultry summer noon,
It stood half open; hark! a maiden's sigh;
What doth she here in busy June,
When, toiling, she should sit in rooms below,
Fashioning rich garments, to assist the show
Of beauties in the crowded street,
Or when in glittering halls they meet?

A pallet in a corner—a young form
Wasted and drooping like some new-blown flower
Merciless broken by the mocking storm,
Yet beauty still her dower—
Her large eyes with consumption's splendour bright,
Her fair hair scattered loose like threads of light;
Her cheek where fluttering pink hues glow,
Her little fingers—lines of snow.

There lies the wreck of girlhood, she who late
Tripped, blooming, in the village far away,
Her heart with hope and happiness elate,
Light as a song-bird's lay;

Barr'd now from health's pure breeze and God's fresh air,
Toiling through long, long nights, while youth should share
Rest's blessing we to felons give,
And e'en dumb brutes, that brutes may live.

O uncomplaining heart! poor stricken one!
How placid lay she on her little bed!
Dim through the smoky casement shone the sun,
A few stale flowers faint odours shed;
She loved e'en them, for hues of darling flowers
Called up sweet dreams of happy, vanished hours;
Proof how small things can wake a train
Of memories in the dying brain.

The roll of carriages the sick one heard,
The frequent merry laugh of lusty health;
Life filled the scene, a ceaseless vortex stirr'd
Of pleasure, pride, and wealth:
What cared the joyous world for her who lay,
The martyr-toiler, gasping life away?
The robe she made decked Beauty there,
But Beauty laughed with listless air.

Alone! yes, all too busy in that mart
Of fashion to attend her—let her lie,
And soothe, as well she might, her orphan heart;
Girls will fall sick, and sometimes die:
Her languid eyes half closed, the faded flowers
Strained in her hand, she dreamt of childhood's hours;
Her toils were all forgotten now,
And smiled her lip, and glowed her brow.

Home to the sad, the dying, far away—
How sweet, how paradisal does it shine!
The soul around it weaves, as fades life's day,
All the rich gold of that decline:
Oh, home, blest home! the flowers she kissed again,
Treading in fancy garden, mead, and glen,
The street's dull noise, that harshly swells,
Lost in the chime of village bells.

Come quietly, O death, to that small room,
And lay in tenderness a pitying hand
On her who seeks so young the sunless tomb,
One martyr of a countless band.
Gentle and weary one, sink back to rest;
Thy tasks are done, no workroom earth's still breast;
Toil cannot reach that tranquil spot,
Thy long-used needle there forgot.

## ABOUT THE PHYSIC PRESCRIBED TO POMP BY EX-KING LEAR.

### A CUE FROM SHAKSPEARE.

By Francis Jacox.

The storm is raging on the heath, and faithful Kent implores his aged master to take shelter, such as it is, within a hovel hard by: some friendship will it lend him against the tempest; the tyranny of the open night's too rough for nature to endure. But Lear would be let alone. "Wilt break my heart?" he exclaims, in answer to Kent's fresh entreaty: Kent had rather break his own. Again the drenched, discrowned old man is urged to enter the hovel on the heath. But he stays outside, to reason on his past and present, till reason gives way. Kent may think it a matter of moment that this contentious storm invades them to the skin; and so it is to him. But Lear has deeper griefs to shatter him; and "where the greater malady is fixed, the lesser is scarce felt." Let Kent go in, by all means: the king enjoins it—at least the ex-king desires it: let Kent seek his own ease—and perhaps Lear will follow him in. Meanwhile, dripping, draggling, drenched to the skin, chilled to the heart, Lear's thoughts perforce are turned to "houseless poverty," to the indigent and vagrant creatures once, and so lately, his subjects, equally exposed to the downpour of the wrathful skies, of whom he had seldom, if ever, thought till now. Poor naked wretches, he apostrophises them, wheresoe'er they are, that bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,—how shall their houseless heads, and unfed sides, their looped and windowed raggedness, defend them from seasons such as these? And then, in an outburst of repentant self-reproach, he that had been King of Britain breaks forth into the avowal,

> ——O, I have ta'en
> Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
> Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
> That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
> And show the heavens more just.*

Between the history of Lear and that of Gloster, in the same play, there is a curious and significant parallel maintained throughout. And it is observable that when Gloster too, another duped and outcast father, is wandering in his turn on the same heath, and is accosted by "poor mad Tom,"—the sightless, miserable father thus addresses the "naked fellow" whose identity he so little suspects:

> Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues
> Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
> Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!
> Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
> That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
> Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
> So distribution should undo the excess,
> And each man have enough.†

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* King Lear, Act III. Sc. 4. † Act IV. Sc. 1.

Strictly a parallel passage to the one just cited from the lips of Lear, even as the disastrous personal experiences of King of Britain and Duke of Gloster run along parallel lines, as we have said.

The words of Amos, the herdman of Tekoa, include a denunciation of woe to them that lie upon beds of ivory, and eat the lambs out of the flock, and the calves out of the midst of the stall, and drink wine in bowls, and anoint themselves with costly ointments, and chant to the sound of the viol,—but are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph.* As the minor prophet with his woe to them that are thus at ease in Zion, so a major prophet declares this to have been the iniquity of a doomed race—pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness, with disregard of all means to strengthen the hand of the poor and needy.† Lazarus the beggar was, as some scholars interpret the passage, "content to be fed" on the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table; in which case he would not appear to have been refused the crumbs: indeed, had this been the case, it would scarcely, they contend, have been omitted in the rebuke of Abraham. "The rich man's sins were ravenousness and negligence rather than inhumanity."‡ He took too little care of this—that beggary lay in helpless prostration before his doorway, the while he clothed himself in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day.

La Bruyère observes that "la santé et les richesses ôtent aux hommes l'expérience du mal, leur inspirent la dureté pour leurs semblables;" and adds, that "les gens déjà chargés de leur propre misère sont ceux qui entrent davantage, par leur compassion, dans celle d'autrui."§ If these by comparison become wondrous kind, it is their fellow-feeling that makes them so. *Haud ignari mali, miseris succurrere discunt.* In another chapter of his "Characters," La Bruyère sketches the portrait of one he styles Champagne, who "au sortir d'un long dîner qui lui enfle l'estomac, et dans les douces fumées d'un vin d'Avenay ou de Sillery, signe un ordre qu'on lui présente, qui ôterait le pain à toute une province, si l'on n'y remédiait: il est excusable. Quel moyen de comprendre, dans la première heure de la digestion, qu'on puisse quelque part mourir de faim?"‖ *Il est excusable*, on the principle of Horace Walpole's similar plea, or apology, for unheeding royalty. He writes to Miss Hannah More that he used to hate that king and t'other prince—but that on reflection he found the censure ought to fall on human nature in general. "They are made of the same stuff as we, and dare we say what we should be in their situation? Poor creatures! think how they are educated, or rather corrupted, early, how flattered! To be educated properly, they should be led through hovels [as Lear was, on the heath—somewhat late in life], and hospitals, and prisons. Instead of being reprimanded (and perhaps immediately afterwards *sugar-plum'd*) for not learning their Latin or French grammar, they now and then should be kept fasting; and, if they cut their finger, should have no plaster till it festered. No part of a royal brat's memory, which is good enough,

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* Amos, vi. 6. † Ezek. xvi. 49.

‡ See on the scope of the words ἐπιθυμῶν χορτασθῆναι (St. Luke xvi. 21), *Analecta Theologica* (Rev. W. Trollope's) *in loc.*

§ Les Caractères de La Bruyère, ch. xi. ‖ Ibid., ch. vi.

should be burthened but with the remembrance of human suffering."* *Il y a une espèce de honte d'être heureux à la vue de certaines misères*, writes La Bruyère† again. Adam Smith, however, makes a dead set against what he calls those "whining and melancholy moralists," who, he complains, are perpetually reproaching us with our happiness, while so many of our brethren are in misery, who regard as impious the natural joy of prosperity, which does not think of the many wretches that are at every instant labouring under all sorts of calamities, in the languor of poverty, in the agony of disease, &c. "Commiseration for those miseries which we never saw, which we never heard of, but which we may be assured are at all times infesting such numbers of our fellow-creatures, ought, they think, to damp the pleasures of the fortunate, and to render a certain melancholy dejection habitual to all men." Adam Smith opposes this "extreme sympathy" as altogether absurd and unreasonable; as unattainable too, so that a certain affected and sentimental sadness is the nearest approach that can be made to it; and he further declares that this disposition of mind, though it could be attained, would be perfectly useless, and could serve no other purpose than to render miserable the person who possessed it.‡ This, of course, is assuming the wretchedness in question to be beyond the sympathiser's relief. Dr. Smith may he supposed to have had in view Thomson's celebrated passage:

> Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
> Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
> They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
> And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
> Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
> How many feel this very moment death
> And all the sad variety of pain.

Many variations on that theme of sad variety the poet sings: moving accidents by flood and fire,—pining want, and dungeon glooms,—the many who drink the cup of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread of misery —sore pierced by wintry winds, how many shrink into the sordid hut of cheerless poverty (the hovel on the heath again), &c. &c. &c.

> ——Thought fond man
> Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills
> That one incessant struggle render life,
> One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
> Vice in his high career would stand appalled,
> And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;
> The conscious heart of charity would warm,
> And her wide wish benevolence dilate;
> The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
> And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
> Refining still, the social passions work.§

This may, perhaps, said Baron Alderson, in winding up a charge to a grand jury, whom he exhorted at that winter season to show sympathy and kindness to the distressed,—this, perhaps, may be one of the objects

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* Walpole to Miss H. More, Sept. 22, 1788. † De l'Homme.
‡ Theory of Moral Sentiments, part iii. ch. iii.
§ Thomson, The Seasons: Winter.

for which God sends suffering, that it may tend to reunite those whom prosperity has severed.* So Burns—

> Oh ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
> Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
> Think for a moment on his wretched fate
> Whom friends and fortune quite disown.
> Ill-satisfied keen nature's clam'rous call,
> Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
> While through the ragged roof and chinky wall,
> Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drifty heap.
> * * * * *
> Affliction's sons are brothers in distress:
> A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!†

Again and again the question recurs, to quote from an able casuist on casual charity, why one man should be literally dying of want, whilst another is able to send him a cheque for 100*l.* without thinking about it, or knowing that the money is gone? If Dives, it is asked, feels bound to give Lazarus so much, where does he draw the line? if the demand upon the superfluities of the rich is to be measured by the wants of the poor, why stop at 100*l.* rather than 1000*l.* or 10,000*l.* or 100,000*l.*? "This is the question which lies at the root of half the melancholy sarcasms and still more melancholy wit of the present day. The writings of such men as Hood are little more than embodiments of it in a variety of forms ludicrous or pathetic. It forms the burden of a whole class of literature, not the less influential because it is somewhat vague in its doctrines, and rests rather on sentiments than on dogmas." Now this writer believes it to be always the best to look such questions in the face, and to attempt at least to give the true answer to them. And the answer, at least in part, in this instance, he takes to be that the antithesis is only sentimental, and not logical. The poverty of the very poor is not, he contends, either a cause or an effect of the riches of the very rich, nor would it be relieved by their permanent impoverishment. "That it is not a cause of their riches is obvious from the fact that if by any change pauperism and misery were suddenly abolished, the rich would be all the richer."‡ But not to follow out a line of argument that would take us too far afield, we may advert to a corresponding essay, in the same *Review*, if not by the same contributor,—in which a picture is drawn of a rich man at church, who hears some stray verses in the second lesson, or some eloquent menace from the pulpit, which makes him very uncomfortable about the contrast between his own easy life and the massive wretchedness of Spitalfields or Poplar. The uneasiness is supposed to rankle in him for some time, spoiling his digestion, and making him very cross to his wife and daughters. Not that he "for a moment dreams of literally obeying the texts in the New Testament that have hit him hard; for he has a shrewd notion that they imply a very different state of society from the busy nineteenth century. He feels that he has no time for visiting the sick, and that if he had, the sick

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* Charges of the late Baron Alderson, p. 188.
† Burns: A Winter Night.
‡ Essay on Casual Charity, in the *Saturday Review*, viii. 4.

would think him a great nuisance; and he knows that when he got to the bedside he would probably be at his wits' ends for anything to say, and would end by twisting his watch-chain, and remarking that it was a cold day." The practical inference is, that if he is to do any of the corporal works of mercy, he must do them by commission;—and so at last the irritation in his conscience throws itself out in the form of a liberal cheque upon his bankers.* *He* at least will vindicate himself, so far as that vicarious beneficence may avail, from any possible charge of branded fellowship with such as the poet of the Seasons depicts, in

> ——The cruel wretch
> Who, all day long in sordid pleasure rolled,
> Himself a useless load, has squandered vile
> Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheered
> A drooping family of modest worth.†

Horace Walpole, on being complimented by letter on the patience with which he bore an acute attack of his chronic malady, replies: "If people of easy fortunes cannot bear illness with temper, what are the poor to do, who have none of our comforts and alleviations? The affluent, I fear, do not consider what a benefit-ticket has fallen to their lot out of millions not so fortunate; yet less do they reflect that chance, not merit, drew the prize out of the wheel."‡ Crabbe portrays this non-reflecting complacency in one of his metrical tales:

> Month after month was pass'd, and all were spent
> In quiet comfort and in rich content:
> Miseries there were, and woes, the world around,
> But these had not her pleasant dwelling found;
> She knew that mothers grieved, and widows wept,
> And she was sorry, said her prayers, and slept:
> Thus pass'd the seasons, and to Dinah's board
> Gave what the seasons to the rich afford;
> For she indulged,§ &c.

Not so serenely does Bishop Jeremy Taylor imagine a gazer from the skies to look down on the sorrows of this earth of ours, in the celebrated paragraph beginning, "But if we could from one of the battlements of heaven espy how many men and women lie fainting and dying,"‖ &c. And by the way there is another of Crabbe's Tales in which, too late, a self-upbraiding spirit thus accuses itself for neglecting a ruined wrong-doer, whose death she has just discovered:

> To have this money in my purse—to know
> What grief was his, and what to grief we owe;
> To see him often, always to conceive
> How he must pine and languish, groan and grieve;¶
> And every day in ease and peace to dine,
> And rest in comfort!—what a heart is mine!**

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* Essay on Charity Brokers, in the *Saturday Review*, viii. 738.
† Thomson, Summer. ‡ Letters to Sir Horace Mann, Jan. 8, 1768.
§ Crabbe's Tales: Procrastination. ‖ Holy Dying, ch. i.
¶ Earlier in the tale there is a touch to remind us of Lear on the heath—

> "'Know you his conduct?'—'Yes, indeed, I know,
> And how he wanders in the wind and snow;
> Safe in our rooms the threat'ning storm we hear,
> But he feels strongly what we faintly fear.'"

** Crabbe's Tales: Resentment.

Richard Savage, as Mr. Whitehead pictures him, bitterly conversant with cold and hunger, a houseless vagrant through the streets by night, and a famishing lounger in them by day, apostrophises Mr. Overseer in his pursy prosperity, much as (*mutatis mutandis*) Lear apostrophises pomp. "Turn out, fat man of substance, and bob for wisdom and charity on the banks of Southwark. They are best taken at night, when God only sees you—when the east wind is abroad, making you shake like the sinner who was hanged for breaking into your dwelling-house. 'The air bites shrewdly, it is very cold,' sayest thou? It is so. But tell me whether, on the fourth night, when thou liest stretched on thy blessed bed, thy heart is not warmer than it was wont to be—whether thou dost not pray prayers of long omission—whether thou wilt not, in the morning, bethink thee of the poor, and relieve them out of thy abundance? Sayest thou, no? God help thee!"* As Van den Bosch tells the big-wigs of Ghent,

> Ah, sirs, you know not, you, who lies afield
> When nights are cold, with frogs for bedfellows;‖
> You know not, you, who fights and sheds his blood,
> And fasts and fills his belly with the east wind.†

Diderot rose one Shrove Tuesday morning, and groping in his pocket, found nothing wherewith to dine that day—which he spent in wandering about Paris and its precincts. He was ill when he got back to his quarters—went to bed—and was treated by his landlady to a little toast and wine. "That day," he often told a friend, in after life, "I swore that, if ever I came to have anything, I would never in my life refuse a poor man help, never condemn my fellow-creature to a day as painful."‡ As the sailor says, after the wreck, in one of Mr. Roscoe's tragedies: "We may be wrecked a dozen times, for what our betters care; but being aboard themselves, they see some spice of danger in it, and that breeds a fellow-feeling."§ And, proverbially, a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.

Mr. Ruskin demands whether, even supposing it guiltless, luxury would be desired by any of us, if we saw clearly at our sides the suffering which accompanies it in the world. "Luxury is indeed possible in the future—innocent and exquisite; luxury for all, and by the help of all; but luxury at present can only be enjoyed by the ignorant; the cruelest man living could not sit at his feast, unless he sat blindfold."‖

Gibbon records to the honour of at least one Pontiff's temporal government of Rome, that he—Gregory the Great—relieved by the bounty of each day, and of every hour, the instant distress of the sick and needy—his treasurers being continually summoned to satisfy, in his name, the requirements of indigence and merit. "Nor would the pontiff indulge himself in a frugal repast, till he had sent the dishes from his own table to some objects deserving of his compassion."¶ A *non possumus* this, in

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* Richard Savage, ch. xx.
† Henry Taylor's Philip van Artevelde, Act I. Sc. 3.
‡ Mémoires, &c., de Diderot.
§ Eliduke, Count of Yveloc, Act V. Sc. 1.
‖ Ruskin, "Unto This Last," ch. iv.
¶ Gibbon, Roman Empire, ch. xlv.

its beneficent *nisi prius* scope, more appreciable by Protestants at least than that of some other Holy Fathers. A sovran's interest in the sufferings of his or her subjects is always of exceptional interest in the eyes of fellow-subjects. Leigh Hunt knew this, when he pictured, in her early happy wifehood, our Sovran Lady the Queen of these realms,

> Too generous-happy to endure
> The thought of all the woful poor
> Who that same night lay down their heads
> In mockeries of starving beds,
> In cold, in wet, disease, despair,
> In madness that will say no prayer;
> With wailing infants some; and some
> By whom the little clay lies dumb;
> And some, whom feeble love's excess,
> Through terror, tempts to murderousness.
> And at that thought the big drops rose
> In pity for her people's woes;
> And this glad mother and great queen
> Weeping for the poor was seen,
> And vowing in her princely will
> That they should thrive and bless her still.*

Madame de Chevreuse, in a popular French romance, is made to say to, and *at*, Anne of Austria, that kings are so far removed from other people, from the "vulgar herd," that they forget that others ever stand in need of the bare necessaries of life. She likens them to the dweller on African mountains, who gazing from the verdant table-land, refreshed by the rills of melted snow, cannot comprehend that the dwellers in the plains below him are perishing from hunger and thirst in the midst of their lands, burnt up by the heat of the sun.† When, in the same romance—by courtesy historical; only the proportion of history to romance in it is much about that of Falstaff's bread bill to his running account for sack—one of Anne of Austria's sons, the reigning king, young Lewis the Fourteenth, is substituted in the Bastille for his ill-starred brother, and so comes to taste of suffering *in propriâ personâ*,—the royal prisoner tries to remember at what hour the first repast is served to the captives in that fortress—but his ignorance of this detail occasions a feeling of remorse that smites him like the keen thrust of a dagger: "that he should have lived for five-and-twenty years a king, and in the enjoyment of every happiness, without having bestowed a moment's thought

[O, I have ta'en too little thought of this!]

on the misery of those who had been unjustly deprived of their liberty. The king blushed for very shame. He felt that Heaven, in permitting this fearful humiliation, did no more than render to the man the same torture as was inflicted by that man upon so many others."‡—It is in a glowing description of one of the great fêtes at Versailles under the auspices of this, the Grand Monarque, that M. Arsène Houssaye delivers himself of this pensive aside: "Et la musique de Lulli achève d'enivrer

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* Leigh Hunt's Poems, Three Visions.
† Le Vicomte de Bragelonne, ch. clxxxiv.
‡ Ibid., ch. ccxxvi.

tout ce beau monde, qui ne pense pas un seul instant que près de là, à la grille même du château des merveilles, une pauvre femme prie et pleure, tout affamée, pour ses enfants. Qu'importe! passe ton chemin, et reviens plus tard. Comment t'appelles-tu, bonne femme?—je m'appelle la France: *je reviendrai.*"*

Part of the education of the royal heir-apparent of the Incas consisted in a course of gymnastic training, with competitive trials of skill—during which, for a period of thirty days, "the royal neophyte fared no better than his comrades, sleeping on the bare ground, going unshod, and wearing a mean attire,—a mode of life, it was supposed, which might tend to inspire him with more sympathy with the destitute."† It is to royalty that Jeanie Deans is pleading, when she exclaims, "Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves, that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then. . . . But when the hour of trouble comes—and seldom may it visit your Leddyship—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—lang and late may it be yours—O my Leddy, then it isna what we hae dune for oursells, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly."‡ An English traveller in Russia, discussing the difficulty with which news of starving peasants reaches the ears of the Czar, and tracing the roundabout track by which, at last, when many have died, and many more are dying, a stifled wail penetrates through the "official cotton-stuffed ears of district police auditoria, district chambers of domains, military chiefs of governments, and imperial chancelleries without number," and comes soughing into the private cabinet of the Czar at the Winter Palace or Peterhoff,—goes on to say: "The Empress, good soul, sheds tears when she hears of the dreadful sufferings of the poor people so many hundred versts off. The imperial children, I have no doubt, wonder why, if the peasants have no bread to eat, they don't take to plum-cake; the Emperor is affected, but goes to work,"§ &c. Which last expression, by the way, reminds us of a *quasi* quotation by Mr. Carlyle of Shakspeare's text in juxtaposition with mention of the greatest of Czars: "Descend, O Donothing Pomp; quit thy down-cushions; expose thyself to learn what wretches feel, and how to cure it! The Czar of Russia became a dusty toiling shipwright; . . . and his aim was small to thine."‖ There was a miserable day in the Highland wanderings of Prince Charles when, with Ned Burke and Donald Macleod for companions, after rowing about all night, excessively faint for want of food, he was obliged to subsist on meal stirred in brine—there being no fresh water within reach. The Prince is said to have expressed himself thankful for even this nauseous food—"salt-water drammock"—and to have declared, on the occasion, that if ever he mounted a throne, he should not fail to remember "those who dined with him to-day."¶ When Flora Macdonald and Lady Clanranald, not long afterwards, came to the royal outcast,—on entering the hut they found him engaged in roasting the heart and liver of a sheep on a wooden spit; a sight at which some of the party could not help shedding

* Etudes Historiques sur la Cour de Louis XIV.
† Prescott, History of the Conquest of Peru, ch. i.
‡ The Heart of Mid-Lothian.
§ A Journey Due North, ch. x.
‖ Past and Present, book iii. ch. viii.
¶ History of the Rebellion of 1745-6, ch. xxvi.

tears. "Charles, always the least concerned at his distressing circumstances, though never forgetting the hopes inspired by his birth, jocularly observed that it would be well perhaps for all kings if they had to come through such a fiery ordeal as he was enduring." At a subsequent period we find him living for days together on a few handfuls of oatmeal and about a pound of butter—referring to which he afterwards told a Highland gentleman that he had come to know what a quarter of a peck of meal was, having once subsisted on such a quantity for the better part of a week.* Another time we find him spending the night in an open cave, on the top of a high hill between the Braes of Glenmorriston and Strathglass,—a cave too narrow to let him stretch himself, and in which he lay drenched to the skin, with no possibility of getting a fire to dry him. "Without food, and deprived of sleep by the narrowness and hardness of his bed, the only comfort he could obtain was the miserable one of smoking a pipe."† Hardly was Lear himself more thoroughly exposed to feel what wretches feel, on that night beside the hovel on the heath.

In that paradoxical essay of his, on saying grace before meat, Charles Lamb remarks that the indigent man, who hardly knows whether he shall have a meal the next day or not, sits down to his fare with a present sense of the blessing, which can be but feebly acted by the rich, into whose minds the conception of wanting a dinner could never, but by some extreme theory, have entered. According to the essayist, the heats of epicurism put out the gentle flame of devotion: the incense which rises round is pagan, and the belly-god intercepts it for his own. "The very excess of the provision beyond the needs, takes away all sense of proportion between the end and means. The giver is veiled by his gifts. You are startled at the injustice of returning thanks—for what?—for having so much, while so many starve. It is to praise the gods amiss."‡

Taking for his text the apprenticeship of good Abbot Samson at St. Edmund's shrine, Mr. Carlyle moralises on how much would many a Serene Highness have learnt, had he travelled through the world with water-jug and empty wallet, *sine omni expensâ*, and returned only to sit down at the foot of St. Edmund's shrine to shackles and bread and water.§ Patriotism itself, a political economist has remarked, can never be generated by a passive enjoyment of good; the evil tendency of which he bids us see by merely looking to a city like London; where the rich who live together in streets of fine houses many miles long, and have every comfort provided for them without their interference, and need nothing from the poor but what they buy for money, and conclude that the same State which cares for them will care equally for the poor,—such rich men, it is alleged, have every inducement to become isolated from all but the few with whom it is pleasant to live.‖ We may choose, says Professor Kingsley, to look at the masses in the gross, as subjects for statistics—and of course, where possible, for profits. "There is One above who knows every thirst, and ache, and sorrow, and temptation of each slattern, and gin-drinker, and street-boy. The day will come when He will require an account of these neglects of ours—not in the gross."¶ Mrs.

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* Lyon in Mourning, viii. 1828.
† Chambers, ch. xxviii.
‡ Essays of Elia: Grace before Meat.
§ Past and Present, book ii. ch. ix.
‖ *Westminster Review*, N. S. iii. 125.
¶ *North British Review*, No. xxix. Art., The Water Supply of London.

Gaskell ably describes the fear of Margaret Hale, in "North and South," lest, in her West-end ease, she should become sleepily deadened into forgetfulness of anything beyond the life that was lapping her round with luxury. "There might be toilers and moilers there in London, but she never saw them; the very servants lived in an underground world of their own, of which she knew neither the hopes nor the fears; they only seemed to start into existence when some want or whim of their master and mistress needed them."* Mr. Thackeray presents Ethel Newcome in the fairest light when he shows her studious to become acquainted with her indigent neighbours—giving much time to them and thought; visiting from house to house without ostentation; awe-stricken by that spectacle of poverty which we have with us always, of which the sight rebukes our selfish griefs into silence, the thought compels us to charity, humility, and devotion. "Death, never dying out; hunger always crying; and children born to it day after day,—our young London lady, flying from the splendours and follies in which her life had been passed, found herself in the presence of these; threading darkling alleys which swarmed with wretched life; sitting by naked beds, whither by God's blessing she was sometimes enabled to carry a little comfort and consolation; or whence she came heart-stricken by the overpowering misery, or touched by the patient resignation, of the new friends to whom fate had directed her."† No longer *ignara mali, miseris succurrere discit.* An essayist of Mr. Thackeray's school, on the topic of parliamentary trains, breaks out, or off, into the apostrophe: "Ah, judges of Amontillado sherry; crushers of walnuts with silver crackers; connoisseurs who prefer French to Spanish olives, and are curious about the yellow seal; gay riders in padded chariots; proud cavaliers of blood-horses, you don't know how painfully and slowly, almost agonisingly, the poor have to scrape, and save, and deny themselves the necessaries of life, to gather together the penny-a-mile fare."‡ Lord Jeffrey eagerly asserted the even painful interest with which one of Mr. Dickens's Christmas books affected him: "sanative, I dare say, to the spirit, but making us despise and loathe ourselves for passing our days in luxury, while better and gentler creatures are living such lives as make us wonder that such things can be in a society of human beings, or even in the world of a good God."§ Lord Lytton has compared the stray glimpses one gets of want and misery, to looking through a solar microscope at the monsters in a drop of water, when the gazer wonders how things so terrible have hitherto been unknown to him: "Lapped in your sleek comforts, and lolling on the sofa of your patent conscience, . . . . you are startled and dismayed" at the sight: you say within yourself, "Can such things be? I never dreamed of this before! I thought what was invisible to me was non-existent in itself—I will remember this dread experiment."‖ The like is the moral of Hood's poem of the Lady's Dream. From grief exempt, she had never dreamt of such a world of woe as appals her in apocalyptic visions of the night; never dreamt till now of the hearts that daily break, and the tears that hourly fall, and the many, many troubles of life that

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* North and South, vol. ii. ch. xix. † The Newcomes, ch. lxii.
‡ Twice Round the Clock, p. 61.
§ Life and Letters of Lord Jeffrey, vol. ii. p. 391.
‖ Night and Morning, book iv. ch. i.

grieve this earthly ball—disease, and hunger, and pain, and want; but now she dreams of them all—of the naked she might have clad, the famished she might have fed, the sorrowing she might have solaced; of each pleading that, long ago, she scanned with a heedless eye.

I drank the richest draughts;
And ate whatever is good—
Fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fruit
Supplied my hungry mood;
But I never remember'd the wretched ones
That starve for want of food.

I dress'd as the noble dress,
In cloth of silver and gold,
With silk, and satin, and costly furs,
In many an ample fold;
But I never remember'd the naked limbs
That froze with winter's cold.

The wounds I might have heal'd!
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part:
But evil is wrought by want of Thought
[so Lear's "Oh, I have taken *too little thought* of this!"]
As well as want of Heart!

She clasp'd her fervent hands,
And the tears began to stream;
Large, and bitter, and fast they fell,
Remorse was so extreme;
And yet, oh yet, that many a Dame
Would dream the Lady's Dream!*

An *Edinburgh* Reviewer of mortality in trades and professions, dwelling on the fatal conditions under which very many classes earn their daily bread, and sometimes not so much as that,—observes that the great middle and upper classes, accustomed to be furnished with all the appliances of easy life and luxury, seldom give a thought as to the manner in which their wants are supplied. "Accustomed to sip the honey, it never strikes us that perhaps its product involves in some cases the life of the working-bee. The lady, who, from the silken ease of her fauteuil, surveys her drawing-room, may learn a lesson of compassion for the poor workman in nearly every article that lies before her." To take one example out of the many upon which Dr. Wynter dilates—the case of the silverer of looking-glasses: "If the charming belle, as she surveys her beauty in the glass, could but for a moment see reflected this poor shattered human creature, with trembling muscles, brown visage, and blackened teeth, she would doubtless start with horror; but, as it is, the slaves of luxury and vanity drop out of life unobserved and uncared for, as the stream of travellers disappeared one by one through the bridge of Mirza."†

O let those cities that of plenty's cup,
And her prosperities, so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.‡

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* Poems by Thomas Hood: The Lady's Dream.
† *Edinburgh Review*, Jan., 1860.
‡ Pericles, Act I. Sc. 4.

The moral of the eastern tale of Nourjahad is practical and pertinent. He delivers himself up to luxury and riot. He forgets that there are wants and distresses among his fellow-creatures. He lives only for himself, and his heart becomes as hard as the coffers which hold his misapplied treasures. But before it is too late he is awakened to remorse, and looks back with shame and horror on his past life. What shall he do to expiate his offences? One thing at least is within his power, and that will he do at once: expend his riches in the relief of want—nor rest until he has found out every family in Ormuz whom calamity has overtaken, that he may restore them to prosperity. Henceforth he spends his days in his closet, laying plans for the benefit of his fellow-creatures.* Ben Jonson's Sordido promises the like amendment:

> Pardon me, gentle friends, I'll make fair 'mends
> For my foul errors past. . . . .
> My barns and garners shall stand open still
> To all the poor that come, and my best grain
> Be made alms-bread, to feed half-famished mouths.
> Though hitherto amongst you I have lived
> Like an unsavoury muck-hill to myself,
> Yet now my gather'd heaps, being spread abroad,
> Shall turn to better and more fruitful uses.
> . . . . . O how deeply
> The bitter curses of the poor do pierce!
> I am by wonder changed; come in with me
> And witness my repentance: now I prove
> No life is blest that is not graced with love.†

So again with the rich man in one of Crabbe's Borough sketches from life; that rich man, to wit, who

> ——built a house, both large and high,
> And enter'd in and set him down to sigh;
> And planted ample woods and gardens fair,
> And walk'd with anguish and compunction there;
> The rich man's pines, to every friend a treat,
> *He* saw with pain, and *he* refused to eat;
> His daintiest food, his richest wines, were all
> Turn'd by remorse to vinegar and gall:
> The softest down by living body press'd
> The rich man bought, and tried to take his rest;
> But care had thorns upon his pillow spread,
> And scatter'd sand and nettles in his bed:
> Nervous he grew—would often sigh and groan,—
> He talk'd but little, and he walk'd alone;
> Till by his priest convinced, that from one deed
> Of genuine love would joy and health proceed,
> He from that time with care and zeal began
> To seek and soothe the grievous ills of man;
> And as his hands their aid to grief apply,
> He learns to smile and he forgets to sigh.
>
> Now he can drink his wine and taste his food,
> And feel the blessings Heaven has dealt are good;
> And since the suffering seek the rich man's door,
> He sleeps as soundly as when young and poor.‡

* Nourjahad. † Every Man out of his Humour, Act III. Sc. 2.
‡ Crabbe: The Borough, letter xvii.

## MUHBOOB JAN.

### Part II.

One day, shortly after Ukbar Khan returned from an unsuccessful expedition, he was sitting discontentedly near his wife, and said:

"I have never had any good fortune lately. I have had no booty to bring you back. Since ever the little fairy-born puree zadee has been an inmate of our house, no friendly spirit hovering near me has given me aid. If I had not hung the pearl of price round my neck, then ill-fortune would not have adhered to me like an amulet.

Agur khoobsooruttee ke dekne ko dil men shok nu hota,
To esh kumbuktu mere gurdun men tok nu hota."

Then his wife answered:

"It is true, husband, you have had no good fortune lately, and you have had no one to thank for it but this maid; why should you not get rid of her? She is no service to us. She has brought distress upon you. Her caste is not the same; she must live apart from us if we expect any good fortune; it will never happen while she is here."

Then the bandit pondered in his mind, and said that he must remove her; that he had expected to have heard of some offer being made for her, but that now, so much time having elapsed, he thought that she had no friends, and that it was time to dispose of her in some way; but he could not offer her for sale to any chief or merchant, as were he to go openly anywhere he knew that the troops of the Guicowar might be near to seize him; that the place where he met the dullal was about two miles from Agra, near the Taj Muhul, and that all round it, by the banks of the Jumna, the country was wild, sterile, and uninhabited; that he would take her there, and would there leave her in the tomb with some three or four days' provision. Perhaps some traveller might arrive, and, taking pity on her, give her a home.

This he said to himself whilst he remained in thought. After a little he addressed his wife, and said to her that he was determined to follow her advice. Accordingly he left her, and sent to some of his picked men an order to have their horses saddled, and to be ready for an early ride at two o'clock next morning; that he should want only ten men, as he was merely going on a reconnoitring expedition. He told his wife to warn the little girl that she should have to travel very early, and that she must be ready to leave. The little girl saw that there was no help for it, and met her fate with resignation. She was dressed in the fashion of the simplest sort, like one of the waiting-maids, and her figure quite unadorned with rings or trinkets of any kind. But she was, indeed, a beautiful specimen of a girl nearly arrived at the age of womanhood. Her eyes were dark and sweetly expressive, her hair long, black, and luxuriant, her mouth small, and her pearly teeth set like the pomegranate seeds, her form slight, and her feet and hands exquisitely small. The bandit knocked at his wife's door, and told her, at the hour appointed for their departure, he was ready. She then went to the maiden's room and led her out. She

wrapped herself in her saree and folded two chuddurs round her head, by way of veil, that the men might not see her face. The robber then gave a small bag of atta to one of his attendants to hang at his saddle-bow, and he entrusted the little girl to the same robber who had bound her when they took her prisoner first, and he took the same precautions that she should travel safe as when he had met her and her father on the plain. Then Ukbar Khan gave the word to the gang, and they started, he leading the way. They rode leisurely till they got on the open plain, and then they galloped. He was perfectly cognisant of the way, having often travelled it before, so they soon reached the Taj Muhul. It was about three o'clock when they arrived at the outer gate of the Taj, which loomed grandly in the moonlight, with its red granite having such a fine effect, that the little girl thought she was coming to a palace. He then gave the word to the horsemen to halt. He directed the man who had the little girl in charge to alight, and lead her with him. He gave him the bag of atta, and he told him to follow him along with her. All three then walked through the entrance-gate, which was open. They went through the plantation of cypresses, all along intersecting which were three stone walks, having on each of their sides at intervals these trees planted. There were jets d'eau for the discharge of water in the central one, and for their supply of water there was a reservoir at the head of the garden. They walked down this beautiful walk to its end, at which was situated a large palace-like building, built solely of pure marble. It was situated on a lofty terrace, which was mounted by marble steps. Its centre dome was high, and wings were surmounted by smaller ones, and at the extremity of each angle of the terrace was a lofty minaret of marble. Over and round the magnificent entrance-door, which was in the centre of the building under the dome, were inscribed in jet the ninety-and-nine names of the Almighty, in Arabic characters. Then Ukbar Khan and his follower, along with the girl, went inside the door and saw the beauty of the interior hall of the building by the feeble and dubious moonlight, like a fairy dream. In the grand hall which they entered they saw the circular roof of marble divided by six cupolas, whose several concaves radiated gradually from the centre. These were supported by lofty bases of equal size, all compactly joined so as to appear the carving from a solid block. In the midst of the hall was a lofty screen fifteen feet high. The walls, the cupolas, the flooring, the screen, were of purest marble, their ground inlaid with all manner of precious stones, worked into them in mosaics, forming wreaths of flowers, festooned most gracefully, of every sort, colour, and denomination. So elaborately and minutely were these flowers worked, that, for a rose the size of a shilling, there were ninety different stones of jasper and cornelian employed to represent the diversity of its hues. The gorgeous colours of the flowers contrasted with the pure translucent marble ground, white as the driven snow. On entering the screen, they saw the two grand tombs, also covered with mosaics, to the memory of Shah Jehan, the emperor, whose name is upon his tomb in jet; and the other, to the memory of Mumtuzza Zumana, his queen, for whom the monument was erected, but whose tomb is without a label. She it was—

The lady of the dead
Tombed in a palace—

for whom the emperor expended 750,000*l.* in raising this memorial; but as regards the architect little is mentioned in authentic history, and though he was a Mussulman, Sahur being his name, even his nation is unknown. They led the little girl between these, and came to the flight of steps which took them down to the two stone slabs, figures of tombs, which stand in the large vault below the building. These sarcophagi, as well as the whole of the vault, are of pure white marble.

But his time was short, as he never stayed far from his jungle home by day, and so he wished the little girl farewell, in the fashion of his country "Khoda hafiz," and, leaving with her the bag of atta, he went away, and soon both his gang and himself were galloping across the plain, and they reached his retreat long before the light of the morning.

Though this unprincipled man had no compassion in his heart for any of his victims, he was yet not devoid of superstition, and he firmly believed that the evil eye was upon him from the time that he had taken the little maid, and she had been a prisoner in his house; that the worst curse would fall on him if any ill fortune should betide her while under his protection; and that he had no course open to him but to part from her, and leave her in some place which was under the shade of Almighty favour. So he said that he had done right in consigning her to the protection of Allah, in the tomb where some of his worshippers might meet her and take charge of her.

When the little girl found herself alone in the tomb she cried piteously. She found herself quite helpless. Her sobbing echoed through the whole of the dome of marble, and reverberated with much distinctness in the roofs of the vaults. Then the sound, many times repeated, frighted her by its unearthly noise in the stillness of the morning air. Still more frightful than this was the loneliness of the situation, and her dread of what was to become of her. At last an old moolah, who used usually to act as hafiz, and every morning at early sohurree namaz used to come to the tomb to pray, heard the sound of the sobbing, and went down into the vault, where he saw the little girl, who was almost dead with fright and shame. He asked her how she came there, and she began her story by telling him how the robber, Ukbar Khan, had met her father and herself on the plain, how he had plundered from her father all that he had in his possession, and how he had taken her away with him; that she had lived in his wife's zinana, but that the night before he had taken her away and left her there, and she knew not why; and she did not know what was to become of her, and she had no means of finding where her father was, and she was wretched. Then the old man said, "Come with me, daughter, and I will see what can be done for you." So she agreed to go with him, and they took their way by the steps which led up from the vault, she holding his hand; they went through the screen, crossed the hall, and through the door of the tomb, and then the old man led her through the stone walk till they got to the gate with walls of granite, which stands in front of the grounds.

It was now broad morning light, and the little girl, whose name was Muhboob Jan, saw the moolah's face. He had a long white beard which reached to his breast; his turban, of white cloth, was thickly folded, his ungoorka was of the same sort of cloth, his sash was of a green colour, his pyjamas were loose, and he wore neither shoes nor stock-

ings, but when he got to the gate of entrance he put on his large shoes of untanned leather. He held a large tuzbee in his hand, and he repeated by turns texts from the Koran and ejaculations to Allah, also some quotations from the Persian he frequently uttered; but he always kept stringing the beads of his tuzbee, which he used very like the way that the Roman Catholics do their rosary. One quotation which she heard him make most frequently was, "O sons of men! the breath which we draw is enough of life" (Bullee earon dum to Ghunemut est). He seemed to her between seventy and eighty, and indeed his age was seventy-five; but the most rigid temperance had kept him, though bowed down with old age, in a tolerably hale state of health. His face was furrowed with many a wrinkle, but he still was good-looking, from the shape and contour of his features, his high forehead, and aquiline nose. He had no doubt of the truth of Muhboob Jan's story. Then she began to entreat him to tell her by what means she should recover her father. She wept, she held his hand, and urged him to have pity on her. But the moolah said, "Daughter, I have no home to take you to; I have no one who could protect you; I am a lone man, and there is no female relative of mine alive that would give you shelter under her roof."

While they were thus speaking, and as they advanced on their way from the Taj Muhul gate, they saw a large procession approaching, and the moolah said that he would wait until it came up. The first who came in front of it were the riders on dromedaries, who were dressed in the long flowing dresses worn in the East, each of them armed with spears and swords. Then came a long troop of horsemen, dressed in the same way, with matchlocks, swords, and poniards in their cummurbunds. After these came a lady of the highest rank in what is called a tukt-i-rowan, which was a large litter supplied with carpets and huge cushions for leaning on, borne by two camels. Between them the cords of the litter of silk tissue held it firm, and in its centre was a sort of easy couch. It was covered with an awning of Damascus silk. She had a girl inside, who was her attendant waiting-maid. The camels were ridden by two young Muhulees, who were chosen favourites of the begum, and there were two running footmen by the side of each of them. Behind followed numbers of ekkas, ruths, garees, palkees, chundoles, meanas, and all the numerous sorts of sedans and litters which are so common for carrying females in the East. They were all canopied with red cloth. They were attended by running footmen, four to each of the litters, dressed in a flowing robe, besides the foot kuhars, who carried the litters, in red livery. These announced the names of the different inmates in the high-flown and hyperbolical language used generally in the country, saying, "Here comes the Light of the Star of Beauty," "The Protector of the Humble," "The Ornament of the Kingdom," "The Chosen One of the World," "The Deer-eyed Lady of Loveliness." And after the host of litters and carriages were the hundreds who followed on foot, principally servants to the begum and her grand suite of followers. The moolah waited till the procession of the men on dromedaries and the horsemen also had all passed, and when the tukt-i-rowan approached slowly he bent himself to the ground, raised the dust to his forehead, and said, "Dohaee, dohaee!"

When the young begum, who was there seated, or rather reclining, saw through the curtain the figure of the old man and a little damsel

beside him, she, either from respect to his calling or from curiosity, gave the sign to her attendant in the litter to tell the camel-drivers to stop. This was instantly done, and the young attendants told the old man to approach. He went up to the tukt-i-rowan, and told from beginning to end all that he had seen in the morning, and begged that her highness would please to look with favour on the little girl who was with him. When the begum heard the story she spoke to Muhboob Jan, and asked her if she would like to come with her. Then Muhboob Jan looked up, and saw the begum. She was dressed in the usual Asiatic loose style, which consisted of very wide trousers and a robe of folding drapery made of transparent white muslin. Her stature was tall, her eyes large, black, and lustrous; to her neck were suspended four or five necklaces of gold set with diamonds, rubies, and pearls; her rounded figure displayed a beautiful bust and shapely arms; her features were symmetrical, and her smile most lovely, showing teeth like ivory. Muhboob Jan said that she was in distress when she thought of her father, and she despaired of hearing news of him, but if the beautiful strange lady would help her, she would be glad to stay with her. When the begum heard this she laughed, and told her attendant to go to her purse-bearer, and tell him to come to her. The girl delivered her message to one of the muhullees, who then told one of those who were on foot to call thither the treasurer, and one of the running footmen instantly called him. The begum said, "I will take the girl under my protection, and give this old man a purse of gold mohurs." The purse-bearer then gave the moolah a bag containing fifty gold mohurs, and he made a profound salaam; and the begum having given a sign for the procession to go forward, the purse-bearer took Muhboob Jan, and putting her into one of the meanas, they all proceeded on their way towards Delhi.

This young begum was princess in her own right, and had property to a large amount in the vicinity of Delhi, near Merut. She had an army in her pay. She was about twenty-five years of age, which in the East is a mature time of life for a woman; but her exceeding strength of constitution and her vigour of mind made her more like one of Europe's daughters than an Asiatic. She was on her way from Futtehpore Sicri, where she had met a nawaub who had promised to come to her court and be present at her nuptials, which were to take place the next month. She was betrothed to a son of the Vizier of Oude, and the marriage had been approved of by her friends, the principal of whom was her uncle, this nawaub. She travelled in state, and she was utterly regardless of expense, and, in point of fact, her treasury was quite able to meet all the drafts which were made upon it. They proceeded onwards on their route, halting during the day, and pitching their tents, which, with those of the followers, the cavalcade of spearmen and horsemen, the numerous cortége which follow in the wake of grandees in that country, and form their julloos, as the natives call it, swelled out the size of the encampment so as to make it resemble the moving residence of an army. The begum, on their arrival at their place of halting, sent for Muhboob Jan, and spoke many kind words to her, and said that, if she liked, she would give her over in charge to her head ayah, and that she should remain in her service. She looked fixedly at the begum, and from her countenance, so august, so beaming with smiles, her eyes glowing with the fire of youth-

ful energy, her face so queenly in aspect, she augured favourably, and said, in her simple way, that she would be happy to serve the lovely lady. The begum laughed, and was pleased. She said, "You shall be one of my saheeleans at my marriage-feast." The little girl then thanked her unaffectedly. Her gentle, simple manners, her complete innocence, her engaging ways, and her charming appearance, quite interested the begum in her behalf. She determined to have her dressed and adorned in the style which would become one of her own handmaidens. Every day's march was carried on in the same process—the shifting of the tents, and all the paraphernalia of travelling from one munzil to another. Then at the end of every day the begum made her come to the tent, and tell her little stories of her former life, and amused herself with laughing at her gentle and innocent prattle.

The weather in that climate during the early spring is such that you need never fear rain, and it has the same temperature through the month of February, so the order of the march was one day the same as another. They proceeded onwards to Delhi, and arrived at the kootub, a large building like the column of a mosque, which stands in a plain surrounded by many remains of the grandeur of the Moghul dynasty. It is three hundred feet high, and there are several small balconies round it as you ascend it by an inner staircase. From the top balcony you have a magnificent view of the country, covered as it is with the ruined remains of Indurpurust, and in the distance towards Delhi the buildings which belonged to the old Histanapoor, that Hindoo city which flourished before the country had been the prey of the cruel and the devastating Mussulmans. The begum and Muhboob Jan went up the staircase, and stood on the top balcony. They saw just below them the pillar of six different metals of a green colour, which Nadir Shah indignantly ordered his troops to fire upon. The pundit who showed them the buildings told them to remark the mark of the shot which had indented this pillar. "It reaches," said he, "to the bottom of the earth, and rests its base upon the tortoise that supports the earth. When the shot, fired as it was from the heavy piece of ordnance, made the impression on the pillar which you now see, the blood from the tortoise gushed up from the earth, and the ground around was saturated with it." This veracious tale, similar to the

> Huic atro liquuntur sanguine guttæ
> Et terram tabo maculant,

was firmly believed by the pundit and his followers amongst the Hindoos. They went from this to visit the lath of Feroshah, an enormous pillar, which is surrounded by a fort. It is the largest stone to be seen in any of the buildings near Delhi, and the legend which the Hindoos give of this monolith is that it was the walking-staff used by one of the ancient rajahs. It is composed of white freestone. The wonderful number of ruined palaces, tombs, mausoleums, and houses which were formerly inhabited by rich grandees, but now are completely deserted, the grandeur of the different tombs in which the Moghul emperors were buried, and the extensive size of the modern city, showed that these sites had been for many years the favourite residences of the different sovereigns who held sway in India.

The begum delighted in taking Mahboob Jan with her to view the different sights which they were near on their several days' march, and the day after they had left the Kootab they encamped near Sufdur Jung's tomb, and had their temporary habitation in the chambers which are at the base of the building. From this place they made an excursion to the Nizam Ood Deen buildings. They were closely veiled, and had burkandosses and sowars attending their palkees, and they set out on their visits early in the morning, so that they had no fear of being interrupted by intruders. They saw the divers who, for the purpose of performing an act of piety to the memory of the saints who are buried in these grounds, assemble at early morning time, and from a height of sixty feet jump into a clear tank of water, dive for a certain time, and swim up to the other side. This they will perform several times running. After this they went to the Jumma Musjeed, one of the grand buildings with which Shah Jehan has ornamented the great city. It is situated on a lofty eminence, and is ascended by a flight of many marble steps. The court before it, and the whole of the mosque, are built of red granite. The tank in the centre, which is placed for the Mussulmans to perform their wazu in, is supplied with water by a very complicated machinery. The mosque is probably the largest in India. The domes, three in number, the largest being in the centre, are chaste and at the same time grand in their effect. The minarets at the flank of each wing are very high. The roofs of the wings are supported by arches, constructed partly of marble and partly of red granite. There are five of these arches to each wing, and they are in front of the inner cupolas, which stand supported on pillars, at equal distances to the interior, four in number. The grand central dome has a magnificent gate of entrance. These the ladies all saw from the ground floor of granite pavement in front of the mosque, and afterwards they proceeded to see the great black mosque, which is constructed of black marble, and is, perhaps, the most curious of any of the buildings in Delhi. The gardens near the Shalimar Gate are truly lovely, the different walks and parterres laid out tastefully, and planted with orange-groves, and the numerous trees which flourish in the north-west provinces are very extensive. These they also went to visit. They obtained an order from one of the officers in the Moghul's court to see the palace at Delhi early the next morning, and thither they went in palkees with attendants. The palace was entered by a handsome gate, which led to a series of outer courts until they came to the Dewan-i-Am, where the walls were completely covered with mosaics, in which birds of all kinds and of all sorts of varied plumage and colours were worked in the black marble ground. In the centre was a throne of state. After this they went to the Dewan-i-Khas, which is a very large hall of marble inlaid with gold, and on its front were worked in Arabic characters of jet the words, "Agur Firdose, bur roce zumeen est humein est oh humein est." (If there be a paradise on the face of the earth, it is here.) In the centre of the large pure white marble platform, which is roofed with marble also, and lofty, is a magnificent throne of pure crystal. Round the platform are excavations, in which the rose-water was made to flow so as to keep up in its circumference a perpetual stream on the days when the hall was open for the assemblage of noble visitants, who came to pay their court to the great Eastern monarch, the successor of Timour.

The plantations in immediate proximity of this Dewan-i-Khas were the gardens which were private for the ladies of his highness's zinana, and on the northern side were their baths. The four sides of this large platform of marble are open, but costly awnings of silk hang round, which can be raised or lowered according to the fancy of the great lord who is supposed to sit in state on the throne.

After they had paid their visits to all the places of note in Delhi, including Humaion's tomb also, the begum said that she would return to her own place of sovereignty near Merut, which was not more than ten miles from the great city. So they had only one more journey, or munzil, to make, and then she would be in her own territory. The preparations for the march were made early in the morning. Soon after they had set out they met trains of musicians, who came to perform what they called the mubarak baddee of rejoicing upon the event of their queen's return. They were all dressed in flowing robes of yellow. They sounded the sitara, the sarunghee, the tambour, the dol, and the nursingha, which are the Indian names for the guitar, the violin, the drum, the kettledrum, and the horn. They passed on, and the next procession that met the tukt-i-rowan, where the begum sat, were the zumeendars, who brought her offerings of flowers and fruit. The wreaths of flowers encircled each large tray of fruit full of guavas, custard-apples, mangoes, leechees, loquats, melons, water-melons, pomegranates, peaches, oranges, chubottras, limes, sutrungas, and other produce of their gardens. She merely touched each of these as they passed, when they were taken away to the steward of her household. Then came the different attendants who were waiting for her arrival at the standing encampment which had been pitched on the plain. They began shouting and calling out her praises in their own way.

The procession came to the trellised work, which, decked with flowers and trees planted beside them, were prepared for an extent of a mile before the entrance to the series of saree purdas, or royal tents, which stood on the plain for her reception. The tent, composed of several apartments, whose whole diameter was one hundred yards, she went into with her companions. It was made of a costly brocade of cloth of gold outside, and inside lined with cashmere shawls, and the outer kinnauts were of a thick silk. The extent of the enclosure, counting the different adjacent walks, the inner chambers, and then the numerous outer chooldharees which were standing in the enclosed plain, was about half a mile in circumference. Hundreds of attendants for the inner work, all females, and for the washing, cooking, and outer work all males, were constant at their posts.

There were the water-carriers, the watchmen, the chabdaurs, the burkandosses, the chokeydaurs, the peons. All were dressed in the robes of the begum's livery, flowing scarfs, yellow turbans, and yellow sashes. This, the colour of festive joy, was the prevailing one in all the dresses; and there were the troops of musicians, of nuths which showed off feats of dexterity, of Nautch girls who danced to their several bands. When night came on, the trellis-works surrounding the different walks of the encampment, being lit up with innumerable lamps, brought out a coruscation of light which made the night as light as day; fireworks were displayed of the numerous forms which are so completely perfected in India,

where the art of contriving them is carried on with such ingenuity. There were the phooljurrees, the anars, the howaees, the hutphools, the muhtabees, the suttaras, and numerous others; and the nights were all like the famous shubbibarat, which the Mussulmans observe at the end of the month of Ramzan, or the Dewalee which the Hindoos keep in honour of the goddess of Luchmee. The holders of pawn and betel-nuts, and the sprinklers of rose-water, were ready at every entrance to welcome any guest who was coming to visit, and to do the proper ceremonial of greeting all who should approach, so that they should find themselves in the place honoured by the begum, who was celebrating her expected bridegroom's arrival with the festivity proper for the occasion.

Two days after her own arrival, the presents from the nawaub's son, the bridegroom, arrived. He sent them on elephants and camels. There was also a drove of choice horses and carriages for the travelling of ladies; there were bales of silk, of Dacca muslins, of shawls, of brocade of gold and silver; there were caskets of jewels, rubies, emeralds, diamonds; there were gold and silver ornaments in caskets. These were brought in and duly presented to the begum by the chief officer of his establishment; and soon afterwards he followed himself on a magnificent horse, attended by about fifty horsemen armed, and four or five running footmen going before him. He dismounted at the entrance outside the kinnaut of the begum's tent, and the offerings of barley and silver were circled in a vessel round his head. The pawn-bearers and rose-water sprinklers came round him. The latter took his scarf and threw perfumes on it, and the former offered him pieces of betel-nut which had been folded up in pawn-leaves. The begum retreated into her inner chamber, and though a sumptuous entertainment was soon spread in the sitting-hall, and every delicacy prepared for him in a large tent adjacent, she did not, according to etiquette, show herself until such time as the moulvie arrived, who was to lead, in some respects similar to our officiating priests, the ceremony. Previous to this many presents had passed between the parties; the ooptun had been sent to the bride, and the mayndee to the bridegroom. The agents and vakeels had met and consulted on the preliminaries, and the different settlements had been duly agreed to, and the dowry and the fortune of the bridegroom had been all discussed. But neither had the young nawaub seen the begum, nor had she cast her eyes on him. However, when the vakeel of the nawaub came, and the servants and witnesses were called to bear testimony to the validity of the agreement, and the bridegroom stood outside the partition, and the vakeel and his witnesses stood at the door of the apartment where the bride was seated, they asked her if she was willing to take the young nawaub for her husband. They received her assent, which was duly asked three times, and as many times responded to. Then the vakeel went for the kazee, and informed him of what had passed. Then that functionary came, and went through the form of questioning both the bridegroom and the bride as to their intentions. After he had received an answer to the intent that they were agreed, he sent for the nearest relative, who was acting as his guardian, and asked the bridegroom to make out his agreement. Then the bridegroom said that if he were to divorce his wife, he would pledge himself to pay a thousand lacs of rupees. When this was done, the kazee read out the

necessary passage appropriated for the occasion from the Koran, and then the sherbet of the wedding-feast was prepared. When the bridegroom had drunk some of this, he sent the bowl inside to the begum, and she accepted it, and at night he took her home to the tent which was appropriated for his reception; and thus the Eastern rites of the wedding duly performed by a Mussulman were completed.

The wedding confectionery, which was given in the shape of sweetmeats to all present, was distributed in such a liberal way, that it would not be hyperbolical to say that it must have cost in itself a fortune. This custom of giving cakes at weddings in the East is the primitive and ubiquitous style of hospitality which is general in the country. It reminds us of many such incidents recorded in Scripture, and by many is thought to have been the origin of the usage that found place afterwards in Europe, and is still observed throughout most continental countries, of giving plum-cake to friends at a bridal party—a good old fashion, which has become more and more circumscribed by the stricture of modern refinement, until at last it has nearly died away in England. But the general diffusiveness of hospitality at an Eastern wedding resembles the description given by Cervantes of the wedding-feast of Comacho the rich, and at the begum's this princely style of munificence was considered quite necessary for the purpose of keeping up her state.

Thus was their wedding carried on, and thus was present all that wealth and power could confer to grace their nuptials; but all the sentiment which lends its halo of enchantment to the union of such beings, all the genial glow of interest which is derived from the anticipation of reciprocal attachment, all the pleasure that youth learns to feel from the mutual appreciation of character, was wholly wanting. Of marriage, in all countries of the East, short-comings such as these are the prevalent characteristics; and in several countries in Europe, also, the complete exclusion of intercourse between the parties previous to the actual rite of marriage, or the agreement between responsible friends as to the event of the union, render it wholly impossible for the youthful pair to become acquainted with each other's character. But in the British isles, and in all our colonies, as well as in all lands which were originally populated by our emigrants, the women have been allowed the privilege of thought, and the matrimonial tie has not been degraded into the nature of a money contract. Of course you cannot draw a distinct line of demarcation between the countries where such a contract is viewed in a mercenary light and those in which the matter is elevated into the higher consideration which embodies the concord of congenial feeling as a necessary element in such a union. And the degrees and different steps that intervene between the extremely degraded state of materialism which marks the wedding contract of a Mussulman and the exalted measure of intellectual guidance—the soul which gives impetus to the affections, and animates the principles and conduct of a Briton's—are many and various. In almost every country, indeed, is the matter viewed differently; and how wide is the difference between France and England in this respect, though a very narrow sea only separates the two countries! But all this, to my mind, is only suggestive of a fact that, I think, will be found conclusive. It is this, that all throughout Protestant countries the influence of the Gospel teaching has been, and is now, instrumental in educating

the minds of men to the more exalted type of social contract, and that in proportion as the religion of Jesus has been unknown, or its power ignored, so has the character and the condition of the female been degraded, and her position, on assuming the prerogative of a wife, humiliated. Then, again, in the same proportion as the purer influences of the religious teaching of the New Testament have been set aside by the worldly tenets of priestcraft, and Jesuitism, and the dreams of superstition, in an equal proportion has the elevation of female intellect been deteriorated, and the high character of the bond, which we have the first authority for calling one sanctified by God himself, debased into the status of a monetary transaction. But the Christian religion, the parent of philanthropy, and the genial monitor of sentiment, had thrown no enlightening rays upon the country in which the begum lived, and the consequence was, as might be expected, both her husband and herself were wholly unguided by any principles but those which passion and impulse dictated. But for some time after their union they were supremely happy. The young nawaub was handsome, and kind, and generous, as such men are who act wholly from caprice and impulse. He was possessed of ample means. He followed the sports of the country most days in the cold season, and in the warmer seasons of the year, when no one can go out of doors, he was usually in the zinana, except in the early morning or at sunset. When the cold season came to an end, and when the tent-life was wholly unendurable, from the circumstance of the hot winds blowing, and the great heat also of the atmosphere, they went to live in the begum's palace near Merut. Here every luxury and every comfort which the gorgeous East could boast of was ready for them. In fact, every pleasure that wealth could procure was theirs in abundance. But it has been often remarked that there is a greater vacuity of mind and more painful tedium of existence for those possessed with everything that worldly riches bring with them, when they are totally unblest with mental resources, than the poor and the ignorant are ever conscious of. In the exercises which were most in use with men of his class the nawaub was an adept; but with regard to any pursuit which could occupy the mind, his education had wholly unfitted him for it. In the time of youth, from his birth until he was thirteen, he had been kept in the zinana with the women, and he had learnt to read the Arabic characters, and to repeat some verses of the Koran, also to say the names of his forefathers, and, except this, there was no lesson in either history, geography, mathematics, languages, or any useful instruction of any kind ever given him. When the time came for his release from the female tuition, he learned to ride, and to swim, and to fire with the matchlock. But all who were near him never ceased to remind him that he had boundless wealth at his command, that his destiny was not to labour, that he need not trouble himself to learn or give his mind any anxiety. The poisonous flattery which was every day repeated to his willing ears, and the encouragement to every sinful excess which perpetually was afforded by every follower and satellite that came near him—by the minions whose purpose in life was to cater to the appetite for pleasure invariably present to a youthful mind—had wholly spoiled him for useful exertion or the wholesome energy which fits a man for playing any part in life by which he can attain to excellence.

If the climate and the temperature of India be enervating, the training which youths of fortune go through there is still more so. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," says Shakspeare; but even without referring to such a hard school as poverty as being for the most part helpful in training a youth for greatness, we may still see every day the benefit of sending out young scions of rank and fortune to public schools, where they meet with the wholesome discipline which imposes equality of treatment to the son of the duke or the son of the merchant; with the rough youthful republicanism, which cares not for the title, where they strive in the rugged arena of competition, in which all the candidates are weighted equally; and the strong sense of primitive justice that accords no prize to any qualification but merit, is the natural law that regulates the voice of the youthful community. But there is no such healthful apprenticeship in most tropical countries, and especially none in India. The son who is born to greatness is early pampered in the nurture of luxury. The youth who has no competitor to fear is never taught that perseverance is the nurse of wisdom, and the fortunate owner of this world's goods is never obliged to engage in a useful profession tending to strengthen the energies of his mind, or to undertake any occupation whose pursuit is calculated to raise him in the estimation of his fellow-men.

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## "WHEN I WAS YOUNG."*

When I was young, when I was young,
Truth everywhere was said or sung,
While love and sweet simplicity
And virtue ruled; but then to me
Life and love alike were new,
Lover and maid alike were true—
Ah, me! that was yesterday!
Now double-dealing, whim, and malice,
Envy with her poisoned chalice,
Beauty with coquetry o'ernice,
Make Love wing himself away,
Things travel so untowardly!

When I was young, when I was young,
Truth dwelt on every fair one's tongue;
All then had hearts full hardly won,
Ere Hymen bound the two in one,
While feeling the same holy fires
Increased each other's chaste desires—
That was yesterday. Alas!
Love's now but a reflecting-glass,
Cold as the dewdrop on the grass,
With all the married of to-day
Things travel so untowardly!

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* Imitated from the French.

When I was young, when I was young,
Undying lyres the poets strung
To strains that ne'er can pass away,
Breathing of immortality.
Every hearer was enchanted,
Every strain old England vaunted,
Raised to high and just renown,
Through every county, town by town,
Honour'd of subject, court, and crown.
Now the strain is prose run mad,
The lyres in discord; Muses, sad,
Wander, in crape and sables clad!
And Pegasus can scarcely fly,
Things travel so untowardly!

When I was young, when I was young,
The parent to his offspring clung,
And, cautious of the tender mind,
Watch'd how the natural growth inclined,
And from temptation kept it free,
Till sense had conquer'd infancy.
Now, love is hurried on its way;
  Papa does all his child desires;
Mamma, match-manager to-day,
  Makes docile all that love requires,
Till honour oft-times run away;
Divorce courts settle honour's price
For people now not over-nice—
Things go on so untowardly!

When I was young, when I was young,
Youth was less bold in brow and tongue,
More prudent, bashful, and more sage,
With lawless pleasure less the rage;
Each bore himself with modest air,
Learn'd how his strength and health to spare,
  And husband it for age;
Now, rakish, turbulent,
On folly ever bent,
  Old in his early day,
Ere half his life is spent
  He sinks into decay,
Things travel so untowardly!

When I was young, when I was young,
All free of care, I danced and sung,
Till youth and manhood overpast,
The same experience comes at last,
With high and low, with bond and free,
How life and hope are vanity;
Thus I the painful lesson learn,
And, disappointed, sigh in turn,
To think how changed, too, I must be,
Things travelling so untowardly!

CYRUS REDDING.

# CHRISTINE; OR, COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

BY JANET ROBERTSON.

## XX.

When accompanied to her room by Mrs. Gordon, Christine experienced a great reaction of spirits; the recollection that she would never see again the old protectress whose judicious kindness had for ever removed her from the fear of want, and, as far as human foresight could anticipate, from the risk of meeting with insult, quite overcame her, and she wept long and uncontrollably. The scene she had just gone through deeply impressed her with a sense of the extreme wisdom with which Mrs. M'Naughton had acted towards herself, and in the midst of her grief and gratitude all the deceased's trying peculiarities of temper were effaced for ever from her mind, leaving nothing but a feeling of enthusiasm and veneration for the high and noble qualities of her character, as they had that day been unveiled. Her heart was completely opened, and she poured forth her thoughts to her friend in full confidence and security. She mentioned the way in which she had been treated by the actors in that strange forenoon's work, and all that she had said, except about the laudanum, with the exciting eloquence which genius ever inspires where the feelings have been outraged.

Mrs. Gordon listened to the statement with inexpressible astonishment, scarcely being able to credit her senses at a description of malice and cunning so unprecedented; more particularly shocking to a right-thinking mind when exercised by near connexions towards a young, helpless, and friendless female. She persuaded Christine to lie down and compose herself till dinner-time, and on descending to the gentlemen she repeated, with her permission, all that had taken place. Mr. Gordon was much shocked, but Mr. Munro appeared in no way surprised, and proceeded to inform his friends that Mrs. M'Naughton's singular penetration had led her to anticipate somewhat similar conduct towards Christine on the part of Mr. Douglas and his family when she should be called from this world. She had frequently remarked to him that the hatred so perceptible in her nephew and his wife towards an innocent, inoffensive girl must have a deeper source than she could fathom.

"'She has been wronged in some way,' she always insisted. 'There is more in this than mere jealousy of her beauty and talent could inspire, and it must be my part to place her beyond their power. If I were to leave her a legacy in the usual way, it would only serve to involve her in trouble, under which she would sink or become degraded; they would plunge her into litigation and mental misery. Her mind is too high-strung to bear the procrastination and chicanery of the law, and they have influence and means to harass and overwhelm her, even if they did not ultimately succeed in depriving her of the money I might leave to her. Any fair open struggle in life, depending on exertion or talent, would be comparatively light to Christine, for her

genius is powerful, and her spirit, though saddened, is yet unbroken, besides being blessed with the important gifts of beauty and sound health; but to be obliged to contend for her rights against unnatural relations and crafty legal parties, secure of being highly paid, would injure her bright elasticity of nature, and disgust her with the world. I will therefore pay a high insurance to secure her an independence that cannot be contested, and will leave my fortune to my grand-nephew Guy, who I am certain will act generously by her as soon as he has the power, and thus the poor girl will be sheltered from the rude storms of life.'

"These were her words, and well has she known how to read the hearts of those around her! There was, however, another danger she apprehended for Christine, from which no forethought could protect her. She sometimes feared that she might be claimed by her worthless father; and if such an event took place, it was on Guy Douglas alone that her hopes rested for her future protection; and it was strange how securely she counted on this young man, who had almost always been in a state of rebellion against her in his boyish days.

"'He used to brave my authority,' she said, 'and laugh at me to my face, as indeed he did to everybody but this little girl, whom he liked and pitied; he was a singular lad, although careless to recklessness, bold to violence, and idle to indifference, still there was a vein of generous masculine feeling running throughout his mass of mingled faults, accompanied by an immense natural shrewdness that penetrated straight to the true spring of action, however much it might be cloaked.'

"She had been much struck with this on the last occasion he visited her at Seafield, when there had been a complete scene of warfare with his father, mother, and herself; and so far was he from having an idea of inheriting her wealth, that he never seemed even to dream of such a thing being possible.

"From the moment she began to comprehend the superiority of Christine's character, and became attached to her, she determined that her grand-nephew Guy should inherit the greater part of what she possessed, in order to give him the power of befriending her; and when I communicated the intelligence so generally in circulation of the dissipated course his elder brother was pursuing, she decided to leave him everything. The elopement of one sister scarcely surprised and disgusted her more than the marriage of the other, and the interest the family possessed to forward the younger son's career in India put him out of the question as a legatee. She therefore wrote to Guy Douglas in a friendly way, asking his opinion on some important points, but without acquainting him with her intentions in his favour, and his answers were so satisfactory, that she decided on making him her heir; and, in leaving me the sole manager of the fortunes of those two young people, she thus constituted me their guardian."

When Mrs. Gordon returned to Christine's apartment, she found her so nervous, so completely exhausted, that she thought it better to leave her in a state of repose. At tea, however, she descended to the drawing-room, and was able to participate in the quiet evening sociability, and arrange a little her plans for the future. It was agreed

that she should remain where she was until her spirits were recruited, and that she should then visit the Macintoshes, and in the mean time she begged of Mr. Munro to call upon them and acquaint them with what had happened, and to say how much she wished to meet them all again; but as she had not courage to go to Edinburgh at the present moment, that she hoped they would come to see her at the Manse, as she longed to thank them for their great kindness to her in her infant years, and to hear news of her dear Nanny and her never-forgotten Broombank.

Her kind-hearted relatives accordingly appeared two days afterwards, evidently very happy to understand that their cross old connexion had left her independent, and—if truth must be spoken—quite as much pleased to hear that Mr. Douglas was disappointed of the fortune, and that his son Guy had got everything. He was the only one of the family who had ever recognised their relationship, and who, despite of all home lectures on exclusiveness, had always insisted in keeping up a friendly intercourse with them. Poor Christine's pleasure in seeing them again was, however, dreadfully damped by understanding that they had been obliged to part with Broombank in consequence of pecuniary losses occasioned by some unfortunate speculations by which their only son had become involved in Glasgow, where he was established as a merchant. Still more sorrowful was she to hear that the old saying of "misfortunes never coming single" held good in the case of her old friend Nanny, who, in losing her comfortable situation in the family in which she had been so long resident, had also had the misfortune to break her arm by a fall, and was consequently obliged to come to Edinburgh to live with her daughter, an only child, who was married to one of the men employed in the Botanic Garden. She was expected as soon as she was able to travel, so that Christine would, at least, have the pleasure of meeting with her again, though not in the beloved scenes of her childhood, whither she had hoped to have accompanied the family in the following summer; she therefore promised to pay them a visit in Edinburgh as soon as she felt herself possessed of sufficient nerve to return to a town so much disliked; but for some time she wished to linger beside the quiet fields become endeared to her by the recollections associated with the memory of her kind old friend.

With this agreement the relatives parted for the present, and for the few following weeks the saddened girl sought to occupy herself in helping Mrs. Gordon with her little home arrangements, and in aiding her in the selection of the most commodious pieces of furniture from her aunt's old-fashioned stock with which to fill the Manse, and render it not only more comfortable, but almost elegant. This was a task that cost her many bitter tears, but she tried to conceal them, and endeavoured to be useful, taking upon herself the office of arranging all the books when removed from Seafield, and placing them in Mr. Gordon's study, which, under her tasteful superintendence, soon became a delightful little retreat, the favourite easy-chair proving a great addition to his comfort when he returned from his parochial duties, or the more active and fatiguing employment of superintending the farming concerns of his glebe. Cobby and the little carriage

proved likewise a great source of comfort to the not very wealthy pair, and the money produced by the sale of the overplus of the furniture and farm stock made a considerable augmentation of the welcome and unexpected legacy which the judicious old lady had bequeathed to them.

Several weeks had elapsed from the time of Mrs. M'Naughton's death, when the quiet family at the Manse were surprised by Mr. Munro's unexpectedly making his appearance one evening, looking rather perturbed. In reply to Christine's anxious inquiry whether anything unpleasant had occurred, he replied, smiling gravely, that nothing further was the matter than that her presence was required next day in Edinburgh at the sheriff's court, as her brother insisted on her being interrogated about some letters which he said were missing from amongst his aunt's papers. Christine heard this with astonishment.

"But I know nothing about my aunt's letters, Mr. Munro," she said. "What is it they can want with me?"

"I am not exactly aware myself," he replied. "I only know that Mr. Douglas insists on your presenting yourself to answer the interrogations to be put by his legal advisers, and that you must of necessity appear in the sheriff's court to-morrow at noon."

Poor Christine knew nothing of the sheriff's court, and could not in the least imagine the reason of what she was to be asked, but of course she was obliged to resign herself to her fate; and as it was within a few days of the time when she had promised to visit the Macintoshes, it was agreed that after this audience she should go to their house instead of returning to the Manse.

All night she could not sleep from the anxious conjectures that filled her mind, and might well have exclaimed, with Desdemona, "Why I should fear I know not, but still I feel I fear;" a vague suspicion haunted her that some new insult was intended, but Mr. Munro had told her that she could not avoid going, so she was obliged to make up her mind to submit, and rest on the consolation of his having promised to accompany her. In the morning she wrote to Mrs. Macintosh, stating the case, and saying that she should go straight to them when the examination was over. Mr. Gordon's man James was despatched on Cobby betimes in the morning with the note, and she then made her simple travelling preparations, to be in readiness when the post-chaise ordered by Mr. Munro should arrive. At ten o'clock it appeared accordingly, and poor Christine was obliged to bid her kind friends adieu, promising, however, to return when she should have paid her visit to her aunt's family, and welcomed Nanny to her Edinburgh home. Mr. Munro was silent and preoccupied as they drove along, but when he did speak to his young and innocent companion, it was with even more than his usual kindness. At last the carriage drew up at the Parliament House, and Christine entered, for the first time in her life, within the walls of a building where so many men of talent have figured for centuries past. They betook themselves to the Signet Library to wait until summoned to appear; and Mr. Munro sought to amuse her thoughts by pointing out the more remarkable objects of interest. At last they were told that their pre-

sence was required, and leaning on her conductor's arm, Christine soon found herself in the sheriff's court.

Among several gentlemen who awaited her, she neither perceived her brother nor his sinister son-in-law, and there was no face present with which she was acquainted but that of the elder Forbes. Utterly ignorant as to what kind of place she was in, she quietly took the seat indicated to her at the bottom of a long table covered with green cloth, with one of the strange gentlemen opposite to her at the other end. This was the sheriff, although she was not aware of the circumstance. Mr. Munro placed himself on one side, and Mr. Forbes at the other, a little farther off, while another professional man, whom she concluded to be a barrister—in Scotland termed an advocate—sat higher up, and one or two clerks on either side, with pen, ink, and paper, in preparation to write. Christine gazed around with a look of amazement, wondering what all this could mean. And the astonishment was evidently shared by some of the individuals present to whom she was a stranger, and whose surprise was excessive in seeing a very young, lovely, innocent-looking girl brought as a culprit on such a scene of action at the instance of her own brother.

When obliged to go through the ceremony of swearing to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," Christine blushed scarlet on being called upon to speak so solemnly before so awful a tribunal—at least, what appeared so to her—but she had no hesitation in quietly and distinctly taking the required oath. After a few leading and unimportant questions addressed to her by the advocate, he carelessly asked her:

"Had she ever been in the habit of reading any of her aunt's letters and private papers?"

"Never," she gently and firmly answered.

"Had she not been aware that Mrs. M'Naughton had corresponded with Mr. Guy Douglas?"

She raised her eyes with an expression of amazement.

"Oh no," she replied, "never!"

The perfect simplicity of her manner was convincing, both to the advocate and the sheriff, but Mr. Forbes looked—or pretended to look—suspicious.

"After you heard of your aunt's death," he inquired, "did you not open the secretary just to look over her papers in order to arrange them a little, as it was natural to do before the day came in which the will was to be read?"

"I never even thought of doing such a thing," answered the unsuspicious girl, with all the force of truth and integrity.

"And you never saw any letters come to Mrs. M'Naughton directed in Mr. Guy Douglas's handwriting, nor were aware that any addressed to him by her were put into the letter-bag?"

"Never!" again confidently replied Christine.

"Now, Miss San Isidora," craftily observed the advocate, "letters undoubtedly *did* pass between the parties, as they are alluded to in the old lady's settlement, but of which circumstance you could not be aware, as the will was sealed up. Now, what has become of those letters? for they are not to be found among her other papers, and as

they are alluded to in her will—as I have already observed—it is improbable that she should herself have destroyed them."

Christine was puzzled and amazed; she felt that it was indeed extraordinary, but she could only reply, as she had already done, that she knew nothing of them, and concluded that her aunt had burnt them along with many other papers which she had seen her occupied in destroying before she went to stay at Ainslie Place.

"Then you are ignorant of any letter or letters whatever, either addressed to others, or received by Mrs. M'Naughton herself, from Mr. Guy Douglas, that could in any way have influenced her in leaving her fortune past her nephew and natural heir to this young relative?" persisted the wily lawyer.

"Quite," answered Christine. And then she hesitatingly added, "I only remember one letter she saw of her grand-nephew's, which——"

She stopped, coloured, and the tears filled her eyes.

Mr. Munro started; the advocate's quick eye sparkled, the Writer to the Signet smiled triumphantly, while the sheriff looked down, evidently feeling more sympathy with the lovely young girl than interest in the point sought to be ascertained by her rich and overbearing brother.

"And this letter," pursued the advocate, eagerly; "tell us frankly what it was, for you *must* explain."

Christine looked nervously at Mr. Munro, who averted his eyes in an ecstasy of anxiety.

"Come, speak out! What was the letter?" relentlessly urged the ruthless man of law.

She absolutely panted with agitation, but she had sworn to speak the truth, and she answered, in a low and mournful tone:

"It was a very wicked letter written to myself, which, owing to my carelessness, fell into my aunt's hands, in which he called her 'an old tyrant,' and wished she were dead."

Mr. Munro turned towards Christine with a relieved and triumphant air, the sheriff chuckled, and even the advocate could not repress a smile, while Mr. Forbes, feeling the absolute hopelessness of the case, could not control an expression of mortification and disappointment.

"And when, may I ask, was this edifying epistle written?" again resumed the interrogator, evidently much amused by the unexpected turn the examination had taken.

"It was about four years ago that I received it—just after I returned to Seafield, when I left Ainslie Place. He was very angry and very grieved at the time, for it was written upon the intelligence having reached him of his sister Lucy's death, and also of—of the elopement of *poor* Caroline." She paused, overpowered with painful recollections, and then went on, while her voice trembled with emotion: "I feared that my aunt would never have forgiven him, but she was too good and too clear-sighted to resent the petulance of a moment of irritation, proceeding from a wounded spirit; and although she forbade me to hold any further communication with him, and never again mentioned his name to me, yet she had understood his kind heart after all, and most generously forgave the dreadful and reprehensible words he had used."

Had poor Christine been the most artful of mortals, she could not have coined a circumstance so completely calculated to prove her innocent of all underhand dealing, or interested motive, as the simple statement given of this the most harassing event of her life, and the recollections it called up were so varied and so painful as to impart both a melancholy expression to her features and an intonation of deep pathos to her voice. The acute and practised men of the law felt the force of truth, and distinctly perceived that no puzzling or cross-questioning could elicit anything to condemn where there did not exist even a thought of evil; they accordingly professed themselves satisfied, and all rose to go away.

As Christine, glad to escape from her irksome situation, turned to take Mr. Munro's arm, she became aware of the presence of her uncle Macintosh, who stood near the door, which he had apparently just entered, regarding the singular scene with an expression of indignation and disgust quite impossible to mistake.

"Good morning, Mr. Taylor," he said, saluting the sheriff as he advanced nearer the group preparing to disperse; "good morning, Mr. Forbes. I congratulate you, sir, in acting for so considerate and delicate a client as Mr. Douglas, who can so far overcome all natural feelings and a sense of decency as to summon his young sister and my wife's niece to appear in a court where only thieves and vagabonds are examined."

Mr. Munro felt Christine start as if she were shot; she clung to his arm for support.

"Mr. Munro," she gasped out, chokingly, "tell me, does my uncle Macintosh speak the truth? Have I indeed been obliged to appear in a court set apart for the examination of the refuse of society?"

Mr. Munro felt shocked; he wished, if possible, to have concealed the degradation to which her brother had subjected her, but his very hesitation was answer sufficient to the agitated querist, and the conviction was no sooner received than there came a singular and lightning change over her whole deportment. She hastily untied and took off her bonnet, as if to give herself more air and freedom, and, advancing fearlessly towards the table where the legal men still lingered until the clerks put up the papers, she fixed her eyes on Mr. Forbes with an intense expression of indignation and contempt, and deliberately said, while her whole figure quivered with excitement:

"Remember me to Mr. Douglas, sir—for 'brother' is a word no longer fit to be pronounced by my lips—and tell him that the son whom he envies is his shield, otherwise there is one near him who might be summoned by me to appear in a court still more degrading than this. If he should be at a loss to understand you, then ask Mrs. Douglas if *she* knows the effect of forcing a sick and helpless child to swallow an overdose of laudanum, and remind her that a certain doctor and a nurse still live, and that if their words, corroborated by circumstances, might not be sufficient to condemn to death, still the evidence would be enough to cover the suspected criminal with everlasting opprobrium."

She turned away when she had ceased speaking, and, calmly putting on her bonnet, took Mr. Munro's arm and left the court, accompanied

by her uncle. The gentlemen who remained looked at each other with amazement; they felt that there was more in her words than could be attributed to mere anger occasioned by the shock she had received, in having had so unexpectedly explained the unprecedented insult put upon her, but the *canny Scotchmen* said not a word. They were well aware that if this was a mere ebullition of temper, she would be called to account for so dark an insinuation, and Mr. Forbes had strange ideas gathering in his mind when he coupled this fearless address with the recollection of the evident terror Mrs. Douglas had betrayed when the same subject had been alluded to at the opening of Mrs. M'Naughton's will. He determined, therefore, to repeat to them what had passed, in order to observe how they took it, as he felt it to be a means of increasing his own consequence, either as appearing in the light of a generous and indignant friend to the family, or showing that he was upon the track of a secret which in some measure placed them in his power.

## XXI.

The excess of Mr. Macintosh's indignation had caused his pulses so to throb, and his ears to ring, as to prevent him, at the distance at which he stood, from hearing what was spoken by Christine sufficiently distinctly to follow the sense of what she said. He had merely observed that she was much agitated, and the few words he caught only led him to suppose that she was sending an angry message to her unnatural brother; not so, however, Mr. Munro, who was struck with astonishment at an address so singular and significant, delivered in a manner thus deliberate and emphatic, by a girl generally remarkable for the quietude and gentleness of her deportment. All three walked on in silence until they reached the door of the Parliament House, where Mr. Macintosh, having business to attend to, merely assisted his niece into the carriage, saying, as he did so,

"Go home, my dear girl, to your aunt, whose arms and heart are alike open to receive and comfort the ill-used orphan of her youngest sister!"

Christine uttered not a word, but turned towards her uncle as he spoke, and gazed at him with a look so piteous and a cheek so ashy white as absolutely to melt the good man's heart. He could not trust himself to speak again, but, affectionately pressing her hand, went away.

"My dear Miss Christine," nervously said Mr. Munro, when seated beside her in the carriage—"my dear Miss Christine, what meant those words you spoke in the sheriff's court?"

"Meant!" replied the pale girl, with a strange smile, and in a low but energetic tone, which showed that her excitement had in no way subsided. "They meant, Mr. Munro, that Mrs. Douglas is in heart a *murderess*, though an accident alone prevented her from becoming one in deed." Then, with a singular concentration of manner and a rapid utterance, she described the scene in her sick-room, the doctor's orders, Mrs. Douglas's act as seen by her reflected in the mirror, the cat springing on the bed and dashing from her trembling hand the

fatal draught forced upon her. Then she repeated the ejaculation of surprise elicited from the nurse by the circumstance of finding the phial of laudanum almost empty, and likewise her observation of the spilt contents of the broken glass, which she picked up from the floor. "All this has haunted me ever since," she went on. "Sometimes I tried to think that it had been but a feverish dream, about which I dared not speak, but the subsequent conduct of that wicked woman continually brought back the conviction of the reality. I tried the truth of the impression at the opening of the will, just before you arrived, and the conscience-stricken creature staggered back almost fainting, and sank into a chair quailing beneath my eye. I am an Italian," continued Christine, excitedly. "I feel I am capable of anything when roused and insulted, and this last act of my wretched brother, who could drag his desolate sister from her retirement, and try to fix a stigma on her character, has decided my course for ever."

She trembled from head to foot while she spoke, making Mr. Munro sigh as he regarded her.

"What do you intend to do?" he asked, in an agitated and anxious manner. "It is improbable that the family will allow your address today to go unnoticed."

"Will they call me to account for what I have said, think you? Oh no; they will be but too glad to leave me *now* in peace. I know them well, and consequently am aware that if I remain silent, so will they be."

"But do you intend to be silent?" he again inquired, gazing at her with astonishment.

"*She* is Guy's mother," answered Christine, relapsing into softness; "*that* is her protection from me, and I leave them all to the punishment proceeding from their own actions. It will come in time; already they have begun to reap the harvest sown by their want of principle and feeling. They cared nothing for Lucy's death, but Caroline's elopement stung them to the quick; their pride was humbled; they provoked Guy to rebellion, and his daring honesty has won the fortune of which they thought themselves secure. They threw me, a helpless child, into hands they thought would subdue and crush me, but it only roused the fiery spirit of my fatherland, and enabled me to convince the just and penetrating woman, on whose charity they cast me, that I was not the vile malignant creature they had endeavoured to make her believe. We shall see what time will further elicit from their ambition and craft, and how their daughter's marriage, of which they seem so proud, will turn out."

"But you yourself?" persisted Mr. Munro. "What is your intention, in order to convince the world that you are undeserving of the shameful treatment you have received?"

"To prove by my actions that their words are false," replied Christine, while a glow like the bright morning lighted up her beautiful countenance. "I feel that I am too young and too strong to die soon in the common course of events; so, in living, I shall endeavour to act as becomes one who holds the hope of a better state for ever before her eyes, though not expressing that hope, like them, in the words of canting hypocrisy. I shall live in a manner beseeming the

daughter of an amiable and gentle mother, and as one ought to do who was favoured with the good opinion of a woman who was an honour to humanity. And now," she continued, as the carriage stopped, "not a word of what has passed between us to my uncle's family, with whom it would do no good. Let the secret rest with ourselves, and those to whose conscience it will be an eternal sting."

Mr. Munro was literally awe-struck; Christine had appeared in a light quite new to him. The clearness of her ideas did not strike him more than the justness of her reasoning and her presence of mind, while her noble resolutions gave him perfect confidence in her future career of life, whether that were to be in joy or in sorrow.

On entering Mr. Macintosh's house, they found her aunt agitated and indignant, and Lizzy full of sympathy and invective. Christine listened in silence to all they said, but with a plaintive smile and varying colour as they dwelt on the great evil this unprecedented proceeding on Mr. Douglas's part was calculated to do his young and orphan sister. She at length withdrew to her room, glad to escape from a dissertation on malicious motives, the truth of which she already felt but too deeply. When she was gone, Mr. Munro endeavoured to impress upon her relatives the necessity of not recurring to the subject, and the prudence of trying to make her forget an insult by which she already seemed to be so much wounded, and in this opinion he was backed by Mr. Macintosh, who soon after joined them. Christine, when she appeared at dinner, looked pale and harassed, while from time to time a slight contraction passed across her brow, but she endeavoured to check the tide of painful thought, and when Mr. Munro left them in the evening, he had the satisfaction of seeing her restored to some degree of tranquillity.

In the mean time, Mr. Forbes presented himself at Ainslie Place with the unwelcome intelligence that nothing whatever could be elicited from Christine as to her having had any knowledge of the correspondence between Mrs. M'Naughton and her grand-nephew. He then proceeded to inform them of the strange message she had requested him to deliver to her brother. Mrs. Douglas grew so pallid that her lips absolutely looked blue, and she repeatedly tried to swallow in order to keep herself from fainting, while she listened to his words with her eyes fixed on the floor. The sailor son-in-law, who occupied a seat opposite, regarded her from time to time with a sinister and scanning glance as he swung himself back in his chair, and kicked with one foot the superb tassel of a footstool that stood before him. Mr. Douglas, at the commencement of the message, raised his eyebrows with a look of contemptuous indignation, but when Mr. Forbes came to the part that touched his wife, he became pale with rage.

"Audacious wretch!" he vociferated. "I shall have her put in prison. I shall have her hanged for her infamous insinuations."

Mrs. Douglas started, and raised her eyes with an expression of intense fear; then suddenly quitting her seat, she approached him softly, and, laying her hand on his arm, said, in a low and agitated tone of voice:

"Dearest John, compose yourself."

"Compose myself, Bessy!" he replied, regarding her almost sternly. "Compose myself when *you* are attacked?"

"Never mind, John," she rejoined, soothingly; "the girl was in a passion, as you are yourself just now. You are surely too religious to resent the angry words of an excited and undisciplined mind, more particularly when the person who speaks them is your *sister*."

He started at her words.

"This from *you*, Bessy!" he answered. "One might be almost tempted to think, from your taking it so coolly, that there was some truth in the words of this wretched creature."

"The innocent are always cool," replied the pattern woman, in a gentle and subdued tone of voice. "Let us forgive, as we hope to be forgiven; for the best of us have committed offences, either of omission or commission, for which to be pardoned."

"I think you are bewitched," replied her husband, more placably, "in wishing to let so daring an address, given in open court, pass unnoticed."

"But you know it was her brother who brought her into that court," replied the hypocritical and crafty woman, "and depend upon it that there are many who envy our reputation and position, who will make of this affair, if we push it further, a handle against us, and who, on this plea, will defend her; whereas, in taking no notice, we shall be considered as acting in a benevolent spirit and on Christian principles, and others will therefore become convinced that the only motive we had in summoning her before the sheriff was simply to obtain satisfaction on some suspicious points. No, no; let the thing rest where it is, and leave the violent and ungovernable girl to the stings of her own conscience. Promise me, John!"

"You are always too good and forbearing, my dear wife!" replied the adoring and blind husband; "but since you insist, I yield, and shall take no further notice than to warn everybody to avoid the poisonous serpent, who has been the source of so much discomfort and unhappiness to us all."

The naval hero coughed loudly; he saw that this was no affair in which he could interfere, and soon after the man of business, quite convinced of the lady's guilt and consequent terror, took his leave. The placable and Christian Mrs. Douglas, however, took good care to compensate to herself for the fright she had had. She prohibited her husband from saying a word, knowing that he would only commit himself by speaking; then she despatched her daughter to pay visits in England with her lord and tolerably brutal master, and then began to undermine her innocent sister-in-law in every possible way. Dinners were given to people whom they had never before admitted into their exclusive circle—and in Edinburgh dinners do wonders; gentle insinuations were made about sufferings caused by cunning, ungrateful, and contumacious relatives. She and her husband now went three times to church on Sunday, where they only used to go twice; they shook their heads, turned up their eyes, and talked in more scriptural language than ever. Their charities became unbounded, and a troop of beggars was regularly to be seen every day before their house. "Poor Mr. and Mrs. Douglas" were praised and pitied, for it was known that their family *had* got the fortune; and Christine, when she appeared anywhere with her more humble connexions, was regarded with suspicion. She felt this deeply, for the sheriff's court haunted

her mind; and even the attention her beauty elicited she attributed to some feeling of curiosity excited in consequence of the suspicious and degrading position in which she had been placed. The more plebeian guests now courted in Ainslie Place, smiled in contempt when the Macintoshes expressed their indignation at the treatment she had received, and even the circumstance of her being foreign by her father's side was turned to Christine's disadvantage by the enlightened inhabitants of Modern Athens. Some few wise and right-thinking people stood apart and smiled at all this farce, but Scotch people are proverbially cautious; so they prudently kept their thoughts to themselves, or announced them with the qualifying clause of there probably having been "faults on both sides," and let things take their course.

Time rolled on, and the new year found Christine sad and chilled; an oppressive weight hung on her spirits, and great confusion for the time being reigned in her thoughts. In this dreamy and uncomfortable state she was one day in the act of preparing for dinner, when some one, after gently knocking, entered the room. She turned to ascertain who it was, and beheld standing before her, with her arm in a sling, the old friend of her infancy, Nanny! With a scream of joy she rushed forward and threw herself on the old woman's neck, fondly kissing her brown weather-beaten cheek and brow. Poor Nanny was sadly changed from what she had been in Christine's childhood; disappointment and bodily pain had done their usual work, deep traces of suffering were imprinted on her formerly comely face, and her hair, once a brilliant brown, was become almost white. The gentle girl led her to a sofa, and, seating herself beside her, closely scanned her well-known countenance, noting the ravages the lapse of years had made. Nanny, on her part, gazed with tear-dimmed eyes on the lovely young creature before her, scarcely being able to believe it possible that she beheld the same person as the pale, slight girl over whose delicate infant years she had so fondly watched. With the only hand she could use, she lifted the fair, silken, wavy tresses, which Christine had been in the act of arranging when she entered, from her marble bust and polished shoulders, and gazing with admiration on the beautiful but mournful profile, she ejaculated:

"Hech, Miss Christy! but ye are turned bonny! Ye wadna be like the same bit lassie I mind ye, if it warna for your sweet smile and clear grey een. But you dinna look happy, my bairn! What is it that gars the tears fa' doun sae fast, and maks ye look sae sad, now that ye suld be happy? There's sorrow at your heart, my darling! What care can canker sae winsome a flower just blawing in the spring o' life?"

"Your broken arm, dear Nanny," sobbed Christine, "and the losses of my kind uncle Macintosh, which have obliged him to part with Broombank, and the thought that I shall never wander there again among my old haunts with you."

"Ye suldna greet for that, Miss Christy," answered her old and resigned friend; "things like that cum frae the hand o' God; we maun a' 'dree our wierd,' and your kindness, my bairn, has made the lift easy to me." Christine had sent her ten pounds at Christmas. "But

there's mair in it than ye let on, for I ken weel to read ilka turn in your bonny face. Ye are na happy."

The girl's tears flowed in torrents down her cheeks.

"My good aunt's death, Nanny," she rejoined. "I feel her loss fearfully."

The old woman shook her head.

"She was auld," she said. "She's gane till her rest at a ripe age, secure o' the reward due till her gude warks on earth. Na, na, my lamb, it's no the loss o' the righteous ta'en awa' frae a warld o' trial and sorrow that could leave sic marks o' care on your smooth cheek and bonny brent brow. May be your brither——" Christine started. "Ay, I see how it is; he's no sae kind as he suld be. I aye jaloused that."

Christine found it vain attempting to disguise her feelings from the guardian of her infancy, and, with only one reservation, told her all that had taken place, and the impression it had left on her mind, in spite of the independence secured to her by her aunt, and her trust in Guy's future friendship.

Nanny listened with profound attention, and then gravely said:

"Ye maun leave Scotland, Miss Christy."

"Leave Scotland!" repeated Christine, with astonishment. "Oh no, Nanny, I must stay where I am, and live down the malice of my unnatural enemies."

"It's mair likely that ye wad dee, my puir lassie. Your kin are rich and highly placed, without conscience, and without pity; you are young and helpless, and if you bide where you are ye'll wither aff the face o' the earth. Oh no! my bairn, a crushed spirit is a thing nane o' us can thole; ye maun gang awa' while ye are fu' o' life and hope. Mr. Munro is a leal man, or your aunty wadna hae trusted him. Confer wi' him about it, Miss Christy, and leave Scotland afore ye sink."

"Never, perhaps, to see you, Nanny, Guy, or my uncle's kind family again?" murmured Christine, amid her sobs.

"I dinna say that, for your gude aunty has left ye what'll keep ye easy, and ye can cum and see us a' whene'er ye like; but tak' the advice o' an auld woman wha loes ye weel, and dinna bide in Scotland."

The wisdom of this counsel struck Christine, who for some months past had been living in a haze of mental inquietude, which had in some sort obscured her intellect; and after a pause she rejoined:

"Yes, Nanny, I believe you are right; it is better that I should go somewhere else. I am not yet eighteen, and have still a great deal to learn. My dear aunt's kindness puts much in my power; and among other blessings for which I am indebted to her, I have the means of contributing to your comfort even before I am of age. Just previous to her death she gave me a hundred pounds, ten of which I sent to you at Christmas, the remaining ninety I have placed in your name in the Bank of Scotland, so that you may draw it when required, and when I am one-and-twenty I shall settle thirty pounds a year upon you for life. It is, indeed, a great happiness to be able to help one, to whom I owe so much I can never requite."

"Na, na, Miss Christy," answered her affectionate and sensible

friend; "I've gotten ower muckle already; keep your money, my bairn, and dinna throw it awa' in handfu's that gate; you may cum to need it a' yoursel yet."

"Never shall it be used by me," replied Christine. "From the moment I heard of your accident I laid aside that hundred pounds for you, dearest Nanny; and under the bitter trials I have lately met with, the comforting drop in my cup has been the power of making you more easy in the day of your misfortune—it has been a balm to my wounded heart, and to refuse me this great solace would be cruel indeed."

"Then I winna refuse it, my darling!" cried the old woman, rising from her seat, with tears of gratitude pouring down her furrowed cheeks. "And since ye insist, I'll no deny that it is in truth a god-send; for although I'll try a' I can to help in the hoos amang my dochter's weans, yet we couldna miss to be sair pinched, and me sae helpless; but this money 'll mak us a' baith rich and happy."

The dinner-bell ringing put a stop to the outpouring of the poor woman's gratitude, and Christine had just time to throw her arms round her old friend's neck, to thank her as if she herself had received a favour, when the maid appeared to assist her to dress; then carelessly twisting up her long hair, and hastily finishing her toilet, she descended to the dining-room with the cheerfulness that ever attends the performance of an act of duty.

It is said that there is a skeleton in every house, and surely in judging by Mr. Douglas's manner one might reasonably have concluded that there were several in his. He was moody and preoccupied, started at every turn, and could only cloak the uneasy feelings that preyed upon him by assuming the exterior of a rigidly righteous man, who contemned the frivolities of the world. Still he stuck to certain creature-comforts with decided pertinacity; and when he and his wife whirled from their magnificent abode in their elegant equipage to church, it would have made a thinking person smile to have marked the air of haughty and self-satisfied superiority with which he on various occasions regarded his young and injured sister, picking her steps—umbrella in hand—amid the pouring rain and sleet, when going, like himself, to the house of God. But mark him now in his superb library, at the moment that Nanny is pouring her grateful thanks on the ear of the gentle and generous reliever of her necessities. He walks backwards and forwards with unequal steps, his brow is knit, and ever and anon he starts, as some uneasy thought stings his heart, nor notices the gloom of evening deepening around him. The door is suddenly thrown open, and "a gentleman" is announced; he raises his head, and sees a tall handsome man standing before him.

"From whom have I the pleasure of receiving a visit?" he asked, with an air of surprise and cold politeness.

"Ascanio San Isidora," quietly answered the stranger, speaking with a foreign accent, and advancing with the freedom of one who knows his ground.

Mr. Douglas visibly started, and became singularly pale.

"Signor San Isidora!" he exclaimed; "and what, may I inquire, does *he* seek with me?"

"His daughter," replied the other, coolly seating himself in an

easy-chair, without waiting for an invitation. "His daughter," he went on, "and likewise something else, namely, a large sum of money, for which her mother insured her life to portion her child."

The perfidious brother trembled from head to foot; there was no mistaking the air of determination portrayed on the expressive countenance of the Italian.

"I know not what you mean," he faltered out; "if my mother insured her life, there was nothing to show that it was for the benefit of this girl."

"You may not choose to allow that it was for her daughter, monsieur," replied the father, "but, fortunately, I have the power to prove it. When I found that you and your lady had, some years ago, set inquiries on foot in Paris to ascertain if I were still living, with instructions, if I were, to apprise me that my daughter was a great musician—whose voice promised everything for success in a public career—I hesitated to claim her for that purpose, hearing it surmised that she was adopted by a rich old connexion, who would leave her a large fortune, originally intended for you. I therefore comprehended your motives for wishing me to take her away and make her a public singer; it was to break the tie that bound her to this old friend; but I waited till the lady died, knowing that my girl was still young enough to appear on the stage, if circumstances rendered it necessary. I also knew that her mother had insured her life for a portion of six thousand pounds, which was in your hands, and that this money, with accumulation of interest, was sufficient to give her every advantage, in case I found her qualified to pursue a similar career, and I now come to claim both her and her portion by a father's right."

"Right!" vociferated Mr. Douglas, who always felt it politic to get angry when he did not know what better to say—"right! what right? How can you prove it?"

"I am at no loss for that," quietly replied the other, drawing, as he spoke, some papers from his pocket. "Here, in the first place, is the certificate of my marriage with Christina Drummond, relict of John Douglas; here, secondly, is a copy of the register of my child's birth, entered by myself in the books of the Hôtel de Ville at Paris, on the very day that she was born; and here is the paper of instructions given by my wife to the attorney who transacted the business of the insurance after her recovery; and what makes everything conclusive, behold a letter addressed to myself, entrusted by her to her maid to deliver to me—if she ever found out where I was—in which she begs me to claim my child—in mentioning the independence that she had secured her."

"They are forgeries!" exclaimed Mr. Douglas, much excited. "I do not believe one word of what you tell me."

"Pardon me, monsieur," replied the Italian, with the most perfect composure, "they are genuine, and true. Though I plead guilty to having married your mother from interested motives, and to having left her for a professional woman—to supply whose necessities I made that marriage—yet I determined to do justice to my child. My wife's French maid was in my pay, and gave me intelligence of everything going forward. I returned to Paris when her confinement

drew near, in order that the infant should be secure in all the forms which could afterwards be of consequence in questions concerning money and position. This is not the first time I have visited Scotland; I have seen Christina, and found her everything the fondest father could wish, and since she has not inherited the fortune that was expected, here I am come to do her all the justice in my power, and justice she shall have. The best legal advice has been given on the subject, and all agree that you must pay down nine or ten thousand pounds, or be exposed as the most consummate rascal in all Scotland, by a litigation in which you can reap nothing but disgrace."

Mr. Douglas was paralysed; here was a skeleton indeed! He quailed before the powerful eye of the Italian, and stammered out that he would take counsel on the subject, and hold a conference with him about it on the morrow. The hour was appointed, and Signor San Isidora took his leave, with the haughty look of one sure of his ground, and determined not to yield an inch.

Christine, meanwhile, felt much relieved by the visit she had received from her beloved Nanny; a ray of light had been thrown on her path by the judicious counsel she had given, and she felt the propriety of following it. So preoccupied were her thoughts, that she declined accompanying her uncle's family to spend the evening with an intimate friend, and remained with her work alone in the drawing-room, thinking of what she should say to Mr. Munro in order to convince him that it would be better to finish her education in another scene—perhaps in another country. Her eye at last rested on her guitar, which had remained untouched since her aunt's death, and the recollection of the pleasure she used to take in her music recurred to her. Mrs. Mordaunt's opinion of her singing in early years likewise came back to her remembrance, and rising, she unlocked the case, and took it out. After having carefully tuned it, she swept her fingers over the chords. Never had they sounded so sweet and clear. She paused, ruminated, and smiled at the idea that perhaps this talent might enable her to succour many unfortunate fellow-creatures as she had that day succoured Nanny. This thought was delicious. "But not in this scene will I seek for distinction," she murmured to herself; "the field of action must be more open, the people more enlightened in the fine arts. I will be inactive no longer," she continued; "no, I shall go forth to meet the struggles of life on the broad and free field of the world."

A propos to the feeling that for the moment reigned paramount in her mind, she lightly touched the prelude to an air composed by herself to sing with some verses translated from the German, which she had found in manuscript in one of the late Mrs. M'Naughton's books. Never had her voice sounded so pure, or flowed so powerfully; it appeared to fill the whole house as she poured out the following simple stanzas in the notes of her own tasteful composition and equally tasteful accompaniment:

I saw the warrior on the plain,
His eye was fix'd, his brow was chill,
Still wore his breast the life-blood's stain,
The blood was on his helmet still;
He died as hearts like his should die,
In the hot clasp of victory.

The eye was fix'd, but in its gaze
  Look'd the high soul; the crimson'd brow
Was chill, but life's departing rays
  Had lit it with a conqueror's glow;
The soul, which from that turf had flown,
Would not have sought a prouder throne.

I saw the lover's living shade
  Shiv'ring 'neath summer's rosiest gale,
The look of woe, the cheek decay'd,
  The eye's dark brilliance sunk and pale:—
Rather than drag that life of pain,
Give *me* the sword, the strife, the plain.

So loud and high, as if with a kind of inspiration, rang the two last lines, thus expressive of the feelings and thoughts which at the moment filled the heart of the mentally reviving girl, that she was quite unconscious that another individual had entered the apartment. As she finished, a slight movement near the door attracted her attention; she glanced towards it, and beheld a stranger—and yet not *quite* a stranger, for she had seen the face somewhere before. She rose hurriedly, turning as pale as death as she did so, and fixed her eyes on the unexpected visitor, who, advancing slowly, pronounced her name. The voice was beautifully soft and expressive, but yet Christine started at the sound; there was something in the tone which did not satisfy the ear; it was more harmonious than pleasing. She continued speechless. He came close up to her.

"You recognise me," he said; "you have seen me before?"

"I have," she at length articulated; "you came disguised to Seafield."

"I did," he answered, in the same seductive cadence. "Ascanio San Isidora went there to see his daughter, and now is come to claim her."

A shiver passed over Christine; she had no doubt whatever of the truth of his words—nay, she even recognised a likeness to herself in the outline of the dark countenance. Her brow slightly contracted.

"You forsook my mother," she said. "If I go with you, may you not also forsake me?"

A bright but haughty smile curled the Italian's finely cut lip.

"*She* was my wife," he answered—"a wife whose value I was too young and thoughtless to understand; but *you* are my daughter, part of myself."

Christine drew a deep breath, which came in three quick short sobs, and laid her soft hand in the one extended to receive it. He approached quite close, and bending his head, imprinted a kiss on her forehead. She raised her eyes fully to his face, scanning it with a bewildered and anxious gaze. She liked it better.

"Yes," she said, "*I am your daughter.*"

And they both seated themselves on the sofa from which she had just risen.

## THE LIVES OF THREE FRENCH WORKING MEN.*

In the antagonism of labour against capital, which is too often fostered, intsead of being controlled, by well-meaning political economists in these days of change and innovation, it is too often forgotten that capital, in the sense of financial resources, does not constitute all that is necessary to make a successful "head" or leadership in business. Industry, courage, perseverance, integrity, knowledge, and, above all things, talent, are as essential to success in this world of competition as financial resources. The moral and intellectual attributes of a successful man of business are too often ignored by the public on account of their unobtrusive modes of manifestation. There is little or nothing to catch the attention, as in literature, art, or science. Yet it may be pretty safely said that these attributes are more or less made manifest in the simple fact of success. There are no doubt exceptions. Fortunes have been made by dint of puffing, by proceedings which involve more cunning and sharpness than honest industry and intellect, and by practices of anything but a praiseworthy character; but, as a rule, these may be fairly considered as the exceptions — every plodding tradesman and struggling merchant or manufacturer can count them at his fingers' ends. They are the few who fatten on human folly and credulity. They know that they are laughed at, pointed at, and despised; they shake their bags of sequins, and the tinkle drowns whatever little sense of remorse nature may have planted in their hearts.

The dominant idea with the working classes is, that they should participate in the profits of their employers or of the capitalists, and in some instances, where the profits are to their knowledge out of all proportion to the expenses entailed, or the capital invested in business, it is not surprising that the working man, if not entitled to a share of profits, should feel himself entitled to an advance in wages. But these, again, are exceptional cases, and where they do exist, there must have been more than fortuitous circumstances to bring them about, and the talent and ability which have been brought to bear upon establishing a "name," that is to say, a profitable business, ought not to be lost sight of by those who rebel at having to contribute by their work to its maintenance in the heyday of success.

There are no means so open to the working classes to attain the objects which they desire as co-partnership. There is, indeed, nothing more praiseworthy or more desirable than working men's associations. For years and years past we have taken the deepest interest in their foundation and in their progress. It has not been, however, solely in the sense of wishing to see the workman obtain a fair day's wages for a day's labour —a quantity which can only be determined by the laws of supply and demand—that has given rise to this feeling of interest, as the wish to remove the working classes from the frightful abuses to which they are exposed by excessive competition in many trades, and the evils which the slop-work and sweating system have entailed upon thousands. But success

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* Histoire de Trois Ouvriers Français. Par le Baron Ernouf. Hachette et Cie.

has as yet attended upon very few of these co-operative societies. Looking at the pages of the *Industrial Partnership Record*, we find that in 1848 "the original co-operative movement had almost died out in the United Kingdom. The communities at Lanark and elsewhere had dispersed, the metropolitan organisation of the labour exchange had entirely broken down and disappeared, and only here and there in the northern counties, notably at Rochdale, some small society was still struggling on in the endeavour to carry into ordinary life the principles which all the respectable portion of the British nation, after the experience of Lanark, had agreed to vote Utopian and immoral."

And what have been the results obtained since? The "Society for promoting Working Men's Associations," which flourished in the years from 1849 till 1853, or thereabouts, and of which Mr. Thomas Hughes was one of the council, finally merged in the Working Men's College in Great Ormond-street! "Providence," says a writer in the *Industrial Partnership Record*, when advocating the payment of workers by the profits which result from their exertions, "does not send 'reasonable' brains only unto the children born unto the rich." No one would for a moment support so insane a position. But Providence by giving wealth gives means of education, and it is not work solely that creates capital, as no doubt the members of the Society for promoting Working Men's Associations found out when they merged the association into a working man's college. Nor was the movement headed by Professor Maurice much more successful. The society, instead of setting to work in the ordinary sense of the word, proceeded to publish tracts advocating what they termed to be the principles of Christianity as applied to manufacturing, buying, and selling. In a few months the council was waging a vigorous war with half a dozen journals and periodicals on all manner of points connected with the labour question. In the autumn of 1850, it became clear that if the movement was not to become chaotic, they must have a paper, and in November the *Christian Socialist* was accordingly started. A year later it merged into the *Journal of Association*, which itself ultimately stopped from failure of funds.

In 1851, the Industrial and Provident Societies Act was passed, which first legalised co-operative societies, and since that epoch the whole law of partnership has been so entirely remodelled, that now associations of workmen have equal facilities for combining under the ordinary Joint Stock Companies Act with capitalists. The legal position of the associations was secured, and it remained for those bodies to prove by their success in business that they were able to avail themselves of the opportunities thus offered to them. This the metropolitan associations failed to do. Some went down, according to the *Industrial Partnership Record*, "for want of sufficient capital, others from mismanagement in business, others from distrust between the associates, or dishonesty in the managers." After some years' experience, the council of the Society for promoting Working Men's Associations recognised the fact, that the London working men required, as well as other persons, a preliminary education before they would be fit for the higher work of the association. The result was, the foundation of the Working Men's College.

It is not that all co-operative societies have been failures—the extraordinary success and marvellous profitableness of such associations have

been shown by the progress of the trading associations of Lancashire. That of Rochdale stands pre-eminent; but there are also others at Halifax, Accrington, Oldham, Prestwich, and Bristol, the success of which has been equally marked. But still such societies must always possess capital in both senses: funds for premises and plant, and educated, enterprising, and experienced heads for management, for keeping accounts, for giving impetus to business, and for general superintendence; and, under these circumstances, they present no differences, with competition to struggle against, to the factory conducted upon the ordinary system, where the wages are regulated by the general expenses of the establishment, the management of the business, the cost of raw material, the wear and tear, and other incidental expenses, as compared with the general or average profit upon the undertaking.

The question of industrial partnership and of trades' unions are, however, of far too complicated a character to be entered upon at length here. We may probably return to them, and to the latter especially, as one the determination of which is of the utmost social importance—far more so than the political enfranchisement of the working classes—when the evidence given before the royal commission, instituted for especial inquiry upon the subject, is before us. In the mean time, we wish to call attention to the lives and career of three French working men, which more or less show how all that is sought for by the working classes can be attained by the talent and industry of one man, as much as by the unequal distribution of talent and industry that must inevitably accompany co-partnership.

Few names have attained greater celebrity throughout Europe, as a watch and chronometer maker, than that of Bréguet. His ancestors, being Protestants, had taken refuge in Switzerland from the dragonnades which followed upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His father dying when he was only ten years of age, and leaving his mother penniless with two children, she wedded a Protestant watchmaker of Neufchâtel; and it was to this second marriage, and to the natural bent of the boy's inclinations, that he was indebted for a business. Watchmaking was already at that time carried on upon a large scale in Switzerland, but the business was chiefly directed to the production of cheap, and consequently imperfect, timekeepers. Young Bréguet is said to have manifested from an early age a great horror and detestation of imperfect work; his turn of mind impelled him to labour at the most finished workmanship, and to attain the utmost precision. His father-in-law, judging wisely that such rare faculties would find no sphere for development where cheapness and rapidity of execution were all that were sought for, had him apprenticed in 1762 to a watchmaker in Versailles, whither the court attracted a great number of skilful workmen.

He had not finished his apprenticeship ere the loss of his mother and father-in-law left him without any other resource than his work to support himself and a young sister. Yet so steady and resolute was he, that he never condescended to inferior work, and yet he found means not only to provide for his own wants and those of his sister, but also to economise time for the study of mathematics. The Abbé Marie, professor at the College Mazarin, soon discovered the capabilities of his pupil, and did everything in his power to encourage him and to facilitate his studies.

At a later epoch, when Bréguet had set up in business, the abbé introduced him to Louis XVI., who bought of him several watches which wound themselves up—one of his first inventions, and one which brought him into general notice. The Duke of Orleans, when a refugee in London, showed one of these watches to Arnold, who was so struck with it, that he made a journey to Paris solely in order to make the acquaintance of the inventor. This was in 1792, and our great chronometer-maker is said to have sought to have apprenticed his son to the French Protestant watchmaker.

Bréguet had in his turn to seek refuge in England during the Reign of Terror. The Committee of Public Safety could not believe but that a watchmaker patronised by royalty must himself be tainted with aristocratic feelings. The tyranny of the populace, whether manifested in committees of public safety, in reform leagues, or in trades' unions, is always in excess of the regular laws of a country. He spent two years in London, where he was hospitably entertained. Returning to France after the events of the 9th Thermidor, he established himself in an old house on the Quai des Lunettes, near the Pont Neuf, and which still bears his name. Bréguet was then in his fiftieth year, yet he set to work with the zeal and energy of a young man, and soon saw renown escorted by fortune besiege that old house, the interior of which, with its well-staircase, oaken panels, and fantastic ceilings, reminds one of the home of the astrologer Ruggieri.

Bréguet's chronometers had attracted the attention of men of science before the time of Bonaparte; but in the days of the First Consul his labours were rewarded by a gold medal, and a seat at the consul's table. He was elected a member of the "Bureau des Longitudes," chronometer-maker to the navy, and he became in his seventieth year a member of the Institute. Notwithstanding the wealth which he had accumulated—the fruits of a happy and laborious life—Bréguet never quitted the old house in which he had taken up his abode. Rising early and living moderately, he had no ailments, except deafness, until the moment of his death, which occurred suddenly on the 17th of September, 1823, when he was seventy-six years of age, and engaged in compiling his last notes on watchmaking. It is customary in France that a panegyric should be read over the grave of a member of the Institute by a fellow-academician. That of Bréguet was delivered by Fourier, who remarked, upon this solemn occasion, that "to place oneself in the first rank of a difficult and necessary profession, to invent and give perfection, to guide navigators, to give new instruments to science, to create one's own fortune whilst founding it on public usefulness, to enjoy friendship, ignore ingratitude, and be above envy and jealousy—that is a happy and honourable destiny. May the arts ever reserve such noble rewards to those who cultivate them!" There is a lesson conveyed in these few pregnant words which fit them for suspension in the workroom much more than certain extracts from political speeches which are recommended to that distinction by a turbulent demagogism.

France has no state unions and workhouses, but it has what are designated as "Bureaux de l'Assistance Publique," and these have assumed such proportions with the progress of time, that a large building has been devoted to the purposes of a central office in the Avenue Victoria, close

by the Hôtel de Ville. The chief room of this edifice is decorated with the portraits of those whom the country especially delights to honour as benefactors of humanity. Such are Monthyon, La Rochefoucault-Liancourt, Saint Vincent de Paul, Sister Rosalie, Madame de la Riboisière, and the financier Beaujon, the founder of the hospital which bears his name. Among these portraits is one of a man advanced in years, with a somewhat bold but intelligent look, and harsh but energetic features, who looks like a working man in his Sunday clothes. This is Michel Brézin, the son of a locksmith attached to the mint (Hôtel des Monnaies). Michel was brought up in his father's profession, but a natural aptitude, and the circumstances by which he was surrounded, led him to devote himself more to the study of casting metals and coining them. How little his general education was attended to may be judged of by the fact, that at seven years of age he is said to have gone to the workshop like a man. His father, who had earned a competence without any primary education, looked upon such as so much time lost, and hence it was always up-hill work with young Michel, whom nature had endowed with that peculiarly marked character which manifests itself to the greatest advantage the greater the difficulties it has to encounter, and the more turbulent the epoch in which it has to fight its way. Partly owing to this frame of mind, and partly to a natural good sense, the boy sought, however, of his own will, for some preliminary education at his leisure hours. His father could neither read nor write, but young Michel learnt both, and also studied drawing; but his education was very limited, and in his last will the "millionaire," as he then was, apologises for his bad writing and worse spelling.

Young Brézin was intelligent and zealous, but he was also more or less impetuous and uncontrollable. When eighteen years of age, he bolted one fine day, in consequence of a dispute with his father, and took refuge with his maternal uncle, Larivière, at Bordeaux. Larivière was one of the most distinguished upholsterers of the Faubourg Saint Antoine, and he had been called to Bordeaux by the Duke of Richelieu in order that he might superintend the decorations of his hôtel, as also those of the noble theatre of that city. As a result of his introduction, the duke gave an appointment to young Michel in the Bordeaux mint, where he soon distinguished himself as one of the most skilful and successful workmen attached to the establishment. Several years passed thus, when his father, growing old and infirm, called him back to Paris to take his place as chief mechanic to the Paris mint. Brézin, however, could not bear control, and preferred to work on his own account.

The financial difficulties brought about by the Revolution were the means of bringing Brézin into prominent notice. Rough, democratic, resolute, and capable, he was the man for the time, and when the "Assemblée Constituante" ordered the church bells of Paris to be smelted to coin copper sous, Brézin undertook to carry out the operation. From 1790 to 1794, the value of copper sous amounted to 17,327,258 francs, of which 12,672,742 francs were of bell-metal, with some copper superadded, and 12,000,000 were afterwards coined of inferior metal. This trifling of the democratic Convention with the coinage had the most disastrous effects, especially upon the poorer classes; it produced a kind of general bankruptcy, something similar to that effected by the "assignats;" and foreign copper coins of the same nominal value possessing a

greater real value, false coining was carried on in every direction, even in subterranean passages, and in the dungeons of ruinous old castles. The Directory first awoke to a sense of the fact that there was something good in the past, and it determined upon calling in the pieces of five and ten centimes struck during the Reign of Terror, and which had fallen, like the assignats, in the estimation of the public.

It required a man of iron—inflexible as his own machinery—to rule over workmen at an epoch when insurrection was law, and anarchy and indiscipline were paramount. Brézin was the very person for the crisis, and he laid the basis of his vast fortune when those of others were for the most part shipwrecked. The bell-metal sous of the Reign of Terror were at one time much sought after for the silver and gold which the piety of the middle ages had cast into the alloy; but they were found to present great differences, according to the skill of the smelter at the time in extracting these precious metals beforehand. How far Michel Brézin may have been indebted for his fortune to his skill in this line, is one of the secrets buried with the old revolutionary crucibles.

The same impulse which led Brézin to supply the republicans with millions of sous, and to fill the modest knapsacks of republican soldiers with their pay in an inferior metal, appears to have impelled him to take a step further with the progress of events, and to leave off coining in order to provide the army with better and more perfect engines with which to destroy the enemies of the Republic. In 1794, he devoted himself solely to the manufacture of great guns. He became for the last years of the Revolution, and for the whole of the epoch of the Empire, the most intelligent and the most indefatigable purveyor of military weapons. His activity was prodigious, his skill was unfailing, and his resolution and perseverance unequalled. He became one of the chiefs of the arsenal, and had he been a man of education, he would have attained to the highest dignities and honours.

Brézin retired with the events of 1814; he resumed the directorship of the arsenal during the Hundred Days, but upon the fatal issue of the campaign retired for good. A widower without any children, he is said to have lived in a "solitude farouche," till a project, which he had entertained for some time, of disposing of his vast fortune in favour of the working men "who had helped him to earn it," came to occupy his mind and cheer his last days. This project he carried out in his will, by which he left all his means to found a "Hospice de la Reconnaissance," as an asylum for poor old working men, the number to be determined by the means available. The will was disputed, and the courts allowed a pecuniary deduction of three hundred thousand francs for the children of his sisters; but the hospital or asylum was not the less erected at Garches, where Brézin passed his last years (he died on the 21st of January, 1828), and it provides a home to three hundred working men over sixty years of age. Only recently the bust of the intrepid old man was placed in its halls, paid for by the savings of the poor but grateful inmates. We thus see, in the language of his biographer, "how a simple workman has been able, like Louis XIV., to found his 'Invalides,' and how Brézin was enabled to create for himself a real and numerous family, of which he will ever remain the patriarch."

France is indebted to an Englishman—John Holker—an old partisan of the Stuarts, who resided for a time in the neighbourhood of Man-

chester, for the introduction of machinery in cotton factories, as it was known in this country in the early part of the last century. The impulse thus given was destined in main part to be sustained by one of the working classes. François Richard, born in 1765, was the son of a small farmer of Epinay-sur-Odon, near Caen. The education which he received at the parish school was of the most superficial character, and his orthography remained for ever irremediably deficient. But what was wanting in education was made up for by a lively imagination, a deep spirit of calculation, and a natural energy, which made him seek for outlets for its development in ways which cannot always meet with approbation. He was barely twelve years of age when his talents for arithmetic attracted the attention of one Duclos, the superintendent of a market held at Villers-Bocage, and who employed Richard to keep an account of the sales effected and of the beasts disposed of at the weekly Wednesday gatherings. This initiated young Richard in business, and he began selling pigeons, hares, and dogs on his own account. We regret to say that he does not appear to have been always very particular how he became a proprietor before becoming a salesman. Certain it is that his malpractices drew upon him the animadversion of the lord of Villers, and Richard was obliged to decamp from his native place, proceeding in search of a fortune, like many other illustrious persons, on foot, and arriving in Rouen with eight francs and seven sous in his pocket. There are few old men who have attained great wealth and arrived at a good position from small beginnings, who do not take a certain pleasure in relating incidents of this description. There may be a touch of the vanity that apes humility, as well as of honest simplicity, in these revelations; but if so, it may well be pardoned from the contrast which the memory of such events awakens in the breast of the narrator.

For several years Richard now filled the situation of shopboy to a linendraper of the town, his wages being one hundred and twenty francs (not five pounds English money) a year. His pleasure days were when he accompanied his master to the great fairs of Caen, Reims, and Paris. Richard was nineteen years of age when he first visited the latter city, the future scene of his industrial successes. He made his début on this occasion by losing thirty francs at billiards at the fair of Saint Germain, a loss which cured him for ever afterwards of any love that might have been in him for games of chance. Monsieur and Madame Hermel, his master and mistress, did not treat him simply as a shopboy, but they also insisted upon his doing many menial services, such as cleaning the shop and windows, and even waiting at table. As he grew older, he felt these duties to be so ignominious, that being one day asked to get up as a valet behind his master's carriage, he refused, and was expelled from his situation. He then took a place for a year as a garçon in a café, and having accumulated a few hundred francs he made his way to Paris, where he also obtained a situation as waiter in a café in the Rue Saint Denis. There was more business here than in Rouen, and people were more generous, so that, accumulating a thousand francs, he began to trade on his own account, carrying embroidery, lace, stuffs, and what were called "basins Anglais," much in vogue at that epoch (1786-1787), about from house to house, and so successful was he that he actually realised twenty-two thousand francs the first year. He is said to have succeeded in disposing of a large lot of Indian muslin embroidered with gold, by getting a lady

of fashion to wear a dress at the Opera, of which he had made her a present on that condition. The same expedient has been so often had recourse to since, that it is said ladies of fashion not only have a dress which it is wished to bring into notice presented to them, but insist now-a-days upon receiving also an honorarium for wearing it.

This rapid success met, however, with as sudden a check. Richard having accepted and circulated several bills from people of fashion, who failed to meet them when due, the burden of liquidating them fell upon himself, and not being prepared to do this, he was incarcerated in La Force, the debtors' prison at that epoch, with twelve sous in his pocket, and judgments against him for as many thousands of francs.

The prisoners at La Force were perfectly aware of the agitation which filled the public mind at that epoch. They heard daily of the "grande délivrance sociale," which was about to be effected without, and an Englishman, who had been eighteen years shut up for debt, taking the declaration at the letter, thought that there could be no social deliverance more to be desired than that which implied an emancipation from prison. On the 13th of July, the Englishman proposed an insurrection, and that they should fight for their liberty. The suggestion was received with enthusiastic cheers. Iron railings were torn from their fastenings and used as weapons, and, thus armed, the prisoners outnumbering and overpowering the keepers, forced their way out by a hole in the wall.

Richard regained his freedom at a crisis when the best chances of success lay with those who, having nothing to lose, could risk all with impunity. He accordingly plied his interest so well as to get a few goods on credit; with these he resumed his former pedlar-like business, and he succeeded so well, that in a few months he found himself as well off as he was before his misadventure. As the Revolution went on its horrid march, Richard extended his speculations; he dabbled in assignats, and is also said to have trafficked in "hollands" of French manufacture. It is certain that Richard was one of those who studied most how to benefit by a terrible crisis, which he had done nothing towards bringing about.

Still there were good points about him, even when surrounded by examples of universal corruption and demoralisation. He wedded, in 1790, a young and honest girl, who did not bring him a sou, and he went all the way to his native village to aid his father in his embarrassments. Richard deemed it necessary, like many others, to assume the character of an ardent republican during the bad days of the Reign of Terror, but no sooner had the 9th Thermidor brought about a change, than he adopted more quiet habits. He had become acquainted at this epoch with his future associate—Lenoir-Dufresne—son of a clothier in the Rue Montorgueil. After having made several campaigns, as a volunteer, with the republican army, Lenoir had returned to Paris, to inherit his father's property. Richard and Lenoir appear to have been first engaged together in proceedings very characteristic of the epoch. Assignats were at that epoch a legal tender. The associates purchased goods at public sales with paper which only burnt the fingers of the recipients, and they sold them again for specie only. They also traded largely in English contraband goods, and they even went so far as to make purchases of national property, the first deposits upon which were received in paper money.

It appears, however, that the very fact of the deplorable necessity in which Richard found himself of trading in smuggled goods, first drew his thoughts in the direction of an honest concurrence in manufacture with the English. He had great difficulty in bringing over his associate, Lenoir, to his ideas, but he succeeded at last, and their first joint essays date from the year 1800—the very dawn of this age. Richard felt at once that it was impossible to enter into competition with the English without being also possessed of their mechanism, and that could only be procured under a stable government. He persevered, however, in the attempt to construct the necessary machinery from drawings furnished to him by English workmen, and he obtained models of the more important pieces. To carry out his plans, he hired an old hôtel in the Rue de Thorigny, which, belonging to emigrants, had been confiscated as national property. But this not being roomy enough, he installed himself in the old convent of the Filles de Bon Secours, and when the minister, Carnot, sent to inquire by what right he held possession of national property, his reply was an exhibition of his factory, with four hundred hands busy at work. Carnot had the good sense to resign himself to what had become a "fait accompli," and he even mentioned the strange incident to the First Consul, who, on the 24th of June, 1801, paid a visit to the factory of Richard and Lenoir.

Bonaparte promised on this occasion, although Richard admitted that his concurrence with England only extended to selling his goods as English, to cede the convent to him, as well also as that of Traisnel, on the opposite side of the street. The prefect of the Seine, dreading the accumulation of so many workmen in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, hesitating, however, to confirm the grant, Richard, with his characteristic audacity, had the doors broken open by his men, and he took forcible possession of the place. It required the kindly intercession of Josephine to reconcile the First Consul to so summary a mode of proceeding. But two years after wards, when Richard obtained a gold medal at the Exhibition, Bonaparte said to him he had done well, and that it was often necessary to do good to people against their own wills.

Richard displayed an almost superhuman activity in developing his industrial undertaking. He soon had imitators and competitors, some of whom were even more successful than himself. But he was the first to initiate the new order of things. In less than five years he had factories in the departments of Calvados, of Orne, and of Oise. As it was necessary to obtain water-power, Richard selected old monasteries, generally well supplied with water, for the seats of his factories, just as he had selected convents in Paris. These fine old abbeys, depopulated by the Revolution, presented also the advantages of existing solid buildings with large and airy rooms; and it was thus that Richard transformed the abbey of Saint Martin at Seiz, that of the Benedictins at Alençon, of the Ursulines at Caen, and the monastery of Aulnay in Calvados, into so many cotton factories. Wherever Richard found a building and locality that answered his purposes, he at once installed himself in it with his spinning-jennies. It is not said at what cost.

The 22nd of February, 1806, is a date memorable in the life of Richard. On that day, after a long struggle, he obtained from the

Emperor the prohibition of English goods, and the consequent annihilation of English competition. His fortune progressed accordingly, and in 1808 he possessed thirty-nine different establishments, and his profits amounted to 1,500,000 francs per annum. "If I had twelve children," he used to say, "I could give each of them a million and a factory." The fall of the Empire entailed with it, however, the downfal of the house of Richard—Lenoir. On the 23rd of April, 1814, the fatal decree appeared, exacted by England as an indemnity for the Restoration, and which repealed the prohibition against English cotton manufactures. From that moment this once powerful firm went down, not step by step, but with a headlong rush, and Richard died on the 19th of October, 1839—a poor man.

One thing to be said of Richard is, that he was never spoiled by excessive prosperity. When he had fifteen thousand to sixteen thousand working people under his control, he looked after the interests of each, even to that of the smallest boys and girls. His chequered life had given him a deep insight into the vices that teem in France, and his whole powers of mind were concentrated on the labour of saving those under him from the general corruption.

Uneducated himself, he had schools connected with all his establishments; and he made all the boys and girls learn not only to read and write, but he had them even taught drawing and music. He encouraged the practices of religion, and watched carefully over the morals of his workpeople, who all wore a kind of uniform. He had even establishments which served as reformatories for criminals. He was not proud, but in the days of his greatest prosperity, when he was visited by all the great dignitaries of the empire, and especially befriended by the Emperor himself, he always received his old peasant relations with pleasure. He was also charitable to excess, as he had been speculative to rashness. He remunerated the different religious orders who had been dispossessed of their old convents, monasteries, and abbeys; and while his workmen looked upon him as a father, his rivals saw in him a friend in adversity, and the unfortunate a general benefactor. Such was the career—not always exemplary, but very characteristic—of three celebrated Frenchmen who rose from the working classes. It is to be hoped that what is praiseworthy in their lives may be perused as a profitable lesson, and what is vicious, and unfortunately belonged to the times they lived in as well as to themselves, be taken as a warning.

## MARINE MONSTERS.

Scarcely forty years have passed away since the keel of a steam-boat first ploughed the waters of the Atlantic; not thirty years ago a few high paddle-wheel steamers were the only vessels in the British navy moved by any other power than that of the wind. They were considered sufficient, and more than sufficient, for any service that would be required of them—ugly, misshapen monsters, their only redeeming quality that they could move in a calm or go head to wind, a feat which no sailing ship, except the *Flying Dutchman*, had been known to accomplish. Naval men looked at them with contempt: they might be useful as despatch-boats, but for all purposes of warfare they must ever be utterly useless. That was the general opinion. No officer of spirit would, if he could help it, take command of a thing little better than a coal-barge; and as to attempting to comprehend anything about the complicated collection of piston-rods and cylinders, and boilers and wheels, that was not to be thought of. When the engineer reported that "she had blown off so much steam," the dignified reply was, "Make it so;" but as to what information the engineer intended to convey, the officer possessed a blissful ignorance. In process of time, as more steam-vessels were added to the service, it struck one or two aspiring young officers that it might be as well to learn something about the iron machinery which acted so important a part in the propulsion of their ships, and they obtained an entrance into private marine steam-engine manufactories, where, by working in fustian jackets with the men, they picked up some crumbs of practical information, and reaped their due reward, in most instances, by being appointed to the command of the improved style of steamers then building. At length, too, it dawned on naval men, that, though steamers might not be able to fight, they would, at all events, be useful in towing ships of war into action, and as quickly as possible to tow themselves out of harm's way again. It is, however, not the nature of British naval officers to be fond of such an employment, and, before long, first one, and then another, stopped to see what effect the shot of the enemy would have on their hulls. They then discovered that from ordinary old-fashioned guns a steamer was not much more liable to injury than an ordinary sailing-ship: a few blades of her paddles might be knocked away, or one whole paddle, and still she might be able to work with the other, with the aid of her sails; and, indeed, even should her boiler or machinery be damaged, she still could move with her sails. This discovery considerably raised steamers in the estimation of naval officers. Still no one regarded them in the light of true men-of-war, or believed that they could ever be serviceable as line-of-battle ships, or even as frigates, except to do the work of scouts. The screw was not yet known. It was shut up in the mind of Mr. F. P. Smith, or brought into active existence only on his father's horse-pond at Hendon, in Middlesex. This was in 1834. In 1835, he constructed a model on a superior plan, with which numerous successful experiments were performed; and in 1836, he took out his patent for propelling vessels by means of a screw revolving beneath the water at the stern. Still neither the Admiralty, nor engineers, nor the mass of naval men would believe in Mr. Francis Pettit

Smith's screw. In the first place, he was a farmer, and what could a farmer know about driving a vessel, much less a ship of war, through the water head to wind? Then he was not a scientific man—he had not studied naval engineering. In fact, the thing could never be. It was an absurdity.

Two gentlemen, however, Mr. Wright and Mr. Caldwell, thought differently; and in 1836, with their assistance, Mr. Smith, aided by Mr. Thomas Pilgrim, a practical engineer, built a vessel of ten tons, with an engine of six-horse power, which was tried with success on the Paddington Canal, and then on the Thames. This was truly the germ of the real steam navy of England. The tiny craft then put to sea, and encountered some severe weather on her passage to Dover, Folkstone, and other places, proving that the screw would answer as well in rough as in smooth water.

In 1838, the Lords of the Admiralty, the fame of the small craft, which had done what so many scientific men had boldly asserted could not be done, having reached their ears, actually visited the creature, to satisfy themselves by ocular demonstration of the truth of the reports they had heard of her wonderful proceedings. So satisfied were they with what they saw, that they encouraged Mr. Smith and his friends to construct a regular sea-going craft, and the now far-famed *Archimedes*, of 237 tons burden, and 80 horse power, was the result. She made a voyage round England, visiting all the principal ports, and also crossed the Bay of Biscay to Oporto. She answered in all respects the expectations of her constructors, going in smooth water at the rate of ten knots an hour. Still the engineers were not convinced that the suspicious-looking screw would answer under general circumstances, and several years passed by before any merchant or passenger vessels were fitted with it. At length the Admiralty built a small craft, the *Bee*, fitted with paddles and screw: a busy time she had of it, trying which afforded the best means of locomotion. The screw beating the paddles, the Admiralty, in 1843, ordered a vessel of 800 tons and 200 horse power, the *Rattler*, to be built, and also the *Alecto*, of exactly the same size and power, the first to be fitted with a screw, the latter with paddles. Again the screw principle triumphed over the old-fashioned paddles, and her Majesty's yacht *Fairy*, and twenty other vessels, were at once ordered to be built for screw-propellers; and by 1850, under Mr. Smith's superintendence, one hundred men-of-war had been built, or ordered to be built, on the screw principle. The screw works right aft, just above the keel. It at first appeared like a long blade, going spirally round and round on an iron rod. This was called a one-threaded screw. It was, however, suspected that the entire turns would not be necessary, and it was accordingly formed with four separate fans.

During an experiment in Stokes Bay, either the *Rattler* or some other vessel took the ground for a short time. When she got off, to the surprise of those on board, she went much faster than before, and it was afterwards discovered that one of the four fans of the screw had been broken off. Before it was repaired a similar accident happened, and the short fan was fractured, when again her speed was increased. It thus became evident that a screw with two fans was superior to all other forms, and is that now universally adopted. It is obvious that a screw would, when not working, greatly impede the progress of a vessel under

sail. From the first they were so constructed that they could be lifted up through wells from the upper part of the vessel out of the way, when it became necessary to let off the steam and use the sails alone. The funnels also were made on the telescope principle, so that they could be shut up and scarcely seen. A screw steamer could be thus converted in a few minutes into a sailing ship. The ordinary mode of placing the screw serves well enough for merchant vessels, but for men-of-war it is absolutely necessary to protect it from the shot of the enemy, and with that object other plans have been adopted, which will by-and-by be described, when we come to speak of the twin screws and other adaptations of the same instrument. The screw, having won the day, was shortly introduced on board the old line-of-battle ships as an auxiliary power, as it was clear that without some such means of locomotion a small gun-boat would in a calm have the advantage of the most powerful sailing ship in the British navy. Several magnificent new line-of-battle ships, of a size far greater than any former men-of-war, were constructed, to be moved on the same principle; and the nation was now satisfied that what with screw frigates, with immense guns, corvettes, and gun-boats, and these auxiliary screw ships of the line, old England would be well able, as of yore, to contend with all the world combined. So she would if it hadn't been for the inventive genius of certain gunmakers and artillery officers, who have produced engines of destruction in the form of vast guns, which showed themselves capable of quickly blowing to pieces the sides of these grand-looking craft. Not only were fine old ships, such as Duncan, Howe, and Nelson led to victory, to be more than doubled as to size, and transmogrified in all sorts of ways, but the honest-looking round-shot was to give place to conical and other shaped missiles, which would come crushing through the wooden walls of old England with as little difficulty as this steel pen can be run through a sheet of paper. The penetrating powers of these new conical-shaped shots induced people to devise plans for keeping them out of the inside of their fighting ships. Not only, however, had shot which come direct to be guarded against, but shells, which are much more inconvenient visitors, inasmuch as they come in overhead and burst, sending their fragments in every direction. For a short time the nation seemed to be in a state of despair of ever providing against these disagreeable contingencies, or rather certainties. They began to believe that the day of England's supremacy on the ocean was over, she could no longer boast of ruling the waves, and that the utmost she could do would be to defend her harbours and her coasts from attack. It was asserted that the best mode of proceeding would be to build in the first place huge floating batteries with some steam locomotive power, to enable them to creep about a harbour from spot to spot like gigantic crabs, as necessity might require; and in the second place, to build large iron-plated line-of-battle ships, and to alter the wooden ships in existence, and to make them sufficiently seaworthy to run along the coast and to gain the shelter of some friendly harbour on the threatening of bad weather. A few fast steaming and sailing frigates and corvettes were to be kept for foreign service, to visit our colonies and settlements, and to keep petty states and savages in order; but anything like an effective sea-going navy for England was to be abandoned.

Such was the idea of a considerable number of people, who forgot the

old saying, "that two can play at most games," and that if an enemy could provide himself with a fleet to attack our harbours, we could equally construct one to attack his, and that if our armour-plated heavily armed monsters could not cross the ocean, neither could those of our foes, and altogether there was something inconsistent in the reasoning of those who believed that England's navy had come to an end. What, however, was fatal to the scheme was the discovery that these floating harbour batteries were likely in most instances to prove utterly unserviceable. If brought out to any place where they could be of use, the sea would wash over them; they would be tumbled about, so as to render the management of their huge guns very difficult; they would very likely drive from their anchors, and were not altogether invulnerable to shot or to the points of steam rams; in fact, they might be more easily run down than any ordinary iron-clad.

Among the early inventions which the new order of things brought about was the steam ram. She was to perform the part of the beaked galley of ancient days. The first unmixed ram floated almost under water. She was armour-clad, with a powerful engine and screw, and a formidable iron beak, which she was to stick into the side of the vessel it was desirable she should destroy, and then to back out again if she could.

It is a very sweet and decorous thing to die for one's country, but naval officers prefer doing so on the quarter-deck of their ships, and not shut up in a dark hole, doing, to say the best of it, a somewhat sneaking dirty job. It might have been rather difficult, therefore, to find officers ready to take charge of these submarine monsters. In the first place, they could not carry coal enough to perform an ordinary voyage; those living on board would have been in a state of purgatory; and, lastly, the ram, having run into a ship, would be very likely to destroy herself or to go down with her foe, while a well-directed conical shot from a powerful gun would probably quickly settle her fate. She might, as a sea-monster from a hole in a rock darts on its prey, dash out of harbour against an advancing foe and commit some damage, and if an enemy would come to assail us with such a fleet as Nelson conducted against Copenhagen, or such as that with which in later days our operations on the coast of Syria were performed, she would quickly destroy or put them to flight; but unfortunately our foes are as well up as we are to all methods of attack and defence. Whenever they do come, they will have guns which can throw shot and shell effectively against floating batteries and forts on shore, and vessels whose armour-plated sides can resist steam rams and all ordinary shot and shell. Our business is, therefore, to find guns which can penetrate the thickest armour with which our foes can furnish themselves, and to manufacture armour for our vessels which the guns of our foes cannot penetrate, and to put our guns and armour into vessels which for our harbour and coast defences can be easily moved about; with regard to our sea-going ships, so to construct them that they may be able to cross the ocean in all weathers, and to afford a tolerable amount of comfort to those living on board.

The Americans were the first to build ships on some of the proposed plans. Among these was the *Merrimac*, an iron-coated steam ram corvette, built of wood. What she could do she showed in her combat

with the *Congress* and *Cumberland*, Confederate line-of-battle ships. She steamed up towards the first, delivering her fire with awful effect, and then proceeded on towards the *Cumberland*, turned deliberately round, and ran into her near the bow, ripping an enormous rent in her side, and hung on by her own sharp prow, while she fired into the fractured chasm. Then she backed out and repeated her tremendous onslaught and fierce fire, and the fate of the *Cumberland* was settled. Still that ship fought bravely, pouring in tremendous broadsides, but with little or no effect, till she began to settle and heel over, and finally went down, with her colours flying, we believe. The *Merrimac*, having finished the *Cumberland*, attacked the *Congress* with shells, having taken up her selected position. Her fire was awful. The first shell she threw burst inside the hapless *Congress*, and killed every man at one of the guns. Shell after shell, sometimes two at a time, burst among the crew, till the ship was a complete slaughter-house, the deck strewn with seamen driven from their guns, mutilated in every horrible way, and writhing in agony. The ship, too, was on fire. The shells had kindled her woodwork in several places, nearly all the guns were dismounted, the bulkheads blown to pieces, rammers and handspikes shivered, the powder-boys all killed. The inside of this ship looked like the inside of a burnt and sacked house. Everything was in fragments, black or red, or burnt or bloody. The horrible scene lasted for about half an hour. The survivors then struck their colours. The ship, already on fire, continued to burn, and blew up during the night. This is the treatment which every wooden ship, let her be ever so large or powerfully armed, will meet with when attacked by an armour-plated vessel. The *Merrimac* was a wooden ship, armour-plated. She was afterwards attacked by the iron-built and also armour-plated *Monitor*, and not till after a battle of some hours did she retreat, having received considerable damage, while the *Monitor* remained uninjured. The conclusion to which these examples would lead us is, that iron armour-plated ships are the most invulnerable, that wooden armour-plated are the next, and that wooden ships for the purposes of warfare are valueless. If, however, guns can be made to send their shot through iron armour-plated ships as easily as through wooden armour-plated ones, then it is very possible that the wooden ships may, after all, be the best. This is actually the case. Some of the best invented guns send their shot with such mighty force, that, point blank, nothing can resist them, and therefore an armour-plated wooden ship armed with them is a match for any iron ship which does not possess them. The objection to wooden ships is, that splinters fly from them when struck, and injure the crew, and that they are more liable to be set on fire than iron ships. They are, however, stronger and more buoyant; besides which, we have some hundreds already built which can be converted into armour-plated ships.

It being settled that all fighting ships must have armour of some sort, the question to be decided was as to the best sort of armour—whether turret ships or broadside-armoured ships. The shield invented by Captain Coles consists of a common turn-table, on which rests a gun-carriage, so that the gun may be turned round on the centre in any direction. This turn-table carries a shield, or shot-proof protection, round with the gun. The shield may extend circularwise all round the gun and turn table, and may be open entirely at the top for the sake of ventilation, or may be closed in where exposed to vertical fire.

This is an excellent device when only one or two guns are concerned, because one very small opening is sufficient to allow the muzzle of each gun to protrude and deliver its fire, and, as this hole can be turned round in every direction, the interior is safe from the enemy's fire, except when the ports are turned in the direction of the enemy, when, of course, they are liable to admit shot and shell, as any other openings of equal size. The advantage of thus being able to sweep the horizon without exposing the men and gun to the enemy's fire, is for one or two guns, and perhaps for a couple of turrets, a great advantage; but when more turrets are placed on a ship's deck, they interfere with each other, and, of course, the masts and other parts of the ship come in the way of their fire.

Coles's shield also shelters only the gun and the gunners; it neither protects the ship, the boilers, the engines, nor the rest of the crew. It is merely an armoured gun-carriage. We have seen by the example of the *Congress* and *Cumberland* what would be the fate of a ship with unprotected sides. To render a turret ship, therefore, of use, her sides must also be protected. Now the weight of the turrets and armour-plated sides together would be so great that the speed of the ship must be greatly lessened, if she is not rendered altogether unfit to go to sea. The conclusion we therefore arrive at is this, that if means can be found to train the guns fore and aft, and to elevate and depress them on the deck of an ordinary armour-plated ship, it will be far better to dispense with the turrets. That this can be done most effectively we shall have to show presently by an invention of Captain T. E. Symonds, R.N. These shields, the invention of Captain Coles, R.N., to whom great credit is due, can be closed all round so as to form a complete turret, and can also be covered with a shell-proof roof at the top, when they become properly cupolas. The latter seems the most effective form where weight is no consideration. The simple turret is the most objectionable—a shell thrown into it would, of course, kill all within. The shield or screen is lighter than the turret, inasmuch as there is less of it, but will only be of use against one enemy or in attacking stationary defences.

Regular cupola ships are, therefore, preferred, and some fine ones have been constructed; but the question is, not whether cupolas are effective, but whether ships provided with them are at the same time good sea-going fast craft, and whether their sides are sufficiently protected against shot and shell.

The fact is, that less weight of armour-plating than that of a number of cupolas and the sides protected, as of necessity they must be, would allow of a far larger and more effective battery on the ship's deck than that which the cupolas can supply.

The following amusing account of the American *Monitor* will give a very good idea of a turret or cupola ship. Her fate, however, for she went down with all hands, does not make her class a favourite with sea-going men. She was, however, hurriedly built, and there is no doubt that turret ships may be constructed far superior to her; but then they must be of a *very large size, disproportionate, indeed, to the number of guns they carry.* The following is an American account of the *Monitor*, and will give a very good idea of two turret ships. Captain Coles proposes to build them with four or six turrets:

"As we approached this naval wonder, I was struck with the pertness

of the Norfolk description of her, as 'a Yankee cheese-box on a raft.' It gives a better idea of her appearance than any of the engravings or descriptions in the New York papers. They all fail to afford a correct idea of the general appearance of the vessel, and especially when she is in action. She is oval-shaped, 172 feet long, and 41 feet in width at the centre. Her hull rises perpendicularly out of the water, as straight all round as the sides of a stone wall, and as flat on the top as a table, without any rail or guards around her. She has two square smoke-stacks, about seven feet in height, but in time of action these are removed; and the smoke and steam come through grates in the deck, the iron of which is about three inches thick. Nothing remains on her deck but the pilot-house, which is a square iron structure, about three feet high—about the size of an ordinary dry-goods box. When walking her deck, although anchored at the end of Hampton bar, where the sea is quite rough, not the slightest motion of the waves would be felt. Her deck is as firm and steady as a rock. The tower rises about nine feet from the deck, and looks, when close to it, like a large iron gas-meter or gas-holder. On closely examining it, however, you find that its sides and top are about one foot thick, while the whole tower is twenty-two feet in diameter, and that it has two oval-shaped port-holes close together on one side, not more than two feet apart, and not more than three feet above the deck. The interior of the tower exhibits still stronger the superior strength of the vessel. There is a solidity about it that makes the thought of any earthly power disturbing its movements, or penetrating its interior, simply ridiculous. An examination of this part of the vessel explains the confidence which the officers and men have in her entire and complete invulnerability. They say, 'We fear nothing on land or water, and are ready, whenever the order is given, to proceed to Norfolk or Richmond.'

"The guns sit side by side in the centre of the tower, and are intended to be fired simultaneously, the close proximity of the muzzles of the two guns enabling the two balls to strike the sides of the enemy in similar proximity to each other. The moment the guns are fired, two immense pillars of steel on the inside, about six feet long, two feet in width, and one foot in thickness, slide before the port-holes, completely closing them, and protecting the gunners from the balls of the enemy."

We now come to a description of what constitutes an ironclad. The immense weight of the armour has induced the architects, in some instances, to cover only the sides of the ships with it, so that the bows and sterns are left unprotected. This has been done to enable the ships to retain their swiftness and sea-going qualities. The larger and longer the ship, the more complete can be the armour and the more powerful the armament, and it therefore follows that small ironclads are objectionable for sea-going ships of war. The armour consists of plates of iron six inches thick, in some instances placed against backing of teak. With this shield the sides of the ship are covered from the upper deck to some feet below the water. The finest iron armour-plated ships were the *Warrior* and *Black Prince*. They are 380 feet in length, 58 feet in breadth, 33 feet in depth from under maindeck, and 6038 tons, builders' measurement. They are built with a set-off to receive the armour-plates for about 200 feet of their midship length, extending from the gunwale to five feet below water, with eighteen inches of teak backing interposed

between the armour-plating and the skin of the vessel. They have thwart ships bulkheads of similar armour and construction, thus rendering this portion of the vessel shot-proof. They have great speed, but they are imperfect, inasmuch as they are not completely armour-clad, and, like a knight without a helmet, are very likely to have their heads knocked in. The *Warrior* carries 900 tons of coal—that is, fuel for five days; she carries 28 guns, or 14 guns a side in a shot-proof battery, and is placed among the class of frigates. A ship to carry 40 modern guns on one battery should be 425 feet in length, but a still more perfect ship, to carry 50 guns, should be still longer, and little short of 10,000 tons burden, armour-plated from stem to stern. It is a question whether it is wise to armour-plate the fine parts of the bow, as the so doing adds very greatly to its weight, and as no men would be stationed within it in action, the injury it might receive might be counterbalanced by the advantage of lightness. Still, the great desideratum is to get a sea-going, fast, handy ship, in a complete suit of impregnable armour from stem to stern. This may, however, be accomplished with respect to the ships intended for the defence of our coasts and harbours. One of the chief dangers to the screw is that of getting fouled by the rigging when shot away, that is to say, by getting the ropes towing overboard entangled in it. To prevent this, hollow masts of iron have been made, down which a considerable number of the ropes lead, while wire rope is as much as possible employed. Captain Coles proposes tripod hollow iron masts, with platforms on them, on which riflemen may be placed. They are far stronger and more durable than common masts, and of course no lower standing rigging would be required for them, while a large part of the running rigging would be protected within them. As they would be fitted with Cunningham's patent self-reefing topsails, no man need go aloft to shorten sail in action.

Still, there is another class of ship to be considered. England possesses a vast fleet of wooden ships, sound and strong. Are they to be useless, sold or broken up, or are they to be rendered serviceable for the defence of the country? A plan has been suggested by Captain Symonds, R.N., to render the whole of them serviceable, on what he calls his "end-on and broadside principle." He divides them into two classes, that is, "harbour" and "coast-defence ships." He proposes to razee a line-of-battle ship to her lower gun-deck; the sides are then filled in, and covered with thick armour-plates. An iron deck is put overhead. The chief feature in the battery is the shape of the ports, which are somewhat like the embrasures of a stone fort, small on the inside and widening in every direction outside, while they can be closed by shutters hauled up with tackles directly the gun is fired. Those ports give an arc of 90 deg., whereas the old port gave only 60 deg. The end-on ports are on a very ingenious and very simple plan. In either side of the broadest part of the bow "indents" are made in which ports are pierced for guns pointing right ahead, and on either quarter also indents are made for guns to be trained aft.

To explain the plan better, take a model vessel, cut parallel with the keel a slice out of the deck from the broad part of the bow, and then cut a notch at right angles to it; the gun is placed where the notch is cut. These end-on guns are worked within the armoured bulkhead on

the deck of the broadside battery. A ship may run up towards an enemy either afloat or ashore, firing her bow guns, move round delivering her broadside, and then retreat, if necessary, firing her after guns, presenting a small target to the foe. All the guns can be so depressed as to fire into a fleet of boats or rafts attempting to board, or when rolling in a seaway fire her guns when an ordinary ship could not do so.

For the coast defence the ships' bows and sterns are not fully armoured, rendering them thus able to keep the sea in bad weather. For harbour defence they are covered all over with plates, whereby greater endurance is obtained, though speed and sea-worthiness is lost. The sides of the ships are made to incline considerably. The deck, composed of strong iron beams, is also inclined, and it is covered with iron backed by teak, the centre part being fitted with iron bars to ensure ventilation. He proposes to fit them with 300-pounders, now in use. In some cases he places a gun right ahead over the stem, and another in the centre of the stern. The guns also can be so trained that three forward and aft guns can concentrate their fire on an object 100 yards off, a point of the greatest importance. For the coast-defence ships he puts on two keels under the bilges, and bolted to corresponding internal keelsons, the deck being supported by fore and aft bulkheads resting on these keelsons.

The mode of propulsion which Captain Symonds proposes to adopt is that by twin screws on a principle designed by himself, by which the propelling and manœuvring power is much increased.

We began our account with a description of the first screw invented. We have seen the immense progress made since those days. It is now found that two screws are superior to one. They have separate engines placed on either side of the centre keel, and work *before* the rudder, so as not to interfere with that important part of the ship. They are lower down, and therefore less liable to injury, than the single screw. Being smaller, the wells for lifting them up are much smaller, and can be completely closed when they are not used. The screw also, being lighter, is more easily lifted. One may be injured, and the other escape injury. One may be used when working off a lee shore under sail with good effect. But their chief excellence consists in their power to turn the ship rapidly round as if on a pivot, a most important object when manœuvring in action. A large ship can, indeed, turn on her centre in three minutes and a half, whereas to get a large single-screw ship round by wearing, sometimes several miles are run over before it can be accomplished. Another advantage is, that a vessel can be steered by means of the two screws should the rudder be injured, or the steering apparatus be shot away, or otherwise put out of order. There are two methods of fixing the twin-screws: one by brackets to the keel—hitherto generally adopted in merchant vessels; another, advocated by Captain Symonds, at the end of a side keel, made hollow, so that the screw can be lifted up through it.

It is proposed in these ships to carry iron telescope masts, the topmast and topgallant-mast to be in one, and to slide down into the lower mast. A ship will have four such masts. They are to be of greater diameter than ordinary masts, that a less quantity of lower rigging may be sufficient to support them.

Among the great improvements of the age, we must not forget to

mention Mr. H. D. P. Cunningham's patent self-reefing topsails. The head of the sail is secured to a roller under the topsail-yard. As the yard descends, which it does by its own weight when the halliards are let go, this roller revolves and winds up the sail on itself. Then the sail can be hoisted, lowered, furled, or reefed entirely from the deck without any one going aloft. He has also invented an apparatus for working guns, called his "patent training gear." It is simple in the extreme, and two men can turn a large gun from extreme right to extreme left in a few seconds in a way which before required eight or ten men to accomplish.

We have not yet mentioned all the marine monsters which have been invented. The *Great Eastern* has long been an accomplished fact. She has done a great work in laying the Atlantic cable in a way no other ship could have done, but in other respects she, from her size, has been a trouble and vexation of spirit to all those who have had anything to do with her. A ship in the shape of a cigar has been built, but her superiority over other forms of naval architectural designs has yet to be proved. More than one ship has been designed to move both ways, with a screw rudder at each end, and a beak into the bargain, somewhat after the plan of Lord Dundonald's *Janus*, which was, however, a paddle-wheel vessel, as the screw was not, I fancy, then brought into notice.

Steam catamarans have been built to move under water, but they have been found to be far more dangerous to those on board than to the enemy. The Americans built one if not more turret ships, with the deck flush with the water, but it was found that those who manned them would have to sing "ad profundis" to a certainty if they ventured out of their rivers, and that they were ticklish machines even in smooth water.

What the future may bring forth it is impossible to say, but we have arrived at one conclusion, that large iron armour-plated ships are the best, and, till they can be constructed, that it is expedient to alter our wooden ships, and to cover them, entirely or in part, with iron plates which cannot be penetrated by shot or shells. We have not entered into a description of the fearful missiles of modern warfare. The effects of the bursting of one shell inside a ship is terrific in the extreme, but when we hear that such things are now filled with molten iron, which spits liquid fire about in every direction, the contemplation of the suffering and agony to which a crew so attacked are subjected is perfectly appalling, and must make us more desirous than ever to be well armed, in order that we may awe the pugnacious and keep at peace with all the world. The following account of the *Royal Alfred* gives us a good description of that ship, and at the same time affords us a sample of the history of many of our ships of war at the present time:

"The *Royal Alfred*, iron-plated ship of war, has been called the finest broadside armoured man-of-war in her Majesty's navy. Indeed, excepting her speed, we have no armour ship to match her in the British navy. She is certainly not perfect, because many faults are apparent which could easily be remedied in the construction of another and a similar vessel. Her quarters, in the first place, could, perhaps, be successfully attacked by gun-boats heavily armed, while she would be comparatively powerless to reply. Her rudder is somewhat exposed, her beam is remarkably broad, but she is lower between decks than other ironclads, especially the *Bellerophon*. She has greater beam than the latter, but less height.

The *Royal Alfred* is more heavily armed than any ship in the royal navy. She carries in a central battery ten 9-inch rifle shunt guns, each weighing 12½ tons, mounted on service carriages and slides. In addition to these ponderous cannon, she mounts eight 7-inch rifle shunt guns, of 6¼ tons each. The latter guns are disposed of in the following parts of the ship: two abaft the battery, two before, all on the main-deck; two on the quarter-deck, and two on the forecastle. Mr. H. D. P. Cunningham's patent training gear has been applied to work two of the large guns. The apparatus is simple, and calculated to save labour; indeed, two men, working this gear, can turn a gun from extreme right to extreme left in a few seconds. If the apparatus works well, it will doubtless be brought into general use where it can be conveniently applied. This armoured man-of-war, christened after the royal sailor, was originally laid down as a two-decker line-of-battle steamer. At the time she was being built ironclads were first introduced, and the original design was abandoned. She was cut down, lengthened thirty-four feet amidships, and afterwards six or seven feet were added forward. The form of her bow was also altered, and in lieu of the original stem she had given her a bluff bow above water-line, running finer below. Thus modified, she was launched on the 15th of October, 1864, at Portsmouth Dockyard. Her hull is of 8-inch plank to the top side; on this is fastened 6-inch iron armour amidships, the thickness being reduced to four inches at the fore and after ends. She is fitted with 800 horse power engines, manufactured by Messrs. Maudslay, Sons, and Field, of London. These are the old-fashioned double piston-rod direct engines, with common condensers, and are very good of their kind, although not to be compared with the more modern machinery fitted on board the *Bellerophon*. As a fighting armoured ship of war, the *Royal Alfred*, despite shortcomings, is one of the most efficient, if not absolutely the finest ship in the navy. She was designed when Mr. Watts was chief constructor, and Admiral Sir Baldwin Walker comptroller of the navy; the original design was of course abandoned to a certain extent, and then followed a series of alterations and adaptations. Her steering qualities may be described as good, although greatly inferior to the *Bellerophon*, and inferior to the *Lord Clyde*.

"Having on board 515 tons of coal, twelve months' provision and stores, ammunition, and about 600 officers and men, she draws 23 feet 6 inches forward and 27 feet aft."

# THE SKELETON IN THE HOUSE.

## AN INCIDENT IN A CURATE'S LIFE.

### Part I.

In the course of a somewhat diversified experience, I have frequently observed a very erroneous impression prevailing that it is only in our crowded cities and great towns, such as the metropolis, that we can become acquainted with scenes and characters differing from the common type, or possessing features of more than ordinary interest. We are all familiar with the story of the tiger which made its way into the house of a gentleman in India, when, seeing his own image in a mirror, he made a spring upon an imaginary enemy, and shivering the glass to fragments, was so terrified by viewing his own reflexion multiplied a hundred-fold in all the broken pieces, that he instantly fled the spot.

Vice in all its hideousness, as well as virtue in all its attractiveness, may indeed see themselves reflected almost *ad infinitum* in the diversified representations of our common nature which are to be met with in the crowded ranks of "the great leviathan," so that the one may well start back appalled at the exaggerated counterfeit of itself, while the other may thankfully perceive that there are many springs in the desert, "that goodness is no name, and happiness no dream."

However this be, it is remarkable how many of our great men have sprung from out of our small towns, and even from our remote villages and hamlets. These are, indeed, too narrow stages on which to display the better or the darker qualities of our nature, but, nevertheless, they are the seed-plots from which much that is illustrious, much that is criminal in history, has had its origin, and in which, when the respective actors have played out their parts, the grand drama has its dénouement. The ignoble clods moulder away on the soil which produces them, while the Miltons, the Hampdens, and Cromwells, dissatisfied with their lowly lot, and feeling the aspirations of genius, become too large for their circumscribed dimensions, and elbowing their way into the great world, become its rulers, its lights, and its tyrants.

"The proper study of mankind," we are told, "is man." And there can be no doubt the wider the sphere of our observations the more extensive, and perhaps accurate, will be our conclusions. Yet who is there amongst us who does not form his estimate of his fellow-beings by some one or more of their belongings—from the outward circumstances by which they are surrounded? If we take a drive, or, what is better still for observation, a stroll into the Park about four or five o'clock of a fine day during the season, what a rich field is presented for physiological analysis! How varied are the countenances which pass us, how different are their features, how distinct are their expressions, their lights and shades. Yet there is one thing in common with all the movers in the gay and exciting scene, and which we are apt, very superficially it may be, but very generally, to ascribe to every one of them the possession of more than an ordinary share of what the world is disposed to pronounce

happiness, pleasure, freedom from cankering cares and the worries of life. It is true, indeed, they seem to have within their reach every appliance and means by which to ward off many of the calamities to which flesh is heir; but could we see them stripped of all their glitter and trappings, could we have, as Momus once demanded, a window through which to see what is going on in that silent cell the breast, then we should find that the heart knoweth its own bitterness; that though equipages, and stiltified pomp, and gold, and feathers, may mislead our poor fellow-creatures, they cannot satisfy the aching void within, cannot minister to a mind diseased, nor delude the wearer into the momentary thought that this is peace. Notwithstanding "Nods and becks and wreathed smiles," there may be "One fatal remembrance, One sorrow that throws its bleak shade" over all their enjoyments, like the death's-head at the table of the Egyptians; some blighted hope, some crushed affection, some dark spot in the family escutcheon, some hereditary taint, some trouble, whether of mind, body, or estate, and which may break out at any moment in the persons of those most dear to them; some domestic thorn, which rankles in the heart, and threatens to disclose itself to the gaze of the world at any fatal moment.

Nor is this great drawback to enjoyment confined to the gay circles of the world of fashion; it shows itself also in the quiet scenes of rural life, which poets and painters are so apt to describe as one unclouded sunshine, where shame and sorrow are almost unknown; in short, there is, I fear, a "skeleton in almost every house," if we could only drag it forth and exhibit it in open day.

In a remote country parish, away from busy scenes, one of these grim phantoms was shown to me many years ago, hidden though it had been for more than a quarter of a century in its dark chamber from the eyes of others. I am not about to record the history of a deed of blood, or a mysterious murder, nor yet of "antres vast and desert wilds," nor of hair-breadth escapes, nor of the strong sensational sort, which now bids fair to degrade our popular literature. I would only premise that what I am about to relate is not a fiction; all its main features may be relied on as substantial truth, or, if there should be anything striking or extraordinary in its disclosures, it is simply to be regarded as another illustration of the hackneyed saying, "Truth is stranger than fiction." The whole circumstances either occurred under my own personal observation, or were disclosed to me by the parties principally interested, and then resident in the parish of which I was the curate in sole charge. Nor am I without hope that, as they made a deep impression on me at the time, and are now jotted down from old diaries, they will excite some interest in the minds of my readers; nor is it impossible that I may at some future time have again recourse to these old documents, should the present venture be favourably received.

The rural parish to which my earliest recollections of clerical life cling was situated some miles from three or four great manufacturing towns, with which, however, our intercourse was but limited; railroads had not yet intersected the country, nor disturbed the quiet of our retired villages, as Wordsworth so feelingly deplored in reference to his own loved Rydal. The roads were bad, and locomotion, unless along our uplands and vales with the accompaniments of powerful teams and stout traps, almost unknown. Retired, however, and out of the ordinary track as was

our parish, it possessed one great attraction—it abounded in all sorts of game. We had not only the usual supply of partridges, hares, pheasants, woodcock, and wild duck in due season, but there was also the opportunity of enjoying that most exhilarating of all English field sports, grouse shooting. Thousands of acres of finest heather stretched away to the north and west on our outskirts, which, being in the hands of a few noblemen and gentlemen, were strictly preserved, and all poaching and slaughterous battues voted as little better than butcheries. The noble bird of the moorland showed himself in all his native wildness, and the few gentlemen who had the entrée of the coveted resorts esteemed it no common privilege; fabulous sums were offered for them in the shape of rent, they being also so much nearer home than the Scottish moors, which, shut out as they then were through the absence of all railway communication, were as *terra incognita*, or Bengal jungles, to the ordinary English sportsman. Shall I plead guilty to a little liking for grouse? I mean, for grouse placed on the dinner-table, or now, *à la Russe*, dismembered at a side-table, well cooked, and well sauced, and well crumbed? Well, I acquired the taste in this land of wild heath and shaggy wood. The 12th of August was a memorable day in the history of my larder; my shelves bore ample evidence that the sport had been excellent, and that the church was honestly paid its tenth. A walk over the moors—no easy work for a Cockayne who has not learned to avail himself of the spring or purchase afforded by the "ling" to those who walk *on* it, not *through* it, is in itself one of the very best of "constitutionals." The bracing sharpness of the oxygen of the air, and the shrill chuckling crow of the cock bird as he warns his young ones of the approach of an enemy, is exciting beyond description; and in the course of my own wanderings over these wild yet perfumed regions, had I been provided with gun, powder, and shot, I fear I should have been tempted to try my hand in thinning their numbers, the fear of the game laws notwithstanding; in short, the feelings of the poacher often became very strong in me, and our common right to the *feræ naturæ* sometimes suggested itself.

Amongst other visitors who took their sojourn amongst us in the shooting season, was, strange to say, a gentleman from Scotland. Very like taking coals to Newcastle, the reader will say. This gentleman, however, made a regular autumnal appearance amongst us. I shall call him Mr. de Rous. He boasted a Norman extraction, his ancestors, as usual, having come in with that very convenient genealogical patronage, the Conqueror. Certes, he inherited through many generations the broad acres, the rich pastures, and one or two of the dismantled castles which the immediate followers of the great fillibuster left to their somewhat degenerate posterity. Though sixty or more winters had left their impress on Mr. de Rous, and were rapidly hurrying him into the sere and yellow leaf, yet was he strong and active, capable, under the excitement of sport, of doing his twenty miles a day. In person he was above the middle height, slightly but compactly put together, easy and elegant in all his movements, notwithstanding his age; "every inch a gentleman" might be said of him. His mouth was well formed, though wanting in firmness, with perhaps a dash of the sensuous in it; his nose approaching the aquiline, and his forehead high and pale, covered with a few silver locks, which he took evident pains to extend as far as possible over the adjacent nude parts. His dress was always scrupulously neat, and he

wore the large cambric frill so common in the earlier part of this century, and for which modern taste has supplied no substitute half so becoming. He took snuff abundantly, but was rather choice in its selection. He had served in the Life Guards in early life, and, as I afterwards heard from his own lips, had often been admitted to the presence and table of the "first gentleman of Europe;" he had been initiated into the mysteries of the Pavilion and the wretched orgies of Carlton House; Pitt and Dundas, as well as Fox, Sheridan, and Beau Brummel, had been members of his "charmed circle;" and at this distant day he rises up before me, a fair type and representative of what we should now call "the fast men" of his time, sobered down by years and by the domesticating influences of the *placens uxor*, which in all probability saved him from the ruin in which so many of that dissipated circle were involved.

An English country squire (such was Mr. de Rous, though residing in Scotland), with a clear unencumbered rent-roll of six thousand a year, is, in my opinion, in a more favourable condition for the enjoyment of true happiness than the peer with his twenty thousand, his traditions, his burdens, and his conventionalities, though I fear that my friend, as he ultimately became, did not, from whatsoever cause, fully appreciate his great natural and derived advantages. He was, in fact, a weak and common-place sort of character, in no way standing out from his fellows, but rather about the average men of his time. In bold contrast there rises before me the person of his lady, who was nearly his own age, retaining still the remains of beauty, with an energy and resolution of purpose we do not expect in the gentler sex. Not that she was masculine, or assumed over her husband or household anything like a despotic influence, but there was a quiet decision in her manner, and so much of justice, reason, and propriety in all her views, that she quietly, and without seeming to dictate, moulded nearly all those connected with her to her wishes, though all the time thinking themselves to be acting with the most perfect liberty. Her mind was cultivated; she was familiar with French and German literature; her intellect bright, her common sense and tact unfailing, and her apparent acquiescence in the slightest whim of her husband left no ground for a single murmur. She never opposed him; but when any important step was advanced, she simply suggested a difficulty, or stated an objection, and the thing invariably came to nothing. She ruled, indeed, but her chains were silken; her subjects scarcely felt their bondage, and unlike other arbitrary monarchs, all her laws and ordinances were invariably for their best interests. Though generally the most affable, most hospitable, and liveliest of hostesses, there were times when she seemed much depressed. There were occasions when I observed the traces of tears on her pale cheeks, and a half-suppressed sigh would rise, but instantly again she was mistress of herself, and her conversation, which was always attractive, and sometimes brilliant, became more animated and agreeable. A son and three grown-up daughters composed the family. Of the former, I knew little more than that he had taken a fancy to reside in America, and there followed some profession or calling. The daughters, though possessing little or no claims to beauty or elegance (with the exception, perhaps, of the eldest), were amiable, simple, and affectionate. They could play and sing Scotch airs, they read the last new novel, dipped into a magazine, and were more

pleased with a religious biography than perhaps any other mental pabulum. In fact, there was a touch of puritanism about them, though decided Episcopalians, and which could be easily accounted for by their long residence in Scotland, and their intercourse with the cold, though rigid, Presbyterianism of the established and U. P. Kirks of the north. Their connexion with Scotland was also attended with this disadvantage—that their dialect thereby became affected. Some persons profess to like that harsh tongue; they say it is interesting; but ever since the union it is simply a provincialism, and that a harsh guttural one; it is the discordant tone of some three millions of people living in the most northern and, until Scott's genius threw a charm over it, the most unknown part of Great Britain. I speak not of the exact pronunciation of the people of North Britain, in that they are sometimes more accurate than their Southron compatriots; but in the tone, the note in which the words are delivered from their lips, there is so much of what elocutionists call the rising inflection at the end of their sentences, a harsh prolonged modulation of the voice, raised a semitone at the end of each sentence, that can never fail to shock and offend the ear of the Southron. The Scotch are good linguists, and acquire continental languages with great ease; but I submit that, as a people, they are yet strangely defective in the sweetness and softness of intonation which marks the inhabitants of the Southron portion of the island. Few Englishmen can have walked along Princes-street, Edinburgh, on a spring morning, without being struck with the style and elegance of dress and carriage of the Scotch ladies; but I again respectfully submit, that much of the charm is dissolved the moment you hear them speak; their tone always struck me as at variance with their dress and appearance, the latter being that of ladies, the former Arcadian, countryfied, provincial, and discordant.

It was easy to observe that the society in which the family of whom I write had moved was not of the most refined order; their accent alone would have dispelled any such impression. They never alluded to any English relatives or friends; in fact, they seemed to have none, and when occasional visitors from Scotland joined their circle, they were either professional men, advocates, Writers to the Signet, or heritors (as they are called)—men who, whatever their merit or respectability might be at home, whose style and manners were not of the upper ten thousand, and whom no indulgent allowance could accept as fitting guests at the dinner-table of a wealthy English squire who boasted a descent from Norman ancestry. With such persons I often shared the hospitality of Mr. de Rous, and it often struck me as a puzzle what there could be in common between them and the elegant and rather fastidious lady who occupied the head of her table and the officer of the Life Guards who had drunk his champagne with the Prince Regent, and had listened to the sparkling wit of Sheridan. Sometimes, indeed, when a solecism in manners, or something *outré* in expression was perpetrated by her unconscious visitors, the lady's brow might be seen to contract, a little cloud to pass over her usually impressive countenance, or a slight elevation of the shoulders to mark disapprobation or disgust. Yet soon, as though some strong necessity was laid upon her, or a voluntary return to a more charitable feeling suggested itself, she would once again become gracious, and listen with admirable patience to the latest dry law case engaging

the Parliament House, the new scandal anent the laird of Auchtermuchter, some "awfu'" distemper in the kine or sheep, or a lang lease granted by the "*Duck*" of Argyll to Donald Macsycophant of that ilk. Our host, on the contrary, seemed to take an interest in all this quasi-legal and bucolic lore discourse; he seemed to ignore England altogether; rarely alluded to his large estates on this side of the Tweed, and scarcely ever visited them. Nor had his daughters, as they told me with some degree of embarrassment, ever seen the home and cradle of their race. It was also with some reserve that their father could be led to speak of his early town life; and if I ventured to express surprise that he had never renewed his acquaintance with it for nearly thirty years, even by a flying visit (as he had assured me was the fact), he generally gave some indefinite answer, took a large pinch of rappee or Strasburg, or curtly gave me to understand "he had had enough of it." I felt it was rather hard as we sat together thus to be balked of all anecdotes about those gay and courtly scenes of which I had heard a little, and in which, if there was not always a feast of reason, there was certainly a flow of soul. My friend, however, was not at all a demonstrative man—description was not his forte; and, even if he would, he could not impart an interest to the scenes and characters with which he had been early made acquainted. He had, I supposed, like the foolish moth, fluttered for a while round the bright lamp of fashion, had his wings singed by the heat, and, with whatever of strength was left him, fled for ever the light which led astray. He had tasted of the poisoned chalice, found its wine was bitterness, and dashed it to the ground. But from whatsoever cause he had become alienated from former friends, many, no doubt, had been removed to the "silent land," while he remained

> A stranger to the British world of fashion,
> Where he like other dogs had had his day, like other men had had his passion.

The family and household of these autumnal visitors found ample and comfortable, though not very suitable, accommodation in a large shooting-box on the edge of the moors, which they rented from a nobleman year by year. Their establishment, indeed, was on a very moderate scale. They usually brought with them three or four servants, a light open carriage, and a pair of good strong horses adapted to the rough work cut out for them. It was a strange locality altogether for a gentleman to select for three months in each year as a place of sojourn; not, indeed, for himself, the sport being a sufficient explanation in his case, but for his wife and daughters. They alleged, indeed, as their reasons, the beneficial effects of the air and exercise on Mr. de Rous, his reluctance to be parted even for a season from his wife and children, and the agreeable change which our secluded situation afforded. The latter motive could scarcely be very potential, for, from what I could learn, their own permanent residence was some country place in Scotland as obscure as our own, and the name of which did not appear on the map. But there was a something singular and out of the ordinary course in all their arrangements. Their mode of living was frugal, and their tastes inexpensive; their outlay could scarcely reach, so far as could be judged by appearances, one-fourth of their acknowledged income. Yet their benefactions to our local institutions were always liberal, and never did I

appeal in vain to their charity for any object I recommended. Their generous sympathies were readily enlisted, and by their aid I was enabled to set in working order the usual parochial machinery. Mrs. de Rous was for the season the Lady Bountiful of the place, and she might be often seen with her amiable daughters visiting the cottages of the poor, and ministering to the wants of the aged and infirm. Even to the fallen of her own sex, from whom fine ladies are apt to turn with a shudder, as though they were sinners above all others and beyond the pale of human sympathy, did Mrs. Rous stretch forth a hand to save; she spoke a word in season of One who was the sinners' friend, and who would not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax, and by her compassionate and Christian counsel and assistance more than one were restored to the way in which she should go. The annual appearance of the family amongst us was, therefore, hailed with delight, and their departure left a blank. But, notwithstanding these extensive sympathies, I never heard them speak of any lady-friends or correspondents. The name even of the son and heir was rarely mentioned, not from any unworthiness or waywardness, nor on account of his voluntary expatriation, so far as I can conclude, but from some general disinclination to speak concerning themselves, their friends, or connexions at all. The young ladies, contrary to all we know of human nature, never seem to have indulged in any day-dreams of the future; hope never appeared to lure them onwards or to gild the distant and unseen. Or, if its solace brightened and sustained them at times, they kept its powerful promptings buried in their own bosoms; on the past they drew the curtain of oblivion—the present, the present only, bounded their horizon.

As clergyman of the parish, I was brought into frequent contact with all the family. I noticed that the young ladies, as well as their parents, were often depressed, and occasionally there was something like confusion and excitement when I called unexpectedly; but somehow my curiosity was never roused. I was certainly not amongst the number of those whom the great Roman satirist describes:

Scire volunt secreta domûs atque inde timeri.

Thrown together by the calls of duty and the course of events, a relationship in the common order of things arising as between pastor and flock, brought us frequently together. They were the only educated people in the place, and there are few drawbacks in a country clergyman's life more keenly felt, and which is, indeed, a greater sacrifice required of him, than the surrender of all social intercourse with persons of congenial minds and thought; added to this, all that was level to observation was not only what was consistent with the most unblemished reputation, but in keeping with much that was good, and not unfrequently with what was noble and truly Christian. It was not for me to pluck out the heart of their mystery, if there were any, to obtrude upon their antecedents, or in any way to solicit a confidence to which I had no claim whatever; I continued, therefore, season after season, on habits of intimacy with them, and felt it to be not only a pleasure, but a privilege.

A rather startling event, however, occurred during what proved to be their last season in our parish which served still more to cement the ties which existed between us. I had just returned home from visiting a parishioner, when a note from Mrs. de Rous was delivered into my hands

one morning, requesting to see me immediately, and on important business. I lost no time in complying with the request, and found her and the two younger ladies in a state of mingled consternation and affliction. The eldest daughter (by far the most accomplished and attractive) had joined them the night before, having been for some months on a visit in town; she immediately confessed that during her absence she had become a convert to the Church of Rome. This was an astounding disclosure to her mother and sisters; they were much tinged with the strong prejudices and Presbyterian bigotry which the followers of Calvin and Knox entertain against that Church; it was the atmosphere they had breathed during their lengthened settlement in Scotland, and they regarded any participation in her errors not only as a falling away from their own faith, but an apostasy from the Christian religion altogether, and I vainly believe they had rather have seen the misguided girl taken from them by the remorseless hand of death than have her exposed, as they were assured, to the greater horror of that second death to which her new religion infallibly led. The strong and well-disciplined mind of Mrs. de Rous seemed stirred up from its very depths. In tones of deepest anguish she cried out, "Oh, that this blow should have come upon us, so unexpected, so overwhelming, to cut off my child for ever from her home and from our hearts! But I have deserved it all; it is the just judgment of Heaven. I have sinned; vain have been all my tears, all my repentance; my sin is again brought to my remembrance, and visited on me in the person of my child!" A paroxysm of tears for a moment impeded her utterance. I considered her words as the expression of deep feeling under much excitement, and as indicative of the humility which a view of our own unworthiness should generally suggest, and not as applicable to any particular or marked transgression in her past history, though here I was mistaken, as I afterwards discovered. Recovering herself, she turned to me, and begged me with all the earnestness of maternal affection, with all the force of a wounded spirit, to endeavour to rescue her poor daughter from the terrible snare into which she had fallen. I need scarcely say I readily promised to do what I could to accomplish this desirable end. I found the young lady, as I expected, had been led away by her æsthetic proclivities; the milk-white hind, as in the poet's allegory, was more lovely than the panther; her intellect had never been convinced, but music, painting, incense, stained glass, with its dim religious light, a round of gorgeous rites and imposing ceremonies, alleged antiquity and prescription, had dazzled her imagination, totally unprepared as she was to contend against their united influences, and under them she succumbed. She freely stated to me the whole gradual process of sapping and mining by which the change had been effected. I am not here about to engage in polemics, and I will only briefly state that, treating her with all tenderness, listening patiently while she opened all her doubts and difficulties, which never could have suggested themselves had she been fully instructed in the true principles of the Church, and giving such answers as some study and consideration enabled me, but more especially putting into her hands a few well-chosen volumes written by our great divines of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries (there were giants in those days), the happy result was that she was restored to a better way, and firmly established in it, thenceforth not accepting her religion from education or tradition, but from principle and conviction. One thing was

clear in her case—and I think she was but a type of others—that denunciations and Exeter Hall fulminations can never benefit even a good cause, but must necessarily injure it; and in dealing with error, especially of a religious character, if we need the wisdom of the serpent it must be inseparably joined with the harmlessness, the gentleness of the dove. The traveller as the storm rages draws his cloak all the tighter about him; he throws it off when the sun shines warmly. Men never can be dragooned or abused into religion.

Peace being thus happily restored amongst those in whom I felt an increasing interest, I was glad to notice for a time a something more cheerful and animated in all their ways. If there always appeared, and was indeed frequently expressed, a deep sense of thankfulness to myself for the little service I had lately done them, there was also an increased attention shown to her who had lately caused a short estrangement, as though to make up for the temporary suspension of their tenderness. The rebound had a pleasing effect on all. On one particular day, which I remember well, when I had reason to know they had received some important intelligence from town, the faces of the mother and the young ladies were lighted up with satisfaction; hope for the first time, so far as I could mark it, had found a dwelling-place amongst them. Alas! it was destined soon to depart, and leave them all the more desolate and smitten from its recent flattery. Matters were now hastening on to their crisis. Nemesis, like a sleuth-hound, was pursuing their footsteps, and the tragedy was reaching its catastrophe. A few lines in the business-like style of a lawyer had, indeed, raised them out of the Slough of Despond, but they soon were again to be plunged into more than their former hopelessness.

The autumn was now rapidly advancing, and the rain frequently interrupted the sport on the moors. Taking advantage, however, of a few days of sunshine, Mr. de Rous started with his dogs and keeper to enjoy his favourite pastime. At the close of the day, when he was both warm and wearied, his foot slipped off a sharp rock, which the sun's rays had rendered more than usually slippery, and he fell feet foremost into a deep pool immediately underneath. There are often such dangerous and concealed receptacles for water on the moors, the long heather concealing them, till the unfortunate sportsman or wanderer finds himself sometimes overhead in a cold bath for which he did not bargain. My friend was pulled out thoroughly wet, cold, and shivering; he was immediately conducted home, and every care taken to avoid any unpleasant consequences. During the night he was restless, and in the morning had become feverish and delirious. All the medical skill of the neighbourhood was summoned to his assistance, their science was taxed to prolong so valuable a life, as it is usually, and in this case might be truly and emphatically, expressed. But in vain they prescribed; in vain the agitated wife and children watched, and lingered, and wept about the bed of sickness; in vain were their prayers for the restoration of husband and father. And were his life but prolonged for one month, one little winged month, oh! how unspeakably important would have been the issues to the survivors—how changed the condition of their future destiny! But the day had gone by, the night was at hand, reparation was impossible, the past, the irrevocable past, which neither tears of penitence can change nor surrender of life appease, was now about to exact his terrible retribution. The fever

raged on for several days, burning and withering up the strength of the sick man; bodily pain there could scarcely have been, for there had been also an absence of all consciousness. At length the fever departed, leaving the sufferer the full possession of all his mental power, but the poor body hastening to dissolution almost without a moment's warning. It was time, indeed, his house was set in order; the turning his face to the wall was at hand. It was, of course, useless to intrude upon the stricken man during the paroxysm of his disease. On his restoration to consciousness, I was summoned at once, and by his express desire, to visit him. On entering his room my worst fears were realised. There, helpless as a little child, yet with a spirit oppressed with the burden of remorse which can only be the result of years of sin, lay what remained of one who had commenced life with all the advantages which birth, fortune, and nature could supply. He had run the short and giddy round of pleasure with the gay and the voluptuous; he had taken, as it were, the wings of the morning and visited the uttermost parts of the earth, but, alas! all was *vanitas vanitatam*. He had sown the wind, he had reaped the whirlwind. Mrs. de Rous and her daughters were in attendance when I entered the room. The poor wife exhibited in her face such utter despair, such a concentration of grief, as I had never before observed. Her countenance was not merely that of the wife watching over the couch of a husband beloved about to be taken from her, and whom she was permitted to hope she might one day join in a world of brighter suns and happier skies, but that of a being who altogether sorrowed without hope, who had done for ever with all earthly aims and passions, yet dared not look above and mark the silver linings of the clouds. Her poor daughters, like figures in a funeral procession, moved about the chamber with noiseless step, or sat in silence, and with a grief which passeth show. Mrs. de Rous saluted me not only with embarrassment, but with a shrinking I could not understand at the time, knowing her wonderful energy of character and self-possession, which I had never seen desert her under any circumstances. She trembled violently, and could scarcely articulate as she proceeded, in a tone almost inaudible, to inform me that Mr. de Rous wished to speak with me in private.

"The end," she added, "is now come, and the obloquy, infamy, and loss of your esteem may be the consequence; yet they are better than the ever-present fear of exposure, the load of a lifelong lie, and the cloak of mystery. As the minister of religion, you will judge me mercifully, I am sure, though we can never meet on the same terms as before. You will turn from us, and even while you pity you must condemn; but my children, my poor despised children, they at least are innocent. You will counsel and comfort them in passing this terrible fiery trial."

All instantly withdrew, but with apparent reluctance, as though they would fain have postponed some disclosures humiliating and painful, and I was left alone with the dying man. "Pronounce no man happy before his death," was the memorable aphorism of one of old who had experienced all the vicissitudes of fortune. Yes, it is death which strips us of all our disguises, sweeps away all our refuges of lies, tears away the mask we may have worn by which we have deceived others and possibly cheated ourselves, and shows the difference between our visible and our actual character. Yes! it is oftentimes not till the last scene of our strange eventful history is played out that the true moral of our life is

painted. When the shadows are closing around us, and when we are standing on the narrow boundary which separates us from the Infinite and Omniscient, then what avails it what we may have appeared in the eyes of our fellow-men?—then the heart prompts us to speak the whole truth, and then the mystery of the past is revealed. Doubtless there are vast numbers who die as they have lived, who carry their secret, if they have one, with them to the narrow house; but in the course of a somewhat diversified experience I have never known a dying person who did not desire and seek for some companionship or confidences in the last grand struggle. Frail human nature demands some external support:

> On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
> Some pious drops the closing eye requires.

Drawing a chair to the bedside, I listened to a melancholy and guilty history.

"I have long thought," said the dying man, "to make you acquainted with some important events in my chequered life, but shame on my own account and delicacy towards my poor family have hitherto induced me to put it off. This desire became especially strong after the valuable service you conferred on us all in convincing my eldest daughter of the errors she had adopted, and restoring her once more to our love and her duty. Still I hesitated; still I thought there would be ample time for what at any period must be a disagreeable disclosure; but a power which it were hopeless to resist, and against whose ways it were impious to murmur, has decreed I must open my heart to you now, if ever, and I proceed to reveal to you the secret of my guilt and sorrow, and when I have informed you of all, I will then ask you, as a minister of the Church, and as a friend to whom we are so much indebted, what hope there is hereafter for a man whose crime has not only entailed misery on himself (though that I feel would have been comparatively a light thing, and was the inevitable punishment of my misdeeds), but has involved the innocent and all I hold most dear in my shame and sin."

The revelation in which I was made a partaker, not an unwilling one certainly, but which I had never sought nor scarcely desired, was frequently interrupted by returns of bodily weakness, by sighs and tears, and was sometimes so unconnected by reason of emotion, that I think I shall be better understood by my readers if I record its purport rather than attempt even an approximation to his words.

I have already alluded a little to the early history of the principal actor in this domestic drama. Surrounded by gay and dissolute companions, with ample means to run into any excesses, he was led on by the example of those around him, rather than by any previous inclination of his own, to indulge in "play," as it was called, a vice prevalent at the time. Even grave senators, who by their eloquence and genius influenced the destinies of their country and of Europe, were often found amongst the worshippers of the fickle goddess, and ranked even amongst her high priests. His pay and liberal allowances from home were utterly insufficient to satisfy this leech, whose cry is ever "Give! give!" The usual appeals to maternal indulgence were at length urged in vain; usurers were called in, hook-nosed gentlemen might be seen occasionally in the young captain's quarters; even these grew weary, and then *post-obits*

followed, and at last the crash was at hand. There was but one way to avert the impending ruin—a rich marriage. The eldest son of a squire with bluer blood than the Veres de Veres, a rent-roll of six thousand per annum, an officer of the Life Guards, and a guest at Carlton House, all recommended by an agreeable person and engaging manners, had little difficulty in meeting a suitable *parti*. He fixed on the daughter of a baronet—a Miss B.—young, amiable, and accomplished, and though not personally favoured, possessed of what he wanted much more—a large fortune. The affair was soon arranged; he came, proposed, and was accepted. On his part, he assumed it was purely a *mariage de convenance*; on the lady's side, it was a first love, an ardent, an abiding affection. She had as companion a young lady, "a humble friend" of her own age, constantly residing with her, who had known the advantages of riches, and had enjoyed a high social position. Under some heavy and unforeseen calamities all had been wrecked, and she, now an orphan, was fain to accept the asylum which Miss B. graciously offered to her early friend, and as a beloved friend she was ever regarded by her benefactress. Miss W., though bereaved of parents and destitute of fortune, was rich in the possession of beauty of no ordinary type. Her stature was above the usual height, her form a study for a sculptor, her features regular and chiselled, her complexion a clear olive, such as poets love to laud and painters to delineate; her eyes were large and dark and beaming; her teeth white as pearls; her lips, though full, were not a shade too full; her hair, which was black as the raven's wing, fell in long tresses below her waist; and her whole countenance contained a most striking combination of expression, a rare picture of dignity, tenderness, earnestness, and energy. Her style of beauty was of the Italian school, as though the beau ideal of one of their great masters, a Madonna, with more of earth, with more of fire, resolution, and passion, had stepped down from the canvas, and lived, and moved, and had a being with us. There was, in fact, a mixture of Southern blood in her veins blended with the pure stream from the Anglo-Saxon fount, which, united with a natural gracefulness of movement a graciousness and refinement of manners, must have occasioned a *furore* in the fashionable world had not the misfortunes and guilt of her family and her unhappy poverty been too formidable drawbacks. Her accomplishments also were considerable, and whatever of pride, self-complacency, or vanity might have been inherent originally in her composition, or superadded on the contemplation of her own manifold attractions, was in a great measure crushed by the consideration of her dependent position, indebted as she was to Miss B. for every luxury, every comfort which surrounded her. Miss B., amiable and confiding, never seems to have entertained the smallest jealousy of her protegée's superior charms, which could not fail to throw her into shade, and, under certain circumstances, even prove dangerous. I am not so sure that Miss W. was equally unselfish in reference to her friend's more substantial claims. Wealth and position she herself had lost, these her benefactress possessed abundantly, and these alone set a gulf between them. She would doubtless have instantly spurned the idea of having them at the slightest loss to her friend, but they were objects she once claimed as her own; they were torn from her, and she doubtless now appreciated them from their loss. Without, then, even a thought of infringing on another's rights, much less on those of one to whom she was bound by

every tie of gratitude and friendship, she would naturally sigh after that independence which we all think essential to our happiness.

Admitted as Miss W. was to the most unreserved intimacy with her friend's family, Mr. de Rous had frequent opportunities of meeting her; in his visits to the house of his betrothed he was occasionally in her society alone, and for a short time. He confessed that, from the first, he was struck by her noble presence; there was something also subdued and retiring in her manner, as if dictated by her situation in the family, which enlisted his pity; her conversation made him forget the selfish purpose he had in view in coming to the house, and he often involuntarily wished that his intended bride had half the charms of this portionless girl. But why should I go on with subtle distinctions and refinements which the blind god so often uses as dust to throw into the eyes of his votaries? Suffice it that Mr. de Rous loved this girl with an intensity and devotion which, we should think, his common-place nature incapable of. He dared one day to tell her of his passion, when she burst from him in an agony of shame and grief. He stated that he must have been infatuated to have forgotten his engagement to the lady whose hand he had voluntarily sought for, and Miss W. henceforth shunned his presence, but doing so seemed putting a restraint upon herself. They met, however, again, and without witnesses. I fear me the lady was not as guarded as she ought to have been, he gave utterance to his suppressed feelings, and boldly asked her to share his fortunes, his heart, and his hand.

"What," said she, "with *you*, the affianced husband of another, that other my friend—my benefactress!—to betray one so dear to me to whom I owe everything? It is true that I am now poor and dependent, but how unworthily must you judge of me and of my sex to deem us so weak, so guilty. No, sir, even if I could for a moment entertain a thought of tenderness, your plighted troth to another, your marriage already——"

"Name not this hateful marriage to me; my heart was never in it. I sought it to save myself from importunate creditors, and now I feel, if I fulfil it, my misery is sealed for life. Since I have known and loved you, all is changed. My nature is changed. I no longer regard what the world regards. I do not care to return to the set with which I have been connected. Enough of fortune is yet left, and, with economy, there is a large amount in expectancy to set us above the fear of poverty. Fly with me to the Continent—to France. There we can live in retirement and quiet happiness. My wedding-day is appointed. My wedding shall take place, but my bride shall be, not Miss B., rich and amiable though the world proclaims her, but yourself, for whom I am willing to renounce all things."

A speech with such a touch of feeling, and even passion, I could scarcely have expected from a man of so apparently cold and apathetic a nature. But we must remember that we are now reciting the events of thirty years before, when he was a young man, and when, as he assured me, his heart and soul were in every word. Nor was the lady unmoved by this strange and wild proposal; there was no longer any look of indignation, no recoiling from his presence; the probability is, there was an advocate in his behalf struggling and pleading in her bosom, but assuming an indifference which she was far from feeling, the result of what she felt due to friendship and to her own dignity and consistency, she answered more in sorrow than in anger:

"It is enough; this can never be—honour and gratitude alike forbid it. I thank you for the flattering offer made to one so humble as myself. I am not insensible to the honour you would do me; but leave me now; we meet not again till you are the husband of my friend—then and for ever we must forget this present interview."

But though young De Rous would gladly have sacrificed all his hopes from the wealthy alliance he had contracted and fly from the lady he had wooed and won, provided he could succeed in obtaining the lady whom he really loved, yet, that being impossible, as he feared, he would not renounce the advantages which his heartless match with the other held out. He would do much for his love, but he would not do everything. Thwarted by his engagement with Miss B. in all hopes of success with Miss W., he would not be a martyr to his passion. There was not enough of the hero about him to choose ruin unless he had some small return as an equivalent, and since this was not to be, he resolved to "go in" for the whole prize, and stake his all upon it. Yes, he would swallow the matrimonial pill, but it should be well gilded, and it was foolish to refuse the goods the gods provided because the fruit he would have selected was beyond his reach.

The settlements were accordingly drawn up, the dresses purchased, the guests invited, the cards engraved, the bridesmaids all silks, lace, and smiles, and the bridal cake, though it could not boast a Gunter's hand, was a wonderful achievement in art, and had been duly established in its place of honour; the day, in short, had arrived, and all went merry as a marriage bell. In a West-end church might have been seen that day a galaxy, as the newspapers express it, of "beauty, with much of the rank and fashion of the metropolis." The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. the Dean of ——, uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev. G. L. and T. S.; and Miss Helen B., only daughter of Sir Courtly and Lady B., of Blanksby Hall, ——shire, and Portman-street, and Captain William Skeffington de Rous, of the Life Guards, were made man and wife. There was the usual kissing and shaking of hands and shedding of tears, and the usual signing of registers. The names of the principals and witnesses may, no doubt, be read to this day in the muniments of the parish to which they belong. To be brief, the splendid déjeûner, the toasts, the weeping, the presents, and congratulations were over, and the fair bride had retired to change her attire for a travelling one.

The bridegroom had to undergo somewhat of a similar transformation. The carriage which was to convey the happy couple to Dover, on their way to the Continent, was dashing up with all the imposing effect which tightly pulled-up reins and the sharp spurs of postilions naturally create; a crowd had assembled round the town house of Sir Courtly B. to get the last glimpse of the accomplished bride, and to share, I suspect this is the motive, in the dole of small silver and copper usually thrown about on such occasions, for your canaille in our great towns, like the degenerate Romans, show an appreciation of "*panem et circenses.*"

Now, we all know what important results depend upon the veriest trifles or accidents, as they are called. The Crimean war might have never desolated our homes, or left the bones of our brave soldiers to whiten the shores of the Black Sea, had not some atmospheric influence or some alcoholic property in the after-dinner wine caused a spirit of slumber to creep over the cabinet of that day assembled

to consider the question "to be or not to be," and thus rendered them unable to appreciate the minute read before them on the important matter. An insect so small as to be invisible to the naked eye, and which requires nice microscopic observation to detect, blights our cornfields or spreads destruction amongst our flocks and herds. We all know that an accidental fire in a house at Newmarket averted the assassination of Charles II. and his brother the Duke of York; that the fall of an apple in an orchard led Newton to the discovery of the great law of gravitation, which, as a key, unlocked many secrets of nature hidden until then; that a walk in the Colosseum, and the sight of one of its broken pillars or arches, suggested Gibbon's great work, "The Decline and Fall;" that the demand of a tax of twenty shillings ship-money gave the great impulse to the revolution. My readers' memories will easily suggest many similar instances. Who can tell, then, what influence one of the least important acts of our life, as we deem it, may exercise on generations after us, terminating a dynasty or establishing a philosophy, thus "leaving footprints on the sands of time"? And in our own experience many could declare how a walk down a street, a turn round a corner, a dinner-party, a trip in a steamer, a ride on a railroad, a word dropped in conversation, even a look, a gesture, has, for good or for evil, changed the whole current of our existence.

What chance, what fortune, what coincidence, brought it about that the bridegroom should on this fatal morning meet Miss W. for a moment, and unobserved, his philosophy could not ascertain. But so it was. The bride had retired to assume her travelling dress. The bridegroom had to undergo a similar change. Of course his toilet occupied less time than the lady's, and he therefore came down-stairs sooner; the house was crowded with guests, and the footsteps of servants and employés might be heard hastening hither and thither all the morning without a pause, and yet for one instant, and in the principal passage of the mansion, he met Miss W. They were the only persons in that hall at the time; its great door was open; the carriage was waiting to whirl him on his wedding tour to Dover, *en route* for the Continent. They met, I say, and were unobserved, for one instant; a look, a grasping of her hand, which she returned, was all that seemed to pass, yet was that instant pregnant with their destinies and those of others unborn. He led her forwards half involuntarily, half unconsciously; stunned, dazed, the power of healthy thought suspended, she moved with her lover mechanically to the handsome wedding chariot, which, with its four stamping and impatient steeds, waited at the steps, their arched necks displaying the gay wedding favours, their harness glittering with the quartered arms of the two families, the postilions laced, booted, and spurred. With the elegant attire of the occasion, light diaphanous robes flowing about her perfect figure, her fair rounded arms and neck exhibiting a few precious gems, to which her own beauty bestowed additional lustre—thus, in all her irresistible charms, she obeyed some internal overpowering pressure, moving passively along the hall, down the stone steps, till she found herself seated in the carriage of her rival, how, she never knew; she heard something of the sharp, decisive words of her companion, "Drive on—drive fast! Drive for your lives!" and she heard no more.

E. S. B.

## VASILISSA.

### EPISODE IN THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE IN GREECE.

SAVONAROLA, excommunicated by Pope Alexander VI., was burnt at Florence on the 24th of May, 1498; but the martyr left disciples behind him. In the tumult that ensued upon the auto-da-fé, three of these managed to obtain possession of the carbonised head and heart of the reformer; they mingled the ashes with wine and with the blood of the wounds which they had received in securing their prize, and, drinking the mixture in sacramental form, they founded the secret society of Tephrapotes, or "Drinkers of Ashes," whose members have been ever since bound by the most solemn oaths to avenge their master, and to carry on an inveterate and undying hostility against papacy.

The society rapidly increased in numbers. John Huss had only recently perished, leaving many disciples; Luther, then a mere child, was destined, at an early day, to sound the tocsin of revolt against Roman supremacy, and the Tephrapotes soon extended their ramifications throughout Italy. Nor was their action limited to the country of Savonarola. They penetrated into Bohemia, conspired against Austria, took part in the Thirty Years' War, and in the creation of the Protestant kingdom of Prussia, which they looked upon as destined one day to overthrow the power of the House of Hapsburg. All relics of the middle ages were doomed to destruction, and they especially viewed as such the temporal power of the Pope, the empire of the Cæsars, and the domination of the Turks in Europe. The chief of the Tephrapotes was a member of the Convention which consigned Louis XVI. and his unfortunate queen to the scaffold; but latterly their whole energies have been concentrated in carrying out the three great points of the original programme of action.

Such are the materials upon which a well-known and distinguished French author—M. Maxime du Camp—has founded two or three stories illustrative of the action of this secret and implacable society. The scene of one of these is placed in Greece at the epoch of the revolution, and it is not less interesting in its incidents than it is illustrative of the habits and manners of the parties who stood at that time arrayed against one another, as in our days in Candia—the Turks and Egyptians, jealous of one another, on the one side; the Greek patriots, with scarcely any resources but what were supplied by self-sacrifice and heroism, on the other.

Early in the year 1827, Reshid Pasha was at Athens, blocking the Acropolis. The Egyptians, under Ibrahim Pasha, occupied the Morea, and a Turkish division, under Rustam Bey, was established at Zaituni (the Place of Olives), to keep the old chief, Haji Skopelos, who held the bay of the same name, with Molos for his head-quarters, and his advanced guard at Gravia, in check. The position of the veteran palikar was well chosen. He was sheltered on the side of Thebes by Mount Cnemis, and the Thermopylæ lay between him and Zaituni. Gravia assured him an easy retreat by the valley of the Mavro Potamos, or "Black River," and he could, by crossing the defiles of Parnassus, gain

the Gulf of Lepanto, and proceed thence to the relief of Athens. But the Egyptians had anticipated this movement by sending a division, under Bakir Pasha, to Galaxhidi and Topolia, thus closing the passes, and with further instructions to drive the Greeks from Gravia, to effect a junction with Rustam Bey at Zaituni, and then turn the Thermopylæ by the path which had once been followed by Ephialtes, son of Eurydemus.

There were, at that epoch, three captains of the Tephrapotes with the Greeks. The chief was known, as was customary with the sect, by the Edomite name of Samla, and he held by the provisional government. He was still young, clever, and energetic, full of resources, and of indomitable courage. The Greeks were well served with spies in the camp of the Turks, with whose language so many were intimate; but they had none among the Egyptians, where their presence would have been at once detected. Fédor, the second captain of the Tephrapotes, was selected for this dangerous duty. He was an astute old conspirator, without a feeling of compunction in his nature, and by insinuating himself into the good graces of Bakir Pasha, he had soon obtained an ascendancy over that bold and reckless, but drunken and dissolute, old leader.

The third, known as Fabian Sidorovich, was at Molos with Haji Skopelos, and the two conspirators kept up constant communication, by which means all the projected movements of the Egyptians, Turks, and Greeks, were at once known at head-quarters. The go-between was a caloyer, or monk of Saint Basil, who, a papa with the Greeks, was a dervish among Mussulmans, and who smoked opium with the Turks, drank araki with the Egyptians, and prayed with the Greeks. Fabian, a gallant and enterprising young captain of the Tephrapotes, was not precisely made of the same stuff as Samla or Fédor. The marvellous beauty of the Greek girls, especially in the mountains, where the race has been preserved most intact, is well known. Fabian had been unable to contemplate the charms of one of these fair maidens—Vasilissa by name—who, driven by the invaders from her home at Arachova, on the heights of Delphi, had, after the loss of her mother and two brothers, taken refuge with her father, Papa Gregorios, in the camp of Haji Skopelos. She was a girl of exquisite beauty; so much so, that in a land full of female perfections, her praise was in every one's mouth, and a certain air of sadness and melancholy, spread over her fine features by the fearful scenes which she had witnessed whilst still so young, added to the captivating character of her charms. Fabian had fallen passionately in love with the beautiful Greek girl, and himself young and brave, and already distinguished by his gallantry in a hundred feats of arms fought in the cause of her country, he could not fail to be looked upon with a favourable eye by the patriotic maiden, nor did his passion long remain unreturned.

One morning Vasilissa was seated on her divan working out a charm with anemonies, offsprings of the blood of Adonis and the tears of Venus, and Fabian was seated at a table studying the details of a map, when a well-known voice was heard approaching, singing a hymn of Saint Basil.

"Ah!" said Vasilissa, raising up her head, "it is the good caloyer." And scarcely had she spoken when the stout monk made his appearance, leaning on a heavy stick.

"May Basil, the patron of Mount Athos, be with you," he said. "I was going through the village, and I thought I would call as I went by on Fabian, the friend of the Greeks, and the beautiful Vasilissa."

Depositing his stick in a corner, the monk was soon seated, and supplied with a pipe and a small caraffe of araki, a liquor for which he was well known to have a discreet partiality. Fabian, in the mean time, had possessed himself of the stick.

"By Saint Basil, reverend father," he said, laughing, "is this the kind of asperser with which you deal out holy water?"

"There are dogs that bite, and people who rob, in the country," replied the monk, "and God has not taken away from his ministers the right to defend themselves."

Fabian was busy, in the mean time, unscrewing the ebony knob of the stick, which done, he withdrew from a cavity in the interior a letter from Fédor. "Bakir Pasha," he read, "has made preparations to attack you to-morrow at Gravia. He has communicated with Rustam Bey, but I do not know if the latter will act. The caloyer can become a dervish, and ascertain. You have still a night before you."

"Just so," said Fabian to himself, and removing the bottle from the table, in spite of the monk's pious protestations. "You must preserve the use of your legs," he said; "you will want them to-night. You must go at once to Zaituni, and ascertain if Rustam Bey means to second the attack to-morrow."

"Nothing easier," replied the intrepid monk. "There is no God but God, and Muhammed is his prophet. That is the password; and as to a dress, I have one in the wood of Gravia. There also, on the first oak to the right of the path, you will find to-morrow one cut if Rustam does not intend to move, two if he is about to attack you in the rear."

"Arranged," said Fabian. "I wish you good luck."

Then bestowing a loving embrace on Vasilissa, whose nature was so imperfectly developed, or she was so accustomed to incidents of the kind, that she testified but little anxiety for her lover's fate, he took his way to Haji Skopelos, to make preparations at once to meet the proposed assault. It was resolved to let the Egyptians obtain possession of the village of Gravia, and not to take the offensive until flushed with success. They had reached the banks of the Mavro Potamos; and so successfully was the plan carried out, that the Egyptians were utterly routed the ensuing morning, with the loss of five hundred men killed or put hors de combat. The discomfited Bakir Pasha vented his rage upon Fédor.

"How is it," he said, "that I follow out your instructions, and yet I can never surprise and annihilate these rascals of infidels?"

Fédor contented himself with observing that he had also pondered over the same untoward incident, adding that he could not help thinking that it was an act of imprudence on the part of Bakir Pasha to communicate his projects to Rustam Bey. The Turks, he insinuated, were jealous of the Egyptians; they wished to see them and the Greeks exhausted by frequent combats, that they might enjoy a more easy triumph.

"God is great!" exclaimed the irate Egyptian. "If I thought so, I would attack the Turks myself at Zaituni. But, Bakalum! have patience, and I will yet revenge myself upon the slaves of Sultan Mahmud. Ah! did Ibrahim Pasha only know of their turpitude, Rustam Bey would go

to heaven seated on a sharp-pointed stick. In the mean time, sound a parliamentary, and let us have twelve hours' truce to bury the dead."

The truce was granted, and Greeks and Turks met next day on the scene of slaughter. Bakir Pasha, with Fédor and a brilliant staff, Haji Skopelos, Fabian, Papa Gregorios, and a host of mounted Greeks in their picturesque native costumes, headed their separate parties. The latter, being Christians, were accompanied by the women, many of whom had lost friends or relatives in the combat, others went out of sympathy for the sufferers. The beautiful Vasilissa accompanied her father and lover; she was dressed in her best, decorated like Pallas with a kind of shield of glittering coins, and her dark hair escaped from beneath her gold-embroidered takticos, or red cap. Wherever she passed she was received with murmurs of admiration. Bakir Pasha and Haji Skopelos, having exchanged courtesies, the funeral solemnities were proceeded with, each according to their separate rites. The attention of the Egyptian commander was, however, far more riveted by the beauty of the Greek girl than by the melancholy duties that were being carried out around him. The more he contemplated her, the more deeply he became preoccupied with the thoughts of how much such a beautiful creature would cost. He had many almost priceless Circassians and Nubians in his harem, but none could for a moment compare with her. Approaching Haji Skopelos, and addressing him with that insidious politeness which all Mussulmans know so well how to adopt when they have anything to gain, he said:

"Is not that the fair Vasilissa, daughter of Papa Gregorios, whose beauty is so much vaunted?" The old chief bowed in the affirmative. "Your strong-boxes must be empty, poor Greeks," continued the Egyptian, "for you have been eaten up by those greedy Turks. Now, do you know that I would give a large sum of money for the sweet eyes of Vasilissa?"

Haji Skopelos smiled as he answered:

"Our women are not goods to be sold or purchased. They are free women. Do you not know the difference between a Mussulman and a Christian?"

But the Mussulman was too deeply enamoured to be easily discouraged. He could not understand why the Greeks should not sell their women as they do their horses and their dogs. So, turning towards Vasilissa, he said to her:

"Wherefore do you remain with these slaves in revolt? Your life is full of misery, your bread is hard, your nights filled with anxiety, and your youth and beauty perish under the blight of sorrow and affliction. For you are beautiful, beautiful as a starry night, and refreshing to look at as the shade of a tree in the desert. Quit, then, these beggars who drag you about with them. You shall have garments of silk, and precious stones round your peerless neck, and when we return to Egypt you shall have a palace on the Nile."

But the Greek girl spat at the feet of the pasha, and retorted, her magnificent eyes lit up with indignation:

"Dog! son of a dog! I would rather give myself to a Jew than to you. Circumcised vulture, get out of my sight. I curse your beard."

Bakir Pasha turned pale for a moment at the most grievous insult that

could be hurled at a Mussulman, but recovering himself, he slowly replied:

"By the beard which you curse, I swear that I shall have you, even if I have to burn all Greece, and to sacrifice my last soldier."

That evening Bakir sat on his divan imbibing Cyprus tempered with brandy, a prey to an impetuous love, which acquired unaccustomed ardour from the very difficulties which surrounded its gratification. He sent for his confidant Fédor, but in this particular instance the latter not only failed to impart comfort, but indulged in a little cynical advice as to contentment with an already well-stocked harem. The philosophy of the stoic was, however, thrown away upon the drunken pasha, who ordered Ismaël-Aga, one of his creatures, into his presence. No sooner had the bashi-bazuk made his appearance, than he bade him select four men in whom he could place confidence, go to the village of Molos by the mountains, so as to avoid the Greek posts, find out the house of Papa Gregorios, and carry away his daughter Vasilissa at any cost. "If you are killed," the pasha concluded, "so much the worse for you; if you bring me the girl, you shall have such a backshish as you never had before; if you come back without her, a bastinado of proportionate liberality awaits you."

Ismaël bowed obedience, and was about to retire, when Fédor stopped him.

"A moment!" he said to Bakir; "you will spoil everything by your haste. It is now late, the nights are long, it is true, but the road is still longer. This is an affair that can only be carried out in darkness; it will be daylight before Ismaël can be at Molos. You must wait till to-morrow; by that time all due arrangements can be made, and the men can start early in the evening."

Bakir grumbled, and indulged in a few strong invectives, but he felt that the advice was sound, and that if he wished to succeed he must put a little restraint upon his impatience. Fédor, on his side, gained time, and although he by no means approved of Fabian's attachment, which, he said, enervated him and distracted his attention from the great objects in view, still he felt for the distress which would be occasioned by the loss of Vasilissa, and the caloyer was once more despatched to Molos, the bearer of important despatches to Fabian. Bakir could not sleep that night. The next day he sent for Ismaël, and renewed his instructions. Then he sipped coffee, smoked his pipe, counted his beads, and muttered at intervals, "Will Ismaël succeed? If he fails, I shall die!"

It was four in the morning when the canter of a horse was distinguished, and a few moments afterwards Ismaël-Aga made his appearance.

"Where is Vasilissa?" exclaimed Bakir, rushing towards him.

"She will not come," replied the aga, "and my four men are dead."

"Dog!" exclaimed the pasha, as he struck him across the face with his pipe-stick; "stupid ox, tell me what has happened."

"I started with my four men," replied the aga, totally unmoved by the brutality of his reception, "and taking a byway round the mountains, we met no one save a shepherd, who fled on our approach. We fed our horses in a grove of fig-trees within two hundred paces of the village, so that they might be well recruited for a rapid return. I went

in the mean time to reconnoitre, and soon found Gregorios' house, which was closed up, and all was quiet. Returning to my men, we led the horses up by the bridle to within a few paces of the house, where we made them fast. Yataghans in hand, we then broke open the door, and advanced into the interior of the house. Dogs of Christians! I do not know what had warned them, but there they were, some thirty armed men, who at once surrounded us, threw us down, and bound us fast. A man who spoke Turkish well, but with a foreign accent, then asked us what brought us there. I told him that we came for the daughter of Gregorios, to carry her away to our master. 'Fine soldiers, truly, these Egyptians,' retorted the foreigner, 'who cannot carry an intrenchment which it has taken an hour to raise up, and yet who can come at night like jackals to carry away our women.' He then bade his men take the four soldiers away and despatch them at once; as to myself, he said, I had come on a mission from the pasha, and I should go back to tell him how I had fulfilled it. I was detained for about half an hour, and then sent off, bandaged, until I got beyond the Greek posts, when my bandage was removed, and I was left to proceed, having in charge a small box."

"Let me see it," said Bakir.

It bore a superscription: "Vasilissa, daughter of Papa Gregorios, to Bakir Pasha, commanding the Egyptian forces in the defiles of Phocis."

The pasha opened it hastily, but no sooner had he seen the contents than he cast it from him in disgust. It contained the bloody ears of the four horsemen whom the Greeks had put to death.

"Well!" said Fédor, in his usual ironical tone, "what will become of us if the Greeks begin to imitate the Turks, and cut off the ears of their prisoners?"

The pasha had become more composed, and at the same time thoughtful.

"How was it," he said, "that the Greeks were prepared to receive you?"

"I don't know," replied the aga, "unless the rascally shepherd ran all the way to Molos to give notice of our approach."

"Son of a jackass!" interpolated the pasha, "it will teach you another time, when you meet with a shepherd, not to let him run away."

"What do you think of it?" he said to Fédor, after he had kicked the aga out of his august presence.

"I think," replied Fédor, "that Vasilissa entertains no great partiality for the sweets of your harem. You had better give up the idea."

"Not if I was to lose my head," replied the pasha. And he tippled off a glass of brandy as if to strengthen his resolve.

Vasilissa was not altogether so ferocious as she had been represented. She even felt for those who suffered for the sake of the pasha's violent passion, and she wept over their doom when she ordered that they should be decently buried. Needless to say, she had nothing to do with the box, for she could neither read nor write.

Two days after this nocturnal expedition, an Egyptian officer was conducted into Molos by the outposts bearer of a parliamentary flag. He requested to be allowed to speak to Vasilissa, for whom he had a message from his general, Bakir Pasha. Introduced into Gregorios' house, his bandage was removed, and in the presence of her father and Fabian he

presented to Vasilissa a box in mother-of-pearl, in which were a magnificent pair of emerald earrings—a colour favoured in the Muhammadan paradise—as also a letter, which Fabian opened and read aloud:

"'Pasha Bakir to Vasilissa, who is more beautiful than Ayesha, the prophet's much-loved wife, on whom be the blessings of God.

"'May these jewels, unworthy of you, remind you of the men who perished to obtain you, and make you think of him who would die only for the pleasure of once more contemplating you!'"

Vasilissa had taken up the earrings, and was dazzled with their beauty. She was thinking how pretty they would look hanging down her fair neck, when she was interrupted by Fabian.

"These trinkets," he said, "must be returned at once whence they came. I will pen the answer that shall accompany them:

"'Vasilissa to Bakir. Your presents burn the hands of those who touch them. A river of blood flows between us. Never can a Greek girl belong willingly to an infidel barbarian. Haji Skopelos requests me to inform you that any parliamentary who is sent back on my account shall be considered as a spy, and hung. May Heaven curse you and blind you!'"

"It is rather hard," said Vasilissa to herself; but, with the characteristic nonchalance of a half-formed Oriental mind, she resigned herself to her divan. She lived, slept, ate, and was loved, and, as she did not even suspect that there were other pleasures on earth, she sought for nothing more. Fabian adored her, and was only happy when in her company; but still he never for a moment neglected his duty, and kept incessant watch upon the movements of Bakir Pasha and Rustam Bey, paralysing all attempts at effecting a junction of their forces.

Matters were not in the mean time going on propitiously at Athens. It was known that the Acropolis, upon which the fate of all Greece depended, could not hold out much longer; and Fédor, who laughed at Bakir, despised Fabian, and looked upon Vasilissa only as a plaything which he might some day turn to account, determined upon going to the capital himself, in order to communicate personally with Samla. Here he learnt that the Sublime Porte, irritated at the prolonged resistance of the Greeks, and jealous of the successes of Ibrahim Pasha in the Morea, had assembled a large fleet wherewith to strike a decisive blow. Twelve thousand men were to be disembarked at Marathon, and, traversing the plain upon which Miltiades defeated the Persian hosts, they were to force the passes defended by Gouras, drive before them the bands that occupied Attica, and joining Reshid Pasha, the latter would then be certain of making himself master of the Acropolis. Rustam Bey was at the same time to force the Thermopylæ, whilst Bakir Pasha, driving Haji Skopelos from Gravia down to the shores of the gulf, the united forces were to march through Boetia, and aid in surrounding the Greeks of Attica in every direction.

Long time did Fédor and Fabian consult as to what was best to be done under the crisis. One conclusion, however, they soon arrived at, which was, that they must evacuate Molos and Gravia, take the road to Castri, gain Athens by Daphne, and, with the aid of Gouras and

Colonel Fabvier, attack the Turks, and relieve the Acropolis before the reinforcements should arrive. But to do this it was essential that Bakir Pasha should be induced to withdraw his troops from Topolia to Galaxhidi, thus leaving the passes clear, and it was to accomplish this stratagem that exhausted all the ingenuity of Fédor.

At first he endeavoured to prevail upon the pasha to undertake this retrograde movement under pretence that the Greeks were about to make a descent in the Gulf of Lepanto, and take him in the rear. But the amorous old pasha replied that if it was the will of God that his army should be destroyed, so be it; as to himself, he was determined to go to Molos and gain possession of Vasilissa.

"Vasilissa! always Vasilissa!" sneered Fédor. "Ibrahim Pasha would be in a pretty way if he knew that his best general was prepared to sacrifice his troops for the sake of a woman!"

Then he changed his line of attack, and endeavoured to rouse the pasha's jealousy of the Turks.

"If he were him, he would," he said, "leave the Turks and the Greeks to fight it out. Rustam had left the Egyptians in the lurch at Mavro Potamos; he would do the same now, and, withdrawing to Galaxhidi, he would leave it to Rustam to drive the Greeks out of Gravia, whilst he wisely protected his rear."

But to all his arguments Bakir Pasha had only one reply: he loved Vasilissa; obtain possession of her person, and then he would do as Fédor liked. At last, Fédor, finding the pasha inflexible on this point, promised to do his best to meet his wishes.

The same day, Samla arrived at the head-quarters of the Egyptians.

"There was no time to be lost," he said; "the passes, if not evacuated, must be forced by the Greeks at whatever cost, or the reinforcements would be landed and the Acropolis lost."

Fédor detailed all the efforts he had made to obtain the evacuation of the passes by Bakir Pasha, and the resistance he had met in that general's infatuation for Vasilissa.

"We must sacrifice the girl, then," said the cold-blooded conspirator, "to the welfare of the cause."

"But Fabian will never consent," interpolated Fédor.

"He must obey," replied Samla; "there is no alternative for one of the affiliated. The fancy of the pasha gives us the means of extricating ourselves from a fatal position. Tell him that if he refuses to bring the creature here, that I shall go and fetch her myself."

Once more the old caloyer had to set forth on one of his interminable errands, and Fabian returned with him to a spot in the mountains where he could hold an interview with Fédor. The latter exposed to him the terrible alternative.

"If he would only give up Vasilissa," he insisted, "Bakir would leave the passes open to him to-morrow. He could leave fires lighted at the Thermopylæ and at Molos, so that Rustam should think that all was right, and in four or five days he could reach the walls of Athens."

"But," replied the unfortunate young man, "do you know what you ask of me? You ask more than my life. You tear my very heart from out of my breast at the mere idea!"

"So much the better," intimated the implacable Fédor; "it is a

service I render you, for that heart which you and other sensitive idiots are ever invoking, is good for nothing but to induce men to make fools of themselves."

Fabian wept and implored. It was in vain. Samla, he was informed, was there, and was inflexible in exacting obedience. At last Fabian appeared to waver. He promised that he would himself bring Vasilissa to the outposts before nine next morning. Fédor looked at him silently for a moment, as if to read his thoughts, and then he said :

"You know what awaits you if you disobey?"

"Yes," replied Fabian, "death!"

But the young captain did not intend to give up Vasilissa ; no, he preferred a thousand times to run the chances of a battle, to try and force his way through the pass, and to perish in the defence of the woman whom he loved. So no sooner had he made his way back to Molos, than he bade Haji Skopelos make his preparations to advance before break of day against the Egyptian lines, in order to force their way through the pass that led into Attica. The women and children were placed under the protection of the rear-guard, and were to move forward when the pass was carried.

Fédor was with Bakir Pasha, comforting him with promises that Vasilissa would soon be his, and making, at the same time, preparations for the promised movement to Galaxhidi. It was about six in the morning when the caloyer burst into his room.

"Fabian," he shouted, "is acting on his own account with a vengeance. He has driven in the Egyptian advanced guard, and is marching on Topolia. Bakir has ordered out his whole forces ; he will be overwhelmed."

"Fabian is a madman ; he will spoil everything," replied Fédor. "I must see Samla."

By the time the two conspirators had met, the call of bugles, the beating of drums, and the more distant sounds of musketry, had aroused every one.

"Fédor," said Samla, "go to Bakir; do your best to neutralise his movements. This madman will sacrifice every Greek to his insane passion. I will go to their rescue."

So saying, the conspirator vaulted on his steed, and galloped first to the mountain to ascertain if the desperate effort of the Greeks had a single chance of success. But three thousand Egyptians, with guns, were massed in the pass, and the light infantry were escalading the rocks on every side. At a glance he saw that the Greeks were infallibly lost unless they could be stopped in time. He therefore took at once the desperate resolve of riding towards Fabian and Haji Skopelos, whom he could distinguish in front of the assailants. But he had not made a few steps in advance before he heard the balls whistling past him.

"Fabian," he said to himself, "is placed between his duty and his interest ; he is endeavouring to kill the duty to save the interest."

"Samla! Samla!" shouted a voice behind him, "do you not see that Fabian Sidorovich is bidding his marksmen make a target of you?"

"Ah! it is you, my good monk," replied Samla, recognising the faithful caloyer. "You have followed me here ; well, go now and bid Fabian meet Fédor at seven this evening in the wood of Gravia, and tell Haji Skopelos to beat an immediate retreat, or all is lost."

"But will he obey me?" asked the monk.

"Yes," replied the conspirator. And he whispered in his ear the supreme order of the Hetaira for Skopelos, that of the Tephrapotes for Fabian.

"Well, I shall be killed," said the caloyer, as he hurried away. "Put ten bottles of araki in my grave."

But the brave old monk slipped down in safety among rocks and bushes, and he was soon seen to be engaged in conversation with the chiefs below. Haji Skopelos gathered his men together, and began at once a retrograde movement, and Fabian shouted and brandished his sword in vain. In a few hours the entrance to the pass was clear of combatants, and Greeks and Egyptians had withdrawn to their respective lines.

Samla, on his return to the head-quarters of the latter, summoned Fédor and the caloyer to his presence. Minute instructions were then given to the latter. He must start immediately with messages for Haji Skopelos and Vasilissa. Fédor was to see Bakir Pasha for a moment, and promise, on his oath, that Vasilissa would be delivered over to him that very evening at Galaxhidi. The pasha, who had become more than usually inebriated upon the excitement of the morning's fray and the disappointment to his hopes of at once obtaining possession of the modern Helen, declared that he would go for her even to the fatal bridge "Al Sirat." This done, Samla and Fédor started, accompanied by four trustworthy and mounted Arnauts, to meet Fabian. The latter had come alone, dressed in the war costume of the Greeks. He knew full well that with him it was a question of life and death.

"You have risked the safety of the Greek forces," said Samla to him, "in an attempt which you knew to be futile. You made me a target for your marksmen; that was quite natural—I was in your way. But you promised to bring Vasilissa if we left the road open to you; why did you not keep your promise?"

"Because I preferred death to giving her up," calmly replied the young man. "I repudiate the oath of obedience which I was fool enough to take. I live in future for myself and for Vasilissa, and I have nothing in common with the sect."

"Your oath," replied Samla, with equal calmness, "can only be broken by your death. For the last time, I, who am the bearer of life or death, ask you, will you bring Vasilissa?"

"We are at the Thermopylæ, Samla," replied Fabian, "and I shall say to you, as Leonidas did to Xerxes, come and take her!"

"What would you say if, wearied with your disobedience, I should excommunicate you, and condemn you to death?"

"I have shown you this morning that I knew one of us must die. I should say, come and execute your sentence."

And so saying, the youth drew forth a pistol and raised it at Samla. Fédor struck his arm on one side, and the ball fell on the rocks close by. At the same moment the Arnauts rushed upon Fabian, and prevented further mischief.

"We have still time," said Samla, quietly drawing forth his watch. "Bakir must be ready."

And at his orders Fabian was bound to a tree, howling with exasperation. But what were his feelings when, in a few moments, a signal was

heard, and the caloyer was seen galloping up the pass below, accompanied by Vasilissa on another horse. His passionate anger seemed at once to subside into unutterable agony. His head fell on his breast, and he wept like a child.

Samla, Fédor, and the Arnauts hurried away to join the monk and his fair charge.

"How did you succeed in inducing her to come with you?" inquired Fédor.

"I told her that Fabian was wounded, and wished to see her."

The little group then pursued its way to Galaxhidi. Once arrived there, the monkish emissary was despatched to Bakir Pasha to tell him that Fédor was waiting for him at that place with a Greek girl called Vasilissa.

"Are you sure of what you say?" asked Bakir, incredulous.

"I saw her myself. She is very beautiful!"

"Then you saw her for the last time, for this very evening she shall wear the veil prescribed by the prophet."

Bakir Pasha evacuated Topolia with the utmost expedition, and no sooner were the last Egyptians gone than the caloyer lit a fire on the hill whence Samla had that morning decided upon the chances of the combat. In less than two hours the Greeks made their appearance at the entrance of the pass. On their way they loosened the bonds of Fabian, but instead of joining the main body on their way to Castri, he rushed, at the head of some twenty devoted adherents, in pursuit of the Egyptians.

The monk saw him pass by, and, kneeling on a stone, he made the sign of the cross.

"O Lord!" he said, "accept in mercy the soul of Fabian Sidorovich, who is about to appear before you!"

Shouts and the sound of musketry were soon heard. Fabian had overtaken the Egyptians, and was calling aloud for Vasilissa. But he and his horsemen were soon surrounded, and annihilated to the very last man.

The Greeks reached Athens and saved the Acropolis for a time, but it capitulated on the 5th of June, 1827—a capitulation which led to the battle of Navarino. Rustam Bey got the blame of the escape of Haji Skopelos, and Sultan Mahmud sent him the bowstring. Vasilissa reigned for a time in the harem of Bakir Pasha, till, getting weary of her monotonous melancholy, he exchanged her for a superb Arabian horse to which he had taken a fancy. What ultimately became of her is unknown. Probably, as the Princess of Palestrina said to Candide, she also could say, "I grew aged in misery and in shame."